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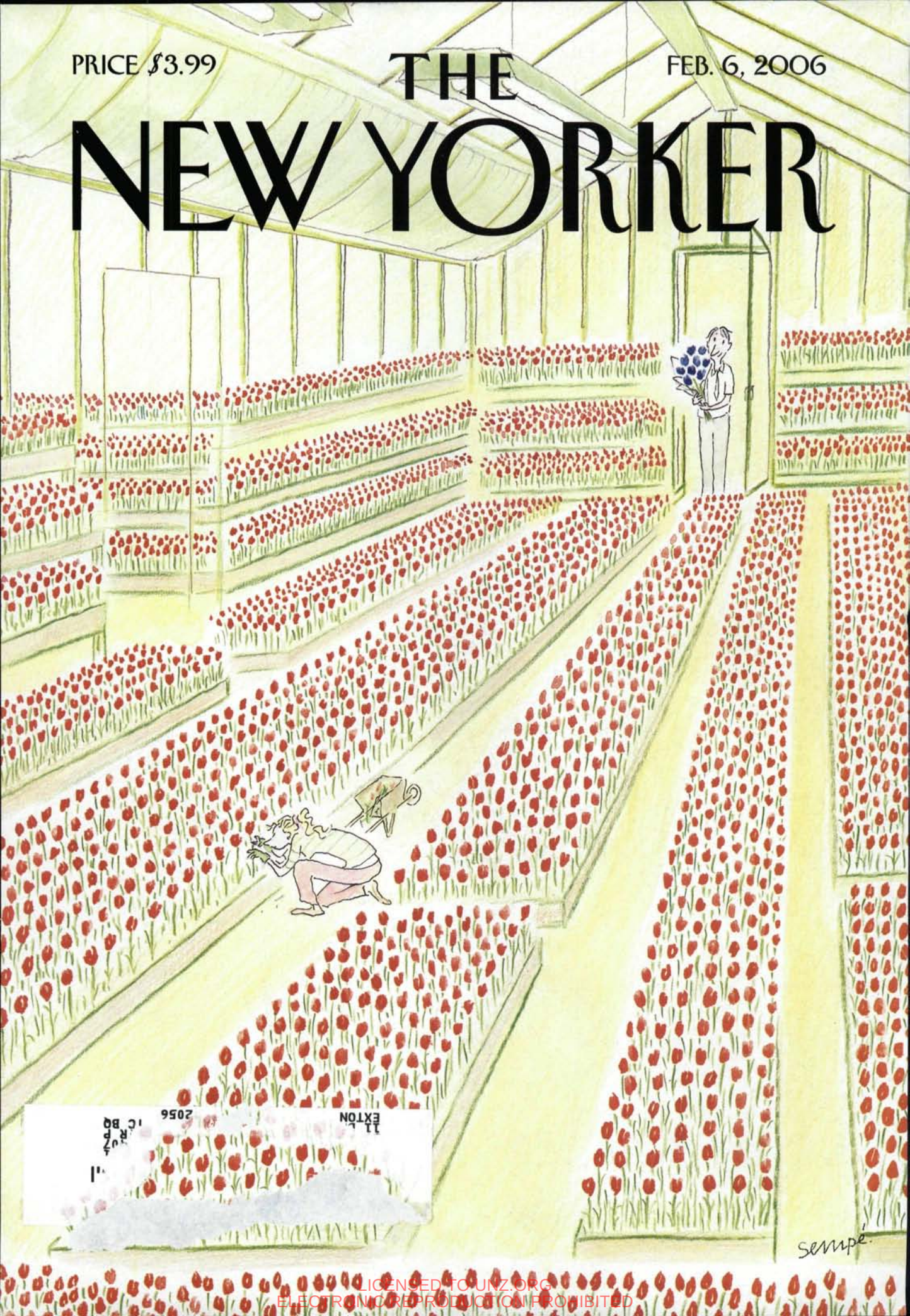

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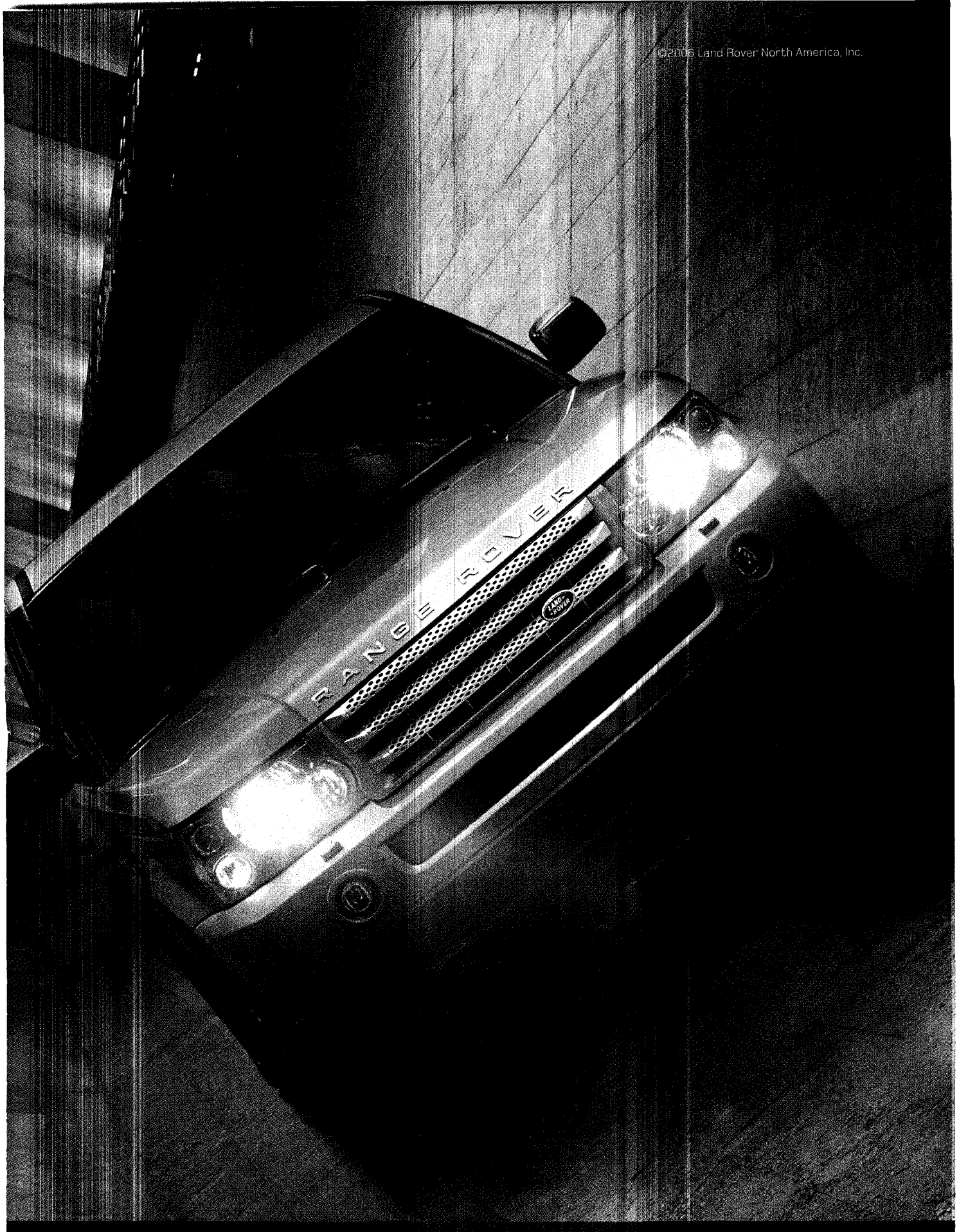

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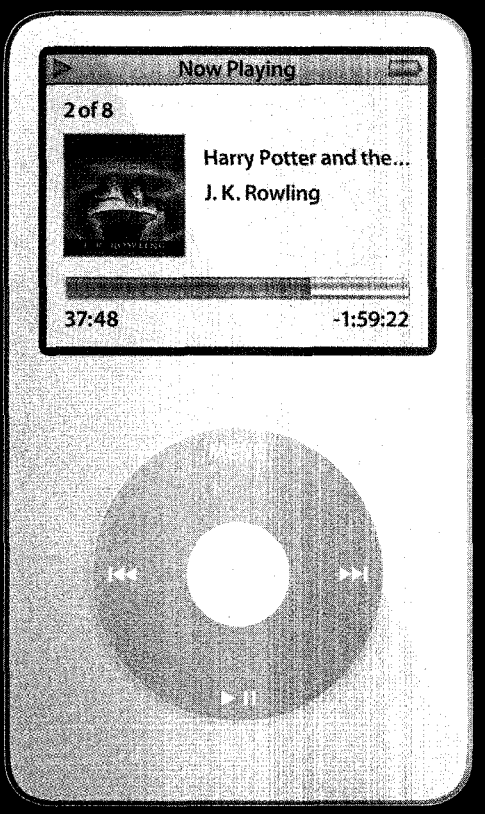

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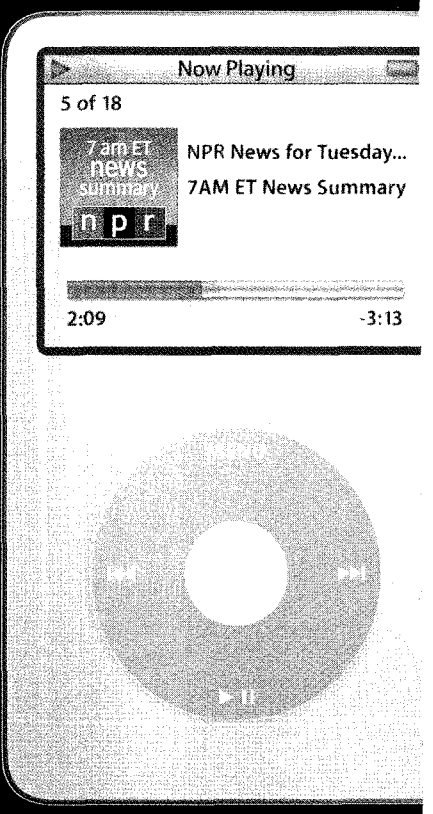

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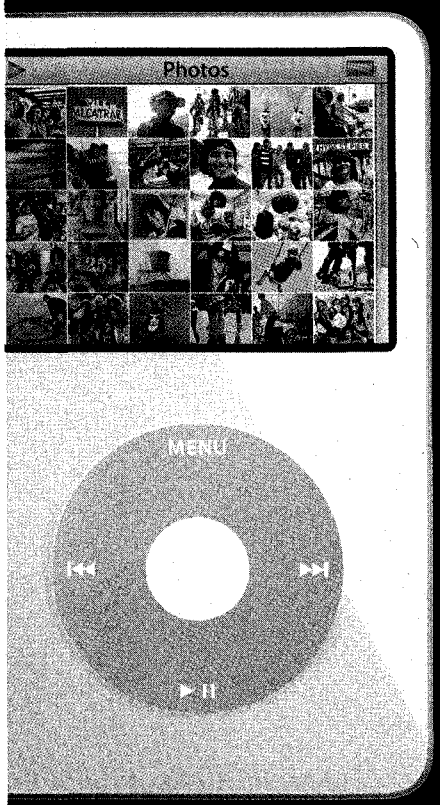

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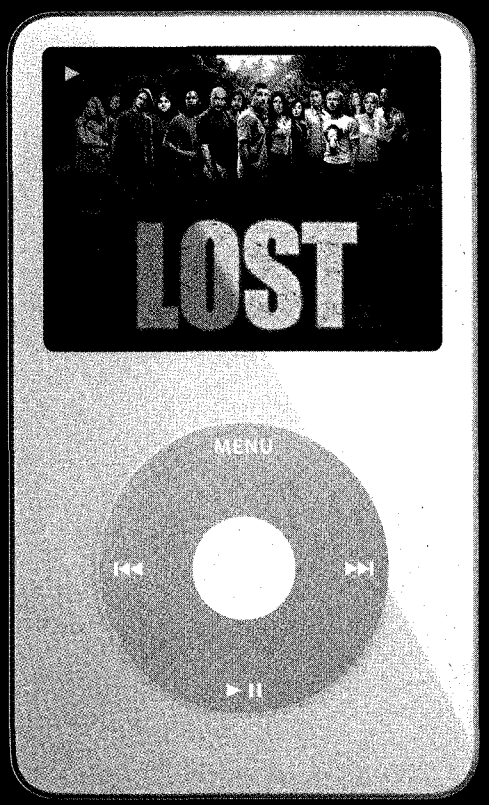

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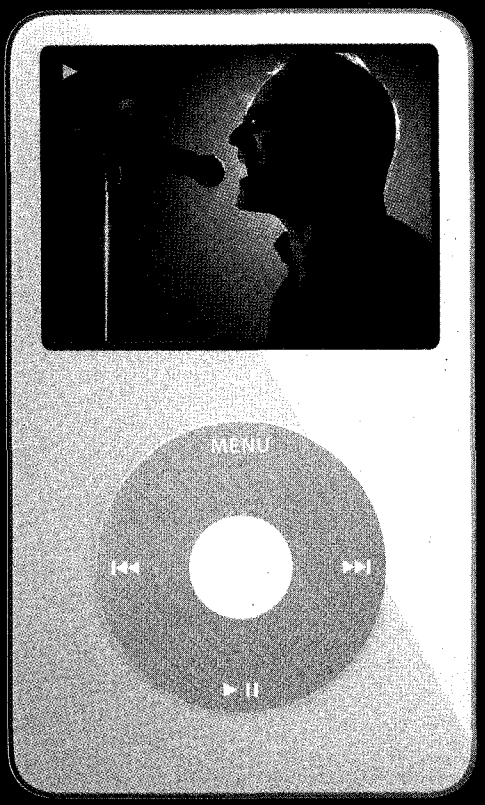

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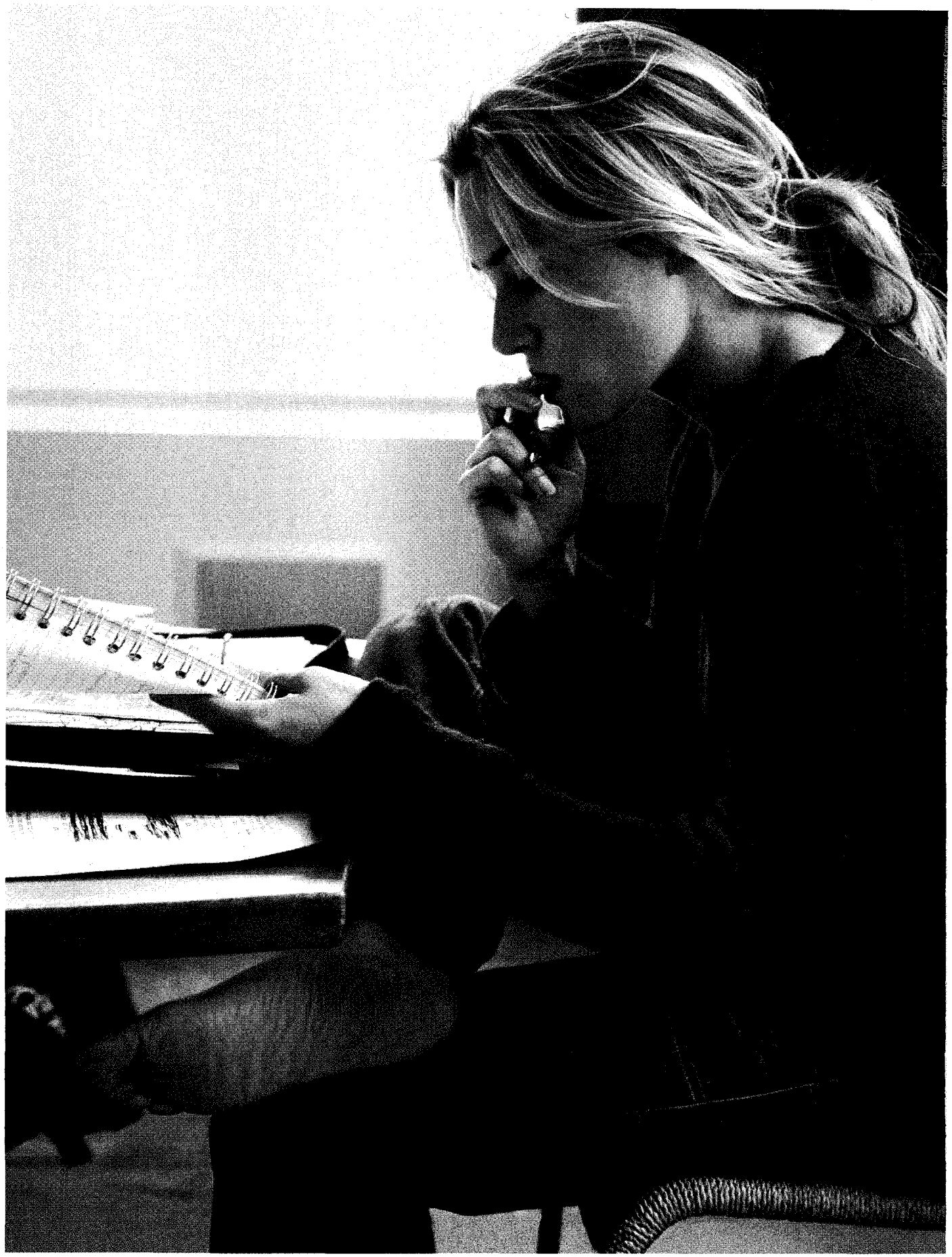

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My name Kate Winslet

childhood ambition To act

fondest memory Camping as a child in Cornwall U.K

soundtrack Rufus Wainwright "Poses"

retreat Any beach. Anywhere!

wildest dream A cure for breast cancer

proudest moment Giving birth to my children

biggest challenge My job.

alarm clock My son.

perfect day Sunday lunch with all the family in England

first job A Kids' cereal commercial

indulgence Chocolate

last purchase Latte and a muffin

favorite movie Waiting for Guffman

inspiration My parents

My life Is my family

My card is American Express

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FEBRUARY 6, 2006

12 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
33 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
John Cassidy on Alan Greenspan's legacy; predicting the Hamas victory.

Malcolm Gladwell 38 ANNALS OF PUBLIC POLICY
Troublemakers
The problem with profiling.

Zev Borow 44 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Very Bad People

John Cassidy 46 THE SPORTING SCENE
The Red Devil
An American in Manchester.

Katherine Boo 54 A REPORTER AT LARGE
Swamp Nurse
Mentors for Louisiana's young mothers.

Timothy W. Ryback 66 ANNALS OF RELIGION
Forgiveness
The Pope and the war.

Tobias Wolff 74 FICTION
"The Deposition"

THE CRITICS

Alex Ross 80 MUSICAL EVENTS
A found Beethoven manuscript.

BOOKS
83 Briefly Noted
Jim Holt 84 *David Leavitt's life of Alan Turing.*
Louis Menand 90 *Jay McInerney's new novel.*
Hilton Als 92 THE THEATRE
"Elaine Stritch: At Home at the Carlyle," "Sexual Perversity in Chicago."
Anthony Lane 94 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada," "Manderlay."

POEMS
Julia Hartwig 60 "Translating American Poets"
Dorothea Tanning 77 "Wisdom Tinged with Joy"

COVER *"Just What She Needs," by J.J. Sempé* DRAWINGS *Edward Koren, Mick Stevens, John Jonik, Alex Gregory, Drew Dernavich, Michael Shaw, Ariel Molvig, Michael Crawford, David Sipress, Frank Cotham, Jack Ziegler, Bruce Eric Kaplan, P. C. Vey, Tom Cheney, Michael Maslin, Barbara Smaller, Leo Cullum, Charles Barsotti* SPOTS *Joost Swarte*

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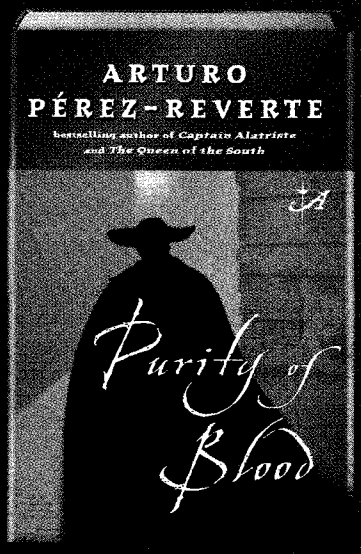

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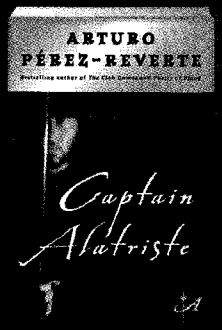

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Jim Holt (Books, p. 84) has been contributing to the magazine since 1995. ♦

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THE MAIL

CHESS MACHINES

As a computer scientist, I greatly enjoyed Tom Mueller's account of the computer chess program Hydra and its developer, Chrilly Donninger ("Your Move," December 12th). As a player of the Oriental game of Go, however, I took exception to calling chess the "ultimate puzzle." While the number of possible games in chess may exceed the number of atoms in the universe, Go, which is played with black and white stones on a nineteen-by-nineteen grid, is said to have more possible board positions than the number of subatomic particles in the universe. And while leading grandmasters have been defeated by computer chess programs, a serious recreational player can defeat the best current computer Go programs.
Dale Hoopingarner
Milford, Mass.

Total lack of emotional involvement in the game may give chess programs a strategic advantage over human players, but it is also precisely what robs them of anything like genuine intelligence. Can we even say that such programs are "playing" the game when they neither know nor care what it means to win or lose, or even just to do something or be thwarted? Real animal intelligence involves the organism responding affectively to its environment. Computer programs literally could not care less, which is why they are mere simulations of intelligence.
Taylor Carman
Associate Professor of Philosophy
Barnard College, Columbia University
New York City

TOLSTOY AND THE NOBEL

In his article on literary prizes, Louis Menand writes that the Swedish Academy "was so unnerved by the public criticism it received" following its 1901 choice of Sully Prudhomme for the first Nobel Prize in Literature—a choice "regarded as a scandal, since Leo Tolstoy happened to be alive"—that "its members made a point of passing over Tolstoy for the rest of his life—just to show, apparently, that they knew what they were doing the first time around" (Books, December 26th & January 2nd). As recounted in Anders Österling's and Kjell Espmark's histories of the prize, there were significant reasons for this omission. First, no eligible outsider nominated the Russian author for the inaugural award, and, as was its early practice, the Academy therefore did not consider him a candidate. And although he was nominated each year from 1902 onward, Tolstoy had disowned his novels and stories of earlier decades and had turned to writing and preaching a kind of fundamental anarchism that was the antithesis of how the Nobel committee then interpreted its charter's prescribed idealism and benefit to mankind. Finally, Tolstoy had by 1902 made it clear that he would have nothing to do with literary honors; even in the unlikely event that the Nobel had been offered, he would surely have refused it.
William Riggan
Retired Editor, World Literature Today
Norman, Okla.

SMOKED OUT

Ben McGrath caught the essence of War News Radio at Swarthmore College (The Talk of the Town, December 26th & January 2nd). But I must defend the honor of our undercover student reporter Tevye Kelman. When the Army recruiter asked him when he had last smoked pot, Tevye did indeed reply, "Last weekend"—but only to provoke the sergeant's advice, which was to drink gallons of water in order to pass the urine drug test. Out of context, a reader might have concluded that our reporters get stoned for no good reason at all.
Marty Goldensohn
Ridgewood, N.J.

•

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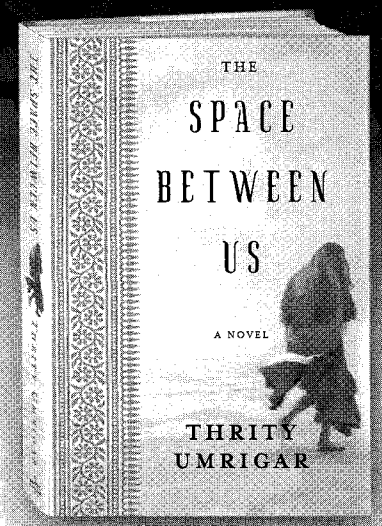
—*The Washington Post Book World*



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—*Booklist* (starred review)

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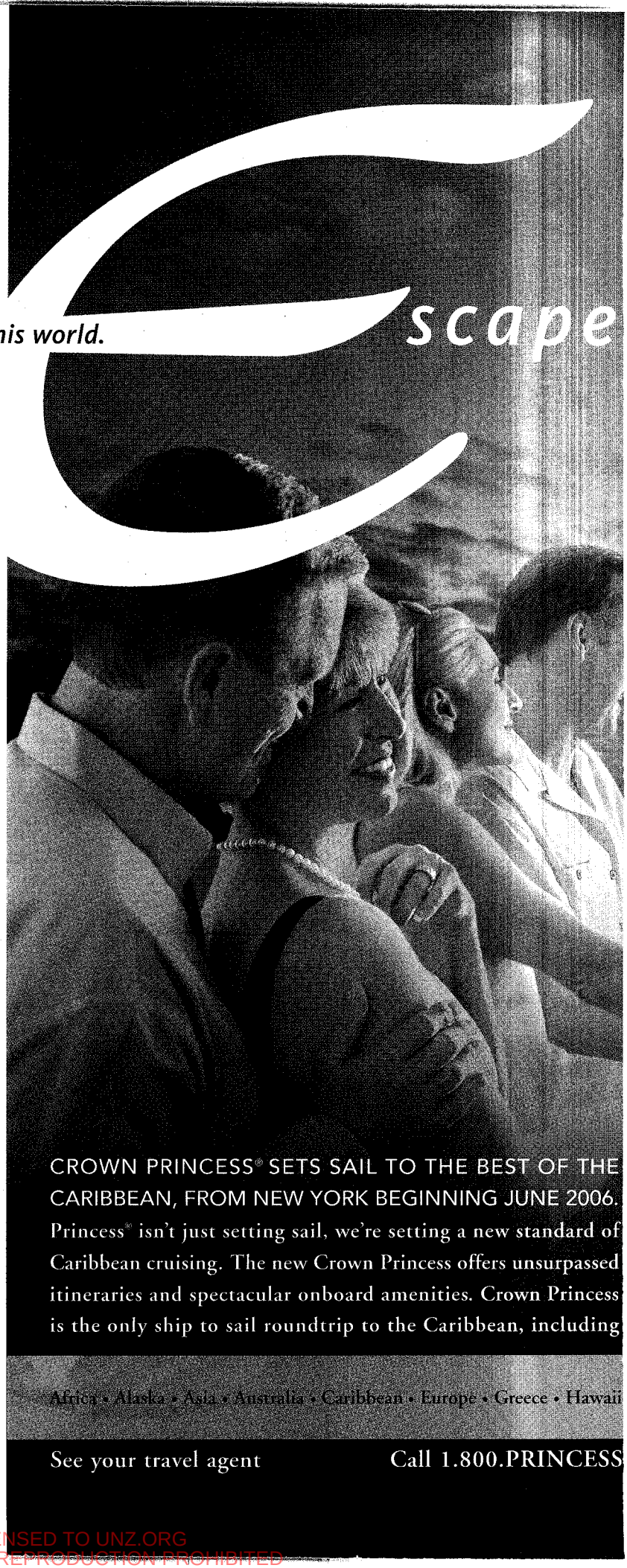

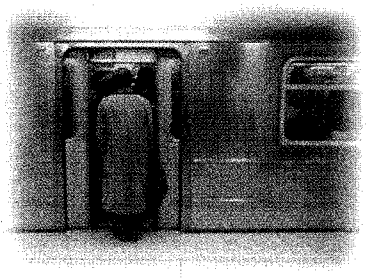

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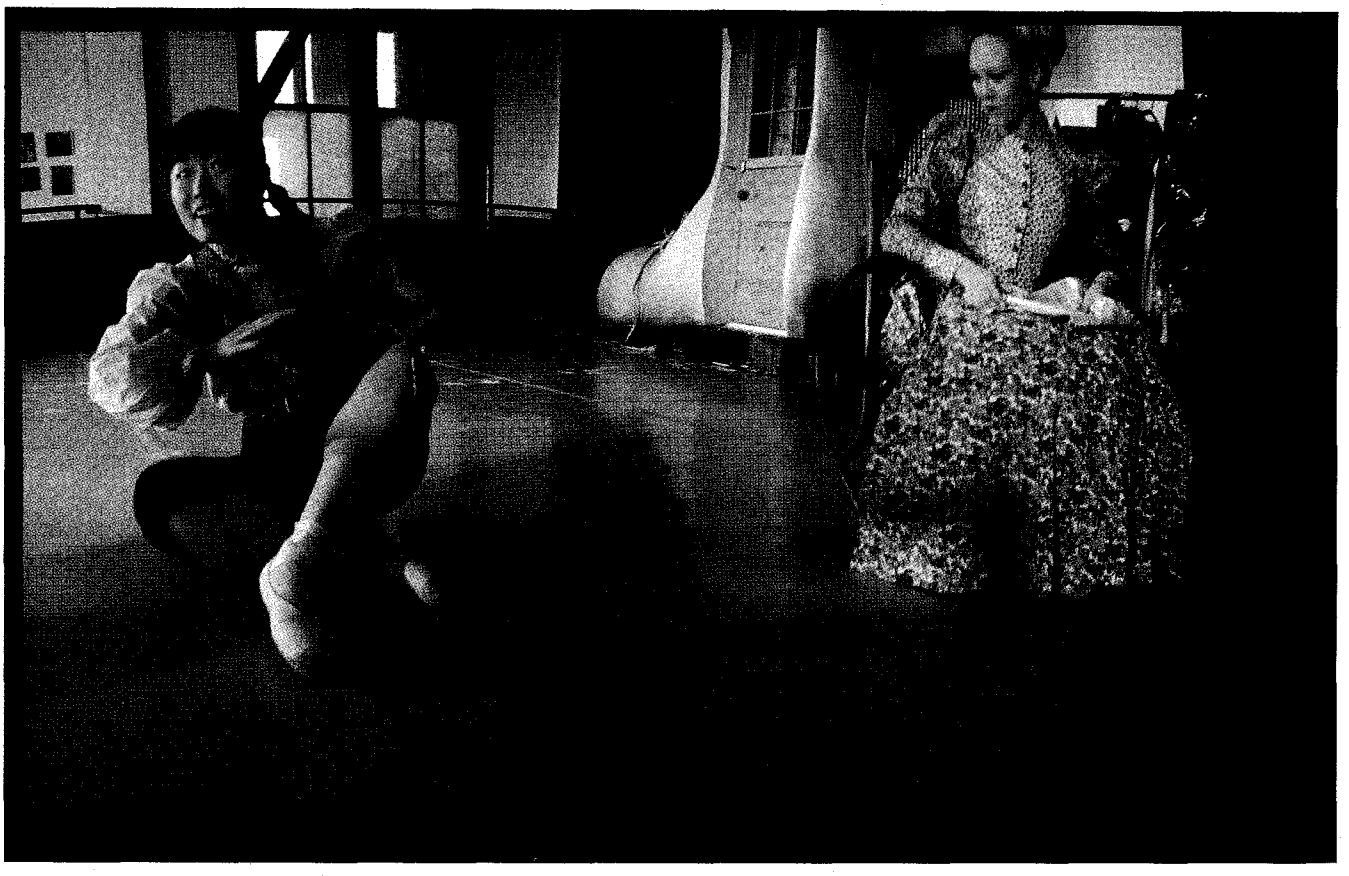

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
BEFORE THE BOARD

The actor Charles Grodin has bemused audiences for decades with his performances in films such as "The Heartbreak Kid" and "Midnight Run," not to mention his faux-cantankerous appearances on late-night talk shows. Now Grodin has written a play, "The Right Kind of People," based on his experiences with an exclusive Manhattan co-op board, which had a successful run in San Francisco and now comes here, to Primary Stages. (See page 16.)

NIGHT LIFE
RIO LIFE

The Brazilian guitarist and singer Vinicius Cantuária started his career in the late sixties as a drummer for the Brazilian rock band O'Terço and went on to write hits for the likes of Caetano Veloso and Gal Costa. Since the mid-nineties, he has lived in New York, where he has honed his own contemporary take on bossa nova. (See page 20.)

ART
FINE PRINT

The works in the LeRoy Neiman Center for Print Studies, at Columbia, are surprisingly rich in range and scope; Marianne Boesky presents a taste of the collection, with prints by Terry Winters, Dana Schutz, and Neiman himself, among others. (See page 22.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
GOLIJOV, CONTINUED

Lincoln Center's festival devoted to the music of the crossover composer Osvaldo Golijov continues with Dawn Upshaw's performance of "Ayre," an electro-acoustic song cycle inspired by the mixed culture of medieval Spain. (See page 25.)

MOVIES
HEART OF THE WEST

In "Broken Blossoms," from 1919, D. W. Griffith evoked brutality from the perspective of a Chinese immigrant to London. A boxer, Battling Burrows (Donald Crisp), tyrannizes his tenderhearted daughter, Lucy (Lillian Gish), who takes refuge with a shopkeeper, Cheng Huan (Richard Barthelmess). The Walter Reade Theatre presents the film with a new score by Al Kryszak. (See page 30.)

The New York Theatre Ballet's "Mother Goose." Photograph by Sylvia Plachy.

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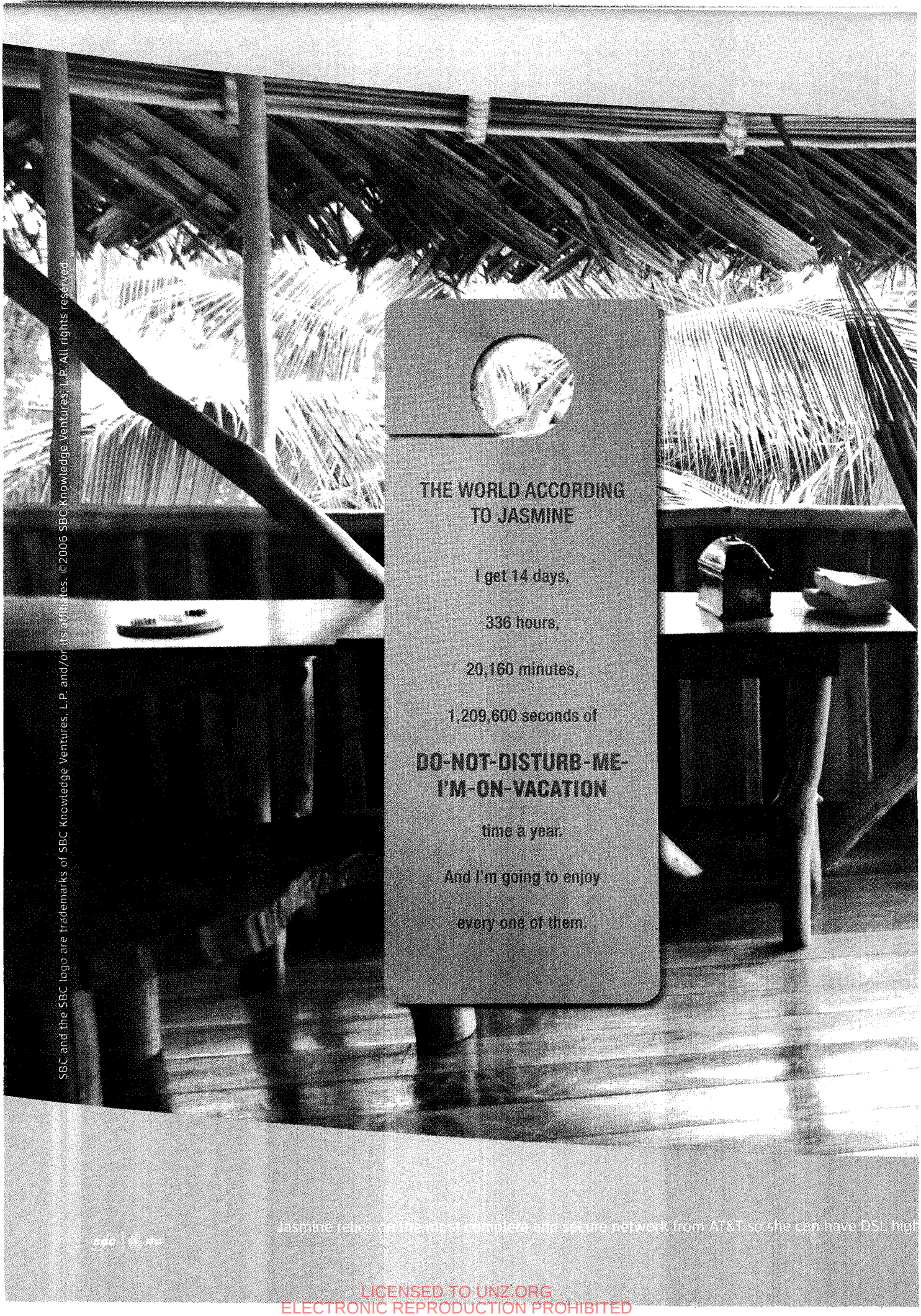

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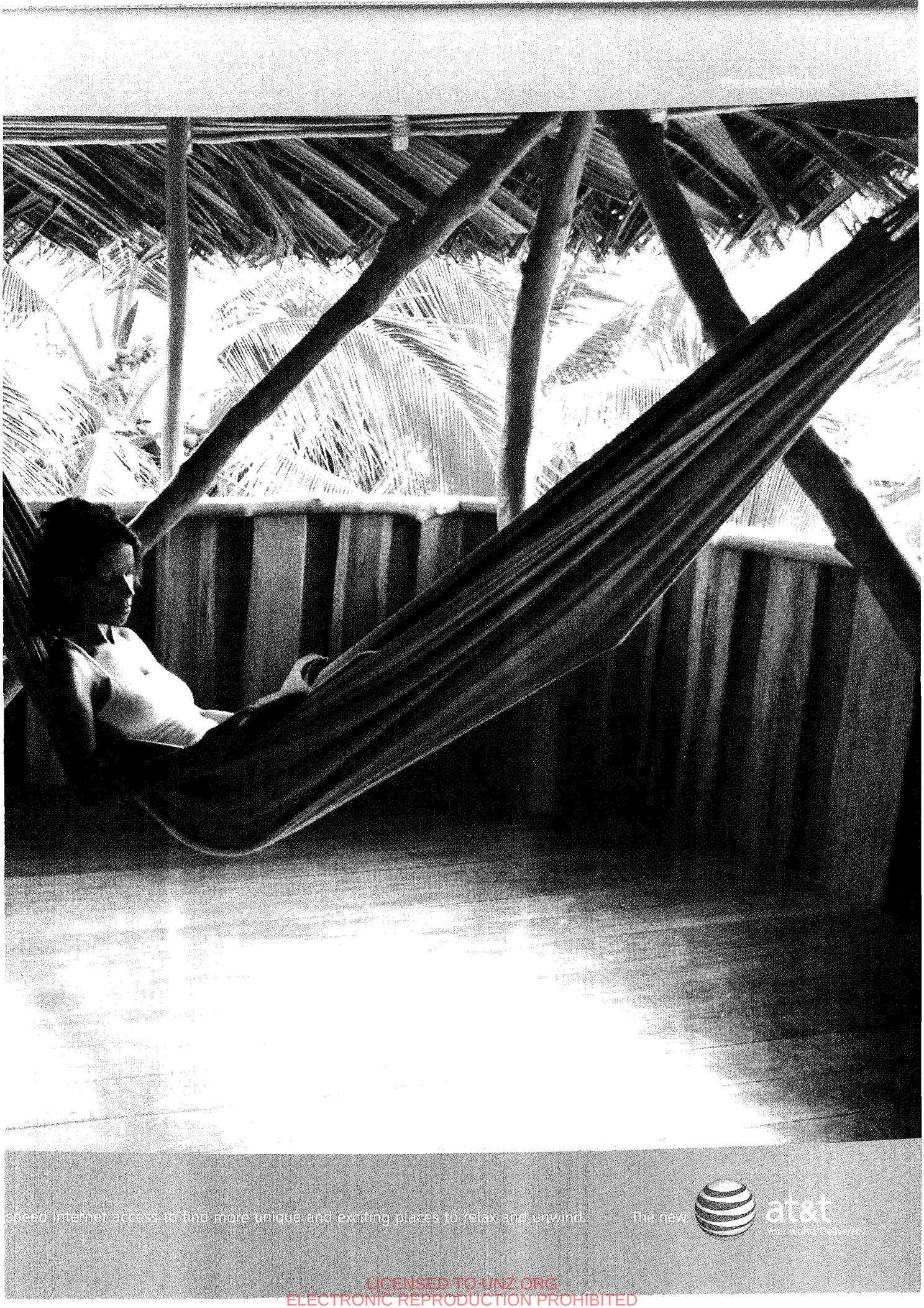

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CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
THE SOPRANO

With a voice that shook the heavens and a wit that shook up the room, Birgit Nilsson was one hell of a soprano. She died late last year in her native Sweden at the age of eighty-seven, leaving behind a sonic boom. Her Wagner and Strauss recordings have dominated the catalogue for decades, although, opera veterans assure us, they never captured the fullness of her sound. And, of course, she anchors the great Decca recording of Wagner's "Ring," which has never been bettered. In 1964, the BBC made a fantastic documentary of the "Götterdämmerung" sessions, revealing not only Nilsson's power but also her lack of pretension; when the producers brought on a live horse during Brünnhilde's ride into the flames, she beamed with joy and kept on singing. Her "Tristan und Isolde," with Wolfgang Windgassen, is the most viscerally exciting on record. Her "Elektra" is a fearsome fusion of fire and ice. When she sings "Agamemnon hears you" to her father's killer, you can be sure that Agamemnon is listening.

—*Alex Ross*

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
Theatre for a New Audience presents Shakespeare's romantic comedy. Previews begin Feb. 4. (The Duke on 42nd Street, 229 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

BACK OF THE THROAT
A dark comedy by the Arab-American playwright Yussef El Guindi, about the racial-profiling methods used by the Department of Homeland Security. Previews begin Feb. 2. (Flea, 41 White St. 212-352-3101.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK
Amanda Peet, Patrick Wilson, Jill Clayburgh, and Tony Roberts star in a revival of Neil Simon's romantic comedy from 1963. Scott Elliott ("Hurlyburly," "Abigail's Party") directs. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200.)

CONFESSIONS OF A MORMON BOY
A Fringe Festival hit from 2004, written by Steven Fales, about his experiences as a gay Mormon. In previews. Opens Feb. 5. (SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 212-691-1555.)

DECEMBER FOOLS
The world première of a drama by Sherman Yellen, about the daughter of a famous Broadway composer who unearths buried family secrets. Directed by Donald Brenner. Opens Feb. 1. (Abingdon Theatre Arts, 312 W. 36th St. 212-868-4444.)

ELLIOT, A SOLDIER'S FUGUE
A new play by Quiara Alegría Hudes, about a Hispanic soldier returning home from active duty in Iraq. In previews. Opens Feb. 4. (45 Below, 45 Bleecker St. 212-352-3101.)

FANNY HILL
A new musical by Ed Dixon, based on the novel by John Cleland, about a young girl with big dreams in eighteenth-century London. In previews. (St. Peter's Theatre, 54th St. east of Lexington Ave. 212-868-4444.)

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
A young greeting-card writer discovers his girlfriend's infidelity and ventures back into the world of dating in New York. In previews. (Village, 158 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100.)

INDOOR/OUTDOOR
A romantic comedy by Kenny Finkle, from the perspective of a spoiled cat. Previews begin Feb. 2. (DR2, 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.)

JUMP/CUT
The Women's Project presents the New York première of a play by Neena Beeber, a dark comedy about a trio of documentary filmmakers. Directed by Leigh Silverman. In previews. (Julia Miles, 424 W. 55th St. 212-239-6200.)

LENNY BRUCE. . . IN HIS OWN WORDS
A portrait of the iconoclast comic, written and directed by Joan Worth and Alan Sacks. Opens Feb. 1. (Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE PAJAMA GAME
Harry Connick, Jr., makes his Broadway début in a Roundabout Theatre Company revival of the 1954 musical. Kathleen Marshall directs. In previews. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

RABBIT HOLE
Cynthia Nixon, John Slattery, and Tyne Daly star in the world première of a new play by David Lindsay-Abaire ("Fuddy Meers"). Directed by Daniel Sullivan. In previews. Opens Feb. 2. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200.)

RED LIGHT WINTER
The New York première of a new play by Adam Rapp, about two young men who have a wild night in Amsterdam's red-light district, only to be haunted by it a year later. In previews. (Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 212-239-6200.)

THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE
Primary Stages presents the New York première of a new play by the actor Charles Grodin, a satire about a Fifth Avenue co-op board. In previews. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

THE SEVEN
A new hip-hop musical by Will Power ("Flow"), an adaptation of Aeschylus' "Seven Against Thebes." Directed by Jo Bonney, with choreography by Bill T. Jones. In previews. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE WOODEN BREEKS
A new play by Glen Berger, set in the mythic village of Brood, about a poet who tries to cure heartache. Directed by Trip Cullman. Previews begin Feb. 2. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 212-279-4200.)

NOW PLAYING

APARTMENT 3A
In the actor Jeff Daniels's romantic comedy, Annie (Amy Landecker), a PBS fund-raiser who has just caught her boyfriend in the gymnastic embrace of another woman, is burning to better her life. The low-key, naturalistic direction, by Valentina Fratti, suits the pleasing Anytown, U.S.A., patter of the dialogue. Ultimately, Annie is so embittered that her stubborn rejection of the innocent overtures of not one but two men—especially those of the puppy-dog-eyed Elliot (the mesmerizing Arian Moayed)—gives way to little more than truculent acknowledgment of what may be the best thing that's ever happened to her. (ArcLight, 152 W. 71st St. 212-352-3101.)

BEAUTY OF THE FATHER
In Nilo Cruz's new play (a Manhattan Theatre Club production at City Center) the ghost of Federico García Lorca (the brilliant Oscar Isaac) is the constant companion of Emiliano (Ritchie Coster), who is pursuing his life as a painter in Spain, and hasn't seen his daughter, Marina (Elizabeth Rodriguez), in almost ten years. When Marina arrives, her father's sometime lover, a Moroccan named Karim (Pedro Pascal), falls in love with her. A playful element of surrealism is performed with such a lack of postmodern self-consciousness that one must congratulate the director, Michael Greif, on the ease of his staging. Cruz, a writer of ideas, has found an astonishing language with which to describe the magic in the everyday. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23 & 30/06.) (131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

BRIDGE & TUNNEL
Sarah Jones's extremely successful downtown one-woman show comes to Broadway. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

BURIED CHILD
The White Horse Theatre Company's production of Sam Shepard's Pulitzer Prize-winning play from 1979, in which an Illinois farm family falls apart. (American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 212-868-4444.)

CHITA RIVERA: THE DANCER'S LIFE
Rivera turns seventy-three this month, but that doesn't stop her from swishing her skirt through two hours of autobiographical song and dance and making it look easy. Directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. (Shoenfeld, 236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

FUNNYHOUSE OF A NEGRO
Classical Theatre of Harlem presents Adrienne Kennedy's play from 1964. (H.S.A., 645 St. Nicholas Ave. 212-868-4444.)

HECUBA
Euripides' tragedy from 425 B.C., at the Pearl. (80 St. Marks Pl. 212-598-9802.)

HUCK & HOLDEN
Sex, pornography, and a certain J. D. Salinger novel become the focus of an Indian engineering student's existence, in a new play by Rajiv Joseph. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 212-989-2020.)

(I AM) NOBODY'S LUNCH
Sure, the Civilians' year-old comedy show is a little musty, with its Jessica Lynch skits and its airport-security riff, but this funny, disturbing evening of cabaret still packs a wallop. A whip-smart cast (including the captivating Caitlin Miller) channels a bizarre lineup of Americans, who answer questions about faith, terrorism, and Tom Cruise in their own words—and accents. Michael Friedman's accomplished songs sound a little like Marc Shaiman, a little like dark Kander and Ebb. Writ-

RICHARD MERKIN

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ten and directed by Steven Cosson. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200. Through Feb. 5.)

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED
As Diane, the P.R.-happy Hollywood agent who guides us through Douglas Carter Beane's slick new satire, Julie White portrays the embodiment of the entertainment industry's gutted soul with a thrilling exuberance. Her tour-de-force performance is not, however, at the center of the story, which concerns Diane's client Mitchell (Neal Huff), an emerging movie star who falls for a male prostitute (Johnny Galecki, of "Roseanne") and then considers making his homosexuality public. Beane ("As Bees in Honey Drown") has lined the play with caustic quips that founder as often as they fly; if the play finally transcends its fundamental sarcasm, it is not due to the hollow romance at its core but to the incandescent woman at its perimeter. Scott Ellis directs. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422.)

LOVELY DAY
In Leslie Ayvazian's slight drama, peacenik mom Fran (Deirdre O'Connell) and sitcom dad Martin (David Rasche) sit in their living room and talk, talk, talk about the war in Iraq. With their long canned speeches and eminently reasonable inflections, Fran and Martin sound less like a bitterly divided couple than like rival op-ed columnists at a college newspaper. The play's bloodless clashes lack the intimate, cruel tactics of old, familiar enemies; the fights sound as if they were written by a pacifist. The Tony-winning actress Blair Brown makes her New York directorial début. (Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

MAJOR BANG
The Foundry Theatre presents a zany fun-house riff on post-9/11 paranoia, packed with sight gags, card tricks, disappearing acts, and eccentric digressions on everything from Ready.gov (the government's emergency-preparedness Web site) to bloopers from "The Bodyguard." Two performers (Steve Cuiffo and Maggie Hoffman) use the contents of a suspicious unattended backpack to re-create the true story of a boy who built a nuclear device in his garage. In these anxious times, the play suggests, any object can take on a hazardous subtext—but here, a potential dirty bomb is reinvented as a theatrical grab bag. (St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water St., Brooklyn. 718-254-8779.)

PENINSULA
Madelyn Kent wrote the first draft of this drama in beginner's Spanish, and then had it translated into English, preserving all of her original grammatical errors and malapropisms. The resulting dialogue ("Your heart has bleeds and open bleeds and open many times") is meant to illuminate the story of a husband (David Chandler) and wife (Marielle Heller) whose alienation from each other unfolds against a backdrop of political discord. But Kent, who also directed, hasn't found a meaningful way of linking the evident failure of language to the emotional momentum of the story. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 212-868-4444. Through Feb. 4.)

25 QUESTIONS FOR A JEWISH MOTHER
The comedian Judy Gold stars in a one-woman show about a Jewish mother of two with a nagging Jewish mother of her own. (Ars Nova, 511 W. 54th St. 212-868-4444.)

Also Playing

ABIGAIL'S PARTY: Acorn, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200. **AVENUE Q:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **CHICAGO:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **THE COLOR PURPLE:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 212-239-6200. **DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **DOUBT:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200. **FOOLS IN LOVE:** Manhattan Ensemble Theatre, 55 Mercer St. 212-239-6200. **HAIRSPRAY:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100. **IN THE CONTINUUM:** Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 212-868-4444. **JERSEY BOYS:** August Wilson, 245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200. **THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200. **MAMMA MIA!:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 212-239-6200. **MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION:** Irish Repertory, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737. **MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **THE ODD COUPLE:** Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 212-307-4100. **RFK:** The Culture Project, 45 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100. **SWEENEY TODD:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL:** Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529. **THE 25TH ANNUAL PUTNAM COUNTY SPELLING BEE:** Circle in the Square, 50th St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave. 212-239-6200. **WICKED:** Gershwin, 222 W. 51st St. 212-307-4100. **THE WOMAN IN WHITE:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 212-307-4100.

NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Feb. 3: Northern California's **High on Fire** keeps busy redefining the state of the art in punishing heavy metal. Feb. 7: The chamber-pop group **Matt Pond PA.**

"GREAT PERFORMERS"
Feb. 2: As part of Lincoln Center's tribute to Osvaldo Golijov (see Classical Music), the über-clarinettist **David Krakauer** (who recorded an album of Goli-

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jov's work, "The Dreams and Prayers of Isaac the Blind," with the Kronos Quartet in 1997) performs with his Klezmer Madness! band, which infuses traditional Eastern European klezmer music with jazz, funk, and R. & B. grooves. He'll be joined by Josh Dolgin, a young Canadian d.j. and sampler who goes by the name **Socalled,** and by **Alicia Svigals,** of Klezmatics fame, on violin. Feb. 3: The **Bajofondo Tango Club,** a collective from Buenos Aires and Montevideo. Feb. 4: The up-and-coming tango singer **Cristóbal Repetto.** (Allen Room, Rose Hall, Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500.)

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—Feb. 2: The veteran soul man **Isaac Hayes.**

ISSUE PROJECT ROOM
400 Carroll St., Brooklyn (718-330-0313)—The theremin was invented in 1920 by a Russian scientist named Lev Termen, a.k.a. Leon Theremin (1896-1993). The mysterious instrument (played without any physical contact) has a notoriety that stems as much from its otherworldly sound (popular in noir and sci-fi film scores of the forties and fifties) as it does from the story of its inventor. Theremin, among other things, conducted the first electronic orchestra at Carnegie Hall, in 1932, was allegedly kidnapped by the N.K.V.D., in 1938, did time in a Soviet prison camp, worked for Soviet intelligence, was rumored to be dead, and then reappeared in the nineties to perform a series of concerts. On Feb. 4, **Dorit Chrysler, Pamelia Kurstin, Michael Evans, Anthony Ptak, David Simons,** and **Armen Ra** do their best to honor Theremin with solos, duos, and collective improvisations.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Feb. 1: The Colombian vocalist **Lucia Pulido.** Feb. 2: **Spencer Day,** a young crooner from San Francisco. Feb. 7: The Senegalese singer **Julia Sarr** and the French guitarist **Patrice Larose.** Part of the New York Guitar Festival. Later on Feb. 7: The singer-songwriter **Richard Julian,** a recent touring partner of Norah Jones who counts Randy Newman among his fans.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (212-307-7171)—Feb. 2: **Billy Joel** recently released "My Lives," a boxed set of rarities, B-sides, and mostly non-Top Forty material, but you can expect the Piano Man, who's in the midst of an eleven-night stand here, to pepper his shows with hits.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Feb. 4: The **King of France,** a power-pop trio from Brooklyn, specializes in catchy songs that could please both hyper teen-agers and melancholy middle-aged rockers. The group's front man and primary songwriter is Steve Salad, an ex-Minnesotan with a gift for melodic invention, whether he's singing about the moon or just whistling. The band's other key member is the drummer-journalist Michael Azerrad ("Our Band Could Be Your Life"), whose propulsive style steers them toward danceability. Despite the slew of recognizable influences (Blondie, Television, the Pixies), the King of France is not particularly retro or nostalgic—the band's got something of its own to say. On top of that, you'll leave the club humming.

NEW YORK GUITAR FESTIVAL
Feb. 1: **John Hammond, Rory Block, Dave Tronzo, Harry Manx,** and **Toshi Reagon** perform the music of the Delta blues giant Charley Patton. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.) (For more information about the festival, which runs through Feb. 8, visit www.newyorkguitarfestival.org. See also Joe's Pub and Zankel Hall.)

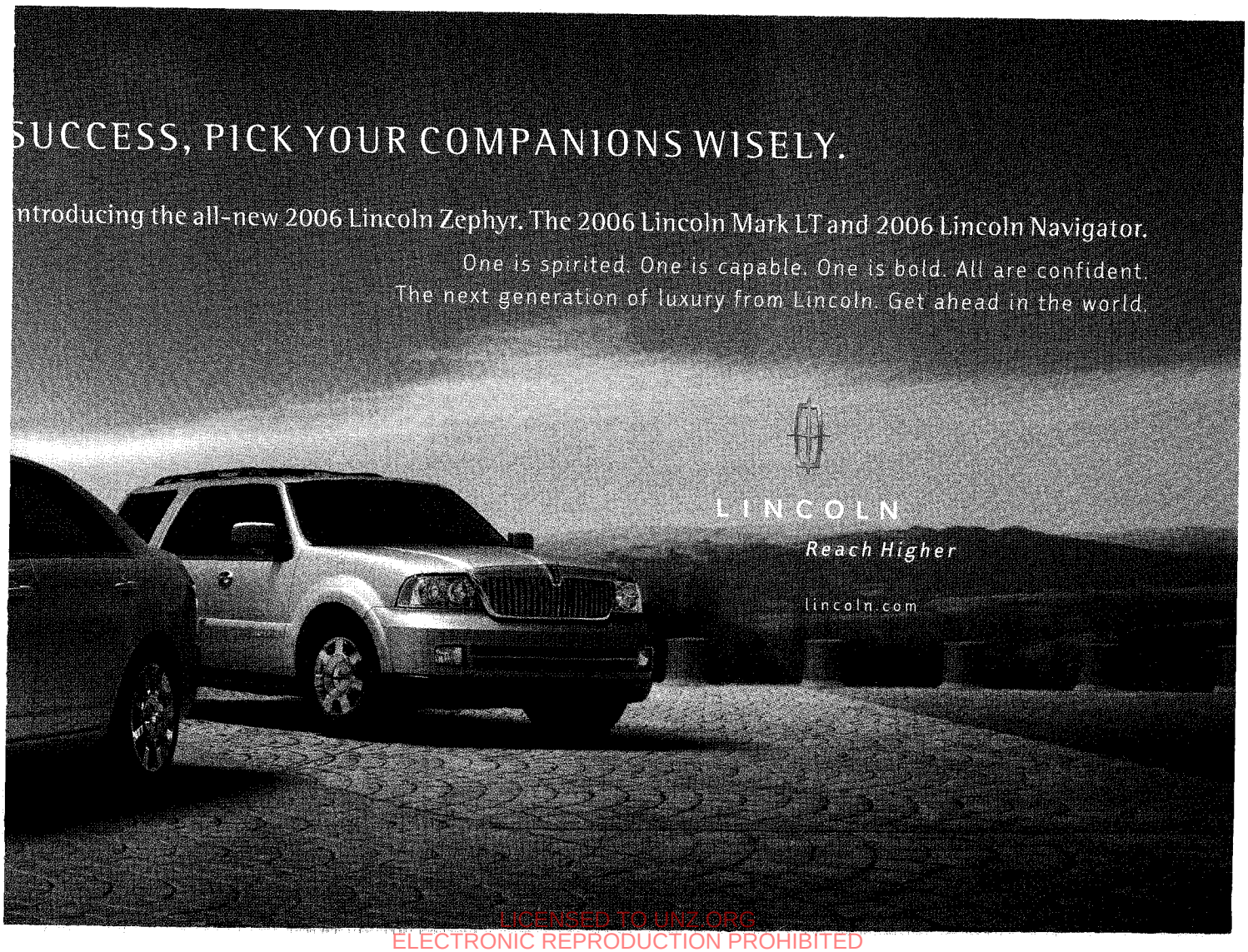
NOKIA THEATRE TIMES SQUARE
Broadway at 44th St. (212-307-7171)—Feb. 6: Mike Shinoda, of the squeaky-clean nu-metal band Linkin Park, recently recorded a solo album under the name **Fort Minor** to showcase his rapping and rhyming skills. He played most of the instruments on the record, "The Rising Tied," and he roped in respectable guests like Common and John Legend.

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503)—Feb. 3-4: **Bernie Worrell,** the iconoclastic keyboard pioneer and former Funkadelic member, from Plainfield, New Jersey, brings his band the Woo Warriors to town for a rare two-night club stand. Worrell, who was a classical-music prodigy (he played gigs with the Washington Symphony Orchestra at age ten) moved to Detroit with George Clinton in 1970 and helped him invent a new sound. Worrell's been revolutionizing music ever since with a vast array of keyboard instruments (Moog synthesizers, pipe organs, clavinets) and artists (Bootsy Collins, the Pretenders, the Talking Heads).

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—Feb. 2: The Plug Awards, the newish multi-genre music-industry accolades with a populist bent (fans vote online), celebrates its winners and nominees. The indie-rock band the **National** and the underground m.c. **Beans** are slated to perform.

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE
Feb. 3: The vocalist **Esperanza Fernández** starts the New York Flamenco Festival. (Skirball Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl., at Washington Sq. S.) Feb. 4: The festival continues with the blazing sounds of **Son de la Frontera,** a Spanish ensemble that incorporates the Cuban *tres* (three-string guitar) in its music. The group is making its New York début. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For more information about both shows, call 212-545-7536.)

ZANKEL HALL
Carnegie Hall, 57th St. at Seventh Ave. (212-247-7800)—Feb. 3: **Daniel Lanois,** the guitarist, singer-songwriter, and producer, brings in his pedal steel



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"Sofia, 2002," by the Dutch artist Bertien Van Manen, from her show "Give Me Your Image," at Yancey Richardson.

guitar, his ambient music, and his experimental film, "Silvio." He'll be joined by, among others, the drummer **Brian Blade**, who's proved himself in multiple genres, playing alongside jazzmen (Joshua Redman and Pat Metheny), folk legends (Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan), and pop artists (Seal and Herbie Hancock). WNYC's **John Schaeffer** is the host. Part of the New York Guitar Festival.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800)—It's Valentine's Day nearly all month long, as the vocalist **Maude Maggart** performs love songs through Feb. 25.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—**Kenny Werner** is a pianist of unlimited means whose gifts are best ignited in fast company. His Cosmocentric band (here Jan. 31-Feb. 5) features the trumpeter **Kenny Wheeler**, the saxophonist **David Sanchez**, and the drummer **Brian Blade**, major players all.

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound murals, and, through Feb. 4, **Elaine Stritch.** (Reviewed in this issue.)

DIZZY'S CLUB COCA-COLA
Broadway at 60th St. (212-258-9595)—Jan. 31-Feb. 5: The bassist **Marc Johnson** gathers key musicians—including the saxophonist **Joe Lovano**, the pianist **Eliane Elias**, and the drummer **Joey Baron**—who made his album "Shades of Jade" one of the outstanding recordings of last year.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Jan. 31-Feb. 4: The Brazilian singer and guitarist **Vinicius Cantuária** performs songs from his latest album, "Silva," backed by the bassist **Paul Socolow**, the drummer **Adriano Santos**, the trumpeter **Michael Leonhart**, and the percussionist **Marivaldo Dos Santos.** Since moving to New York a decade ago, Cantuária has collaborated with Arto Lindsay, Marc Ribot, David Byrne, and many others from the jazz, rock, and avant-garde worlds. Come and be seduced with intimate songs, sung in Portuguese and English.

TOWN HALL
123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824)—Feb. 6: The **2006 Night Life Awards** replaces acceptance speeches with performances. **Eartha Kitt** is scheduled to receive the "Night Life Legend" honor. Other performers include **Elaine Stritch, Brian Stokes Mitchell, Freddy Cole, Sandy Stewart, Bill Charlap,** and **Karen Mason.**

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—For decades, **Joe Wilder's** dulcet tone has been a beacon for admiring trumpeters. On Jan. 31-Feb. 5 he makes his Vanguard début, accompanied by the drummer **Lewis Nash**, the bassist **John Webber**, and the pianist **Michael Weiss**, just in time for his eighty-fourth birthday next month. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—**"Robert Rauschenberg: Combines."** Through April 2. ♦ **"Santiago Calatrava: Sculpture Into Architecture."** Influenced by Brancusi, Matisse, and Giacometti as well as his fellow Spanish visionary Antonio Gaudi, Santiago Calatrava has always been as much a sculptor as an architect. His soaring, winglike buildings—including the proposed new World Trade Center transportation hub—are presented via delicate white architectural models and video tours while his monumental abstract carvings and casts in marble, granite, bronze, and steel fill out the crowded exhibition. Calatrava extends his longtime interest in kinetic sculpture with a comically ominous construction—like motorized dinosaur ribs—that looms above the main entrance. Through March 5. ♦ The small but notable exhibition **"Antonello da Messina: Sicily's Renaissance Master"** includes his masterly, enigmatic "Virgin Annunciate." Through March 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—Buzz Lightyear, Nemo, and the Incredibles might seem parvenus in this museum—but if a flicker of corporate opportunism pulses through **"Pixar: 20 Years of Animation,"** it's offset by an undeniable gee-whiz factor. Installations that meld high- and low-tech are joined by five-hundred-plus drawings, storyboards, and clay models by some eighty artists. The exhibit is accompanied by an extensive program of screenings and talks. Through Feb. 6. ♦ **"In-Depth: The House of Spiritual Retreat by Emilio Ambasz"** examines a house that was built last year in Spain, more than twenty years after it was first designed for an imaginary site. Through March 6. ♦ **"John Szarkowski: Photographs."** Opens Feb. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"David Smith: A Centennial."** Smith (1906-65) parlayed experiences as a welder, an employee of the Studebaker company, a painter, and an acolyte of the Cubist movement into the tremendous steel sculptures that were championed by Clement Greenberg and have become an artistic emblem of American industry and style. Opens Feb. 3. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—**"The Art of Richard Tuttle."** The post-minimalist artist whose work helped blur the lines separating painting from sculpture from drawing, Tuttle is edging toward grand-old-man status, with a retrospective spanning from the sixties to the present. Through Feb. 5. ♦ **"Raymond Pettibon."** Thirty-seven drawings and an animated film. Through Feb. 19. ♦ The retrospective **"Oscar Bluemner: A Passion for Color"** reveals a painter (1867-1938) who melded Old World

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influences with an architect's training and eye—updated later by the lessons of the Fauves, Die Brücke, and artists like Franz Marc—to produce images of buildings and landscapes broken into bright structural shards, like segments of stained glass. Through Feb. 12. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

NOGUCHI MUSEUM
9-01 33rd Rd., at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-204-7088)—**"The Imagery of Chess Revisited."** The notion of play is central to modern art, from the ubiquitous "JOU" in Cubist paintings to the antics of the Surrealists. A 1944 exhibition at the Julien Levy gallery organized by Marcel Duchamp and Max Ernst titled "The Imagery of Chess" set the precedent for this game-inspired show. A replica of Ernst's boxwood chess set from the Levy exhibition is here along with designs by Man Ray, Calder, André Breton, and, of course, Isamu Noguchi. Duchamp's chess notations, mid-century photographs, and ephemera as well as sculptures and drawings by Giacometti, Motherwell, Dorothea Tanning, Matta, and John Cage provide a feast for the eyes. At the same time, the show underscores Duchamp's bias against purely "retinal" art and toward a practice driven by intellectual gamesmanship. Through April 16. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and weekends, 11 to 6.)

QUEEN SOFÍA SPANISH INSTITUTE
684 Park Ave., at 68th St. (212-628-0420)—The institute's galleries make an exceptionally stark setting for an exhibition of the Academia de Bellas Artes de San Carlos's collection of engravings by **Giovanni Battista Piranesi** (1720-78). But the lushness of the prints overcomes the surroundings: they're a gluttonous feast for the eye. A 1760-61 second edition of Piranesi's "Carceri d'Invenzione," with its famous, fanciful prisons, offers a range of virtuosic detail as he imagines Möbius-strip architectural structures that look more palatial than penitentiary. Views of Rome ("Vedute di Roma") occupy airier compositions but have a similarly creepy Baroque-gothic treatment of ostentatious palazzi or corroding structures, with tiny, faceless humans in the foreground serving as witnesses to the cycles of history. Through Feb. 13. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 6, Fridays, 10 to 8, and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART
150 W. 17th St., at Seventh Ave. (212-620-5000)—**"The Demonic Divine in Himalayan Art"** revels in the horrific, with scenes of bodies flayed, writhing, and dismembered. The bloodcurdling images are meant to assure viewers of the fierceness of protective deities. For an antidote, descend the staircase to **"Perfected Beings, Pure Realms,"** where motifs tend toward flowers, birds, and fruit. Through April 9 and Feb. 10, respectively. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, 11 to 5, Wednesdays, 11 to 7, Fridays, 11 to 10, and weekends, 11 to 6.)

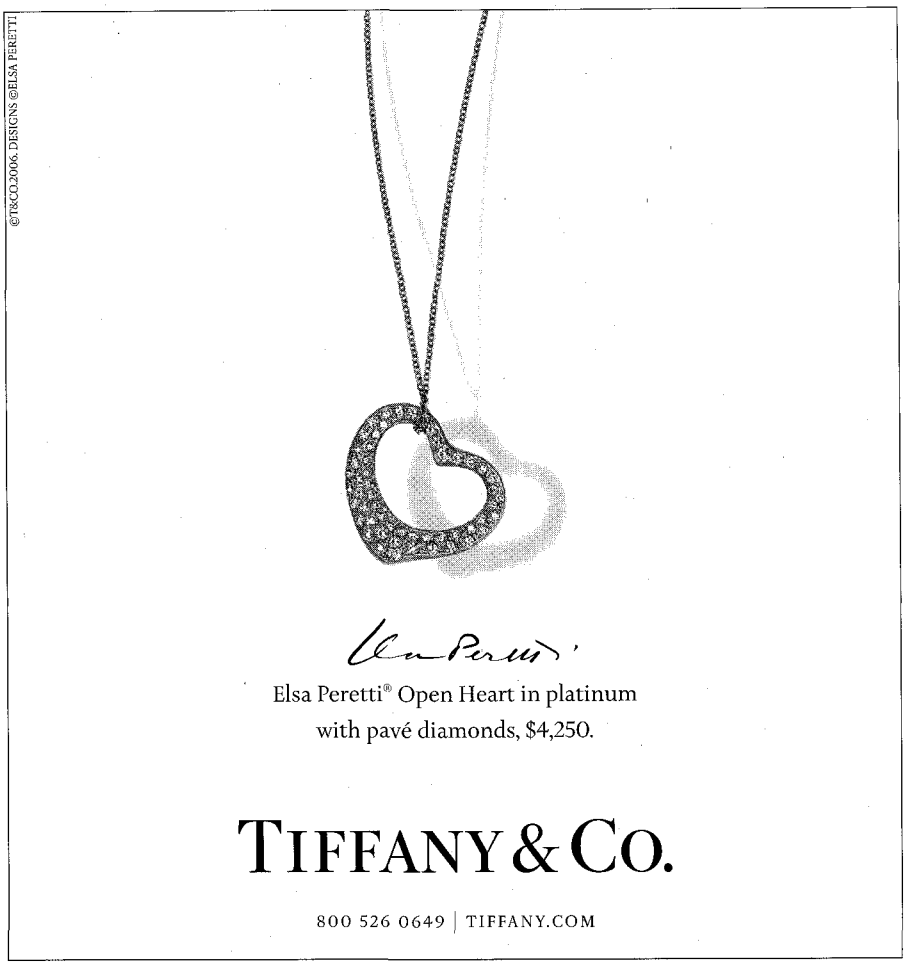
UKRAINIAN MUSEUM
222 E. 6th St. (212-228-0110)—**"The Tree of Life, the Sun, the Goddess: Symbolic Motifs in Ukrainian Folk Art."** Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5.)

GALLERIES–UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

KATY GRANNAN
Grannan's big color photographs of men and women in woodsy settings are exciting, unsettling, and hard to shake. Her subjects are strangers, many of whom elected to take off some or all of their clothes. With one exception, they are alone before Grannan's camera, and they regard it and us with a kind of anxious complicity, part challenge, part surrender. As performances, these are quiet and contained but surprisingly unreserved. One wonders exactly what Grannan did to elicit them, but whatever it was, her results are consistently extraordinary. Through Feb. 4. (Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. 212-445-0444.)

RICHARD TUTTLE
A two-part show of works on paper from the master of quirky nada, dating from 1970 through 1989.



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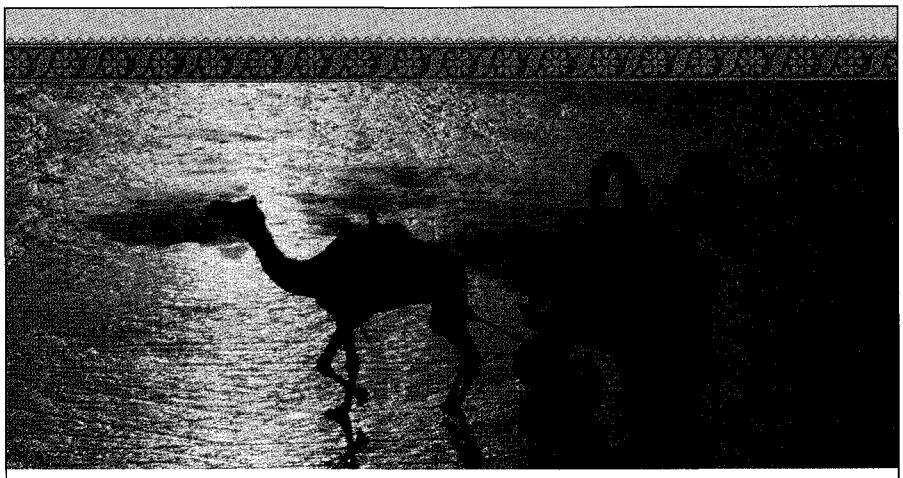

Day 4. Bought some clothes and jewelry and packed them in our SUV.

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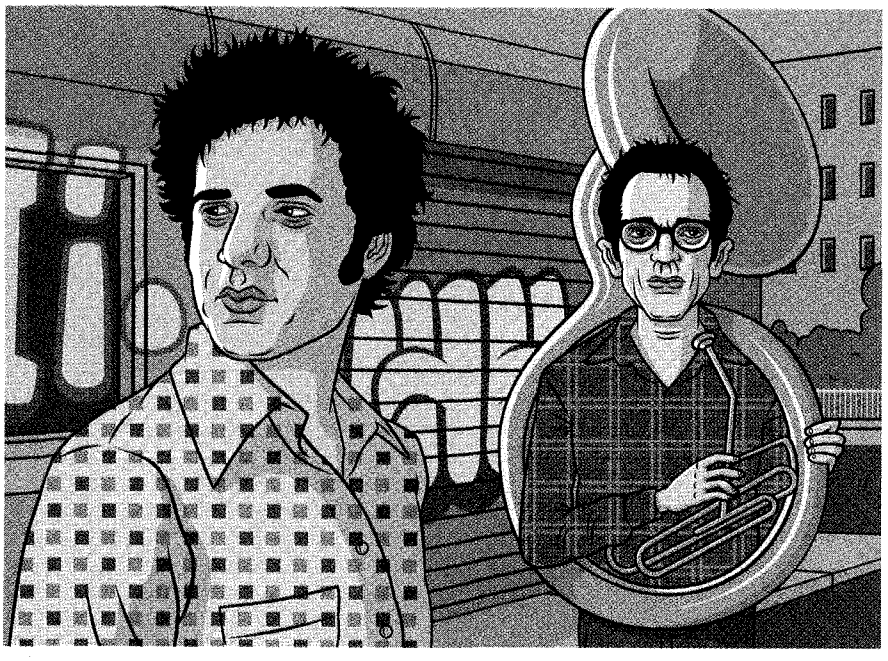
This is Tuttle's moment, with the current Whitney Museum retrospective, and it's a good time to take a hard look at his oeuvre. The uptown portion concentrates on barely-there markings in colored pencil on white sheets of paper, and fragile cardboard assemblages. Downtown, at Nyehaus, is the better half, with sculptures that phase into wall drawings, and a series of framed works on beige plastic sheeting that weirdly and effectively poke from the top and bottom of the frames, like cloth around embroidery hoops. Through Feb. 18. (Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. 212-517-8677; see the Downtown listings for Nyehaus.)

GALLERIES–CHELSEA

EXENE CERVENKA
Kurt Schwitters's "Merz," the self-invented term for his Dada assemblages of prosaic refuse, is reinvented with punk-feminist pluck by Cervenka, best known as a singer for the Los Angeles band X. Her first New York exhibition features journals in a vitrine, collages, and a table of published works, including a collaborative text-and-photo project (with Kenneth Jarecke) on the 1991 Gulf War that is depressingly pertinent and contemporary-looking. The journals' naïve aesthetic veers at times into quaint adolescent angst, but you can practically hear the rough poetry-cum-lyrics moaning off the page. Through Feb. 11. (DCKT, 552 W. 24th St. 212-741-9955.)



The King of France's Steve Salad and Michael Azerrad, at the Mercury Lounge.

ANDREW NEEL AND ELIZABETH NEEL
The term "moving pictures" is literalized in the brother-and-sister team's suite of videos. With their stripped-down narrative and sound, they resemble highly saturated painting or conceptual photography in the quirkily poetic vein of Jeff Wall. Each monitor offers a different scenario: a man lying on a lawn, like a latter-day version of Andrew Wyeth's Christina; a closeup of hands gutting a fish on a cutting board, like a fragment from a Dutch still-life. The most dramatic shows a car careering off a rural road, a snippet of action that, scaled down to monitor size and looped repeatedly, transforms violent incident into a visual curio that plays like a music box, again and again. Through Feb. 2. (Freight + Volume, 542 W. 24th St. 212-989-8700.)

"FAKING DEATH"
This shrewd, sprawling survey of contemporary Canadian "art photography" includes work by Jeff Wall, Edward Burtynsky, Rodney Graham, Michael Snow, and Roy Arden, all of whom have been exhibited widely in the U.S., but many of the more than seventy pieces here are by artists who might be new to New Yorkers. If the show is largely educational, it's never dull, and a bias toward heavy-handed conceptual work is balanced by a slew of visceral, emotional images, many evoking pain and death. A. A. Bronson, Paul Litherland, and Michel Campeau all imagine themselves as corpses; Evergon, Irene Whittome, Sylvain Cousineau, and Donigan Cumming probe the body in anguish; and Wall's expansive landscape centers on a graveyard. Through Feb. 4. (Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 212-645-1701.)

"PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS"
One of the most enjoyable and engrossing shows in town explores the many ways artists confront the camera and their own self-image. Working primarily from a private collection, the curator, Olivier Renaud-Clement, has filled the gallery with more than a hundred photographs that span the history of the medium, from works by Felix Nadar and August Sander to those of Cindy Sherman and Rineke Dijkstra. Whether they're shoring up, shattering, or deliberately turning their back on the myth of the creative genius, the artists and their portraitists are always engaging, frequently funny, and not to be missed. Through Feb. 4. (Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 212-206-9100.)

"SELECTIONS FROM THE LEROY NEIMAN CENTER FOR PRINT STUDIES"
Neiman, best known for his baroque mustache and sports illustrations, has endowed a print project at Columbia University that's surprisingly rich in range and scope. Along with elder statesmen like Terry Winters, Kiki Smith, and William Kentridge is a roster of youngsters who've translated their visions into the multiple realm. Sarah Sze's maelstrom of litho and silk-screened marks resembles a Julie Mehretu painting; Carl Fudge's are like elegant wallpaper; Ernesto Caivano conjures Dürer's classic, melancholic engravings. Tim Gardner enshrines his frat boys in offset lithographs, and Dana Schutz proves her debt to German Expressionism with a colorful woodcut. Neiman's own contribution, a suite of black-and-white intaglio prints of baseball players, shows an unlikely kinship with Raymond Pettibon. Through Feb. 4. (Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9889.)

Short List

BERTIEN VAN MANEN: Yancey Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. 646-230-9610. Through Feb. 18. **ERWIN OLAF:** Hasted Hunt, 529 W. 20th St. 212-627-0006. Through Feb. 18. **ROXY PAINE:** James Cohan, 533 W. 26th St. 212-714-9500. Through Feb. 25. **ALEC SOTH:** Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111. Through Feb. 25.

GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

MARTIN BEAUREGARD
The artist as court jester is a time-honored role. Beauregard, a Canadian, adopts it with gusto but doesn't add much to the genre. Video performances of the artist wrapping himself in Velcro and hurling himself against a similarly clad wall, riding a toy horse, or impersonating a demented, tape-wrapped bunny on roller skates recall absurdist stunts from David Letterman, "Saturday Night Live," or "Jackass." A Teddy-bear sculpture made with real bear hide alludes to our fetishistic, uneasy relationship with wild animals, although a photograph of "Old Boys" with hunting trophies trussed to their trucks seems sanctimonious—particularly in light of the New Age-precious video projection of the artist, nude on a beach in the lotus position, nearby. Through Feb. 4. (Location One, 26 Greene St. 212-334-3347.)

KIM LEVIN
Like the artists whose work they celebrate or decry, critics are masters of their own idiosyncratic systems—only theirs serve to generate the written word. Levin's "Notes and Itineraries," a full-gallery installation of press-related ephemera, is the paper trail of a career spanning three decades, much of it at the *Village Voice*. Levin's itineraries, carefully mapped out on the backs of exhibition invitation cards, offer both a broad snapshot of New York's late-twentieth-century art scene and evidence of the high-mileage foot travel the job requires. Through Feb. 4. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. 212-226-3232.)

RICHARD TUTTLE
Half of a two-part show with Zwirner & Wirth; see Uptown listings for more information. Through Feb. 18. (Nyehaus, in the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S., #8D. 212-995-1785.)

"THE DOWNTOWN SHOW: THE NEW YORK ART SCENE, 1974–1984"
A wildly inclusive survey of art from the last gasp of downtown's underground era. David Wojnarowicz? Check. Copies of the *East Village Eye*? Check. Talking Heads show flyers? Check. Karen Finley, Kathy Acker, Basquiat, Prince, Goldin, Mapplethorpe, Hujar? Check. While the time parameters defining the show are distinct—'74 was the year the Loft Law was enacted, legalizing residence in SoHo's abandoned industrial caverns; '84 was Reagan's re-election year—what constitutes art in this context is more fluid: paintings and photographs coexist with recycled vinyl records, outré fashion, and thrift-store tchotchkes. But this is more than a perfunctory inventory—atypical examples from iconic oeuvres are installed alongside scruffy mementos that never achieved blue-chip status. Collectively, they conjure a history both recent and remote. Through April 1. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 100 Washington Sq. E. 212-998-6780.)

"THE MARTHA ROSLER LIBRARY"
Some people snoop in medicine chests to understand their friends. But for those who find the telling portrait on the bookshelves, here is an unprecedented opportunity to peep into a visual artist's reading mind. Housed in the e-flux space—a tiny storefront that is the new, real-life manifestation of the online art-events list—the library presents some six thousand volumes culled from Rosler's home, studio, and university office, representing decades of bibliophilic accumulation. Cheek by jowl on towering wooden shelves waits an endearing chaos of novels, poetry, political theory, cartoons, thrift-store finds, classics in philosophy, and, of course, stuff about art. There's a cozy chair to sit in, too. Through April 15. (53 Ludlow St. 212-619-3356.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
From the moment the three sailors cartwheel onto a New York street corner with their white wide-legged pants and smushed caps in Jerome Robbins's "Fancy Free" (1944), one can't help but love them. Their eagerness and vigor—as well as Bernstein's dynamic score—perfectly evoke an archetypal American en-

MICHAEL WEIDON

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ergy, constructed out of jazz coolness, ballet virtuosity, and carefully timed casual movement. Robbins is well represented this week, with performances of "Mother Goose," a sophisticated fantasy set backstage in a ballet company; "In the Night," a series of romantic duets set to Chopin Nocturnes; and Stravinsky's "Firebird," for which he choreographed the monster's dance. A more self-conscious, and less convincing, evocation of American geniality on the program is Christopher Wheeldon's "An American in Paris," made for the company last spring and inspired by Gene Kelly's turn in the 1951 Vincente Minnelli musical. ♦ Feb. 1 at 7:30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Duo Concertant," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." ♦ Feb. 2 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Firebird." ♦ Feb. 3 at 8: "Episodes," "In the Night," and "An American in Paris." ♦ Feb. 4 at 2: "Mother Goose" (last performance), "Duo Concertant," "Romeo and Juliet" (balcony scene), and "An American in Paris." ♦ Feb. 4 at 8: "Fancy Free," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Firebird." ♦ Feb. 5 at 3: "Divertimento No. 15," "Klavier" (last performance), and "Fancy Free." ♦ Feb. 7 at 7:30: "Songs of the Auvergne," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Allegro Brillante," and "An American in Paris." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 212-870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)

BALLET BIARRITZ

In its 2002 New York début, the troupe from southwest France made a splash with its fresh, carnal variations on Ballets Russes classics. This time around, the artistic director Thierry Malandain presents "Création," and the first man is a dancer who wants a partner—hence, Eve. The couple join Cain and Abel, Loie Fuller, and Isadora Duncan in a procession from courtly dance to modern, set to the lilting score of the Beethoven ballet "The Creatures of Prometheus." Dramaturgically, it all feels too much like a school pageant, but the striking ballet-modern hybrid dances are performed with seamless technique by the company's sharp, lively dancers. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave. 212-242-0800. Jan. 31-Feb. 3 at 8, Feb. 4 at 2 and 8, and Feb. 5 at 2.)

JEREMY WADE

Wade's influences include Dutch contemporary dance, the underground rave scene, and Bushwick loft culture, so it's no surprise that the young choreographer's first Dance Theatre Workshop solo show features club-inspired moves and electronica. In "Glory," a duet about varieties of submission, the nude dancers crawl, twist, and stumble, their craving for stimulation written on their slack, brazen faces. In the solo "Fiction," on the other hand, Wade can't stop putting clothes on. He dons a rainbow wig, a pilgrim dress, and a Klan hood while gyrating and bouncing, pausing at intervals to lie on his stomach and breathe into a reverberating microphone. (219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Feb. 1-4 at 7:30.)

LAVA

Sarah East Johnson's troupe of female acrobats continues its run at the Flea. (41 White St. 212-352-3101. Feb. 2-4 at 7 and Feb. 5 at 5. Through Feb. 19.)

JENNIFER NUGENT AND PAUL MATTESON

"Fare Well," an evening-length duet choreographed and performed by the two Bessie-winning dancers, is fuelled by rough tackles, high-exertion lifts, and flat-out sprints. But Nugent and Matteson, whose well-matched, muscled bodies make them look like fraternal twins, also know the expressive potential of a simple shake of the head. Everyday gestures merge with unexpected point-to-point contact—bumping chins, colliding stomachs—to the moody chords and irregular drumbeats of Edmund Mooney's score. Whether locked in an arduous balance move on the vast stage or separated by a bank of translucent curtains, the two dancers retain an electric, combative connection. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. Feb. 2-5 at 8:30.)

NEW YORK THEATRE BALLET

The miniature ballet company—there are twelve dancers—presents the first of its spring repertory programs, including Agnes de Mille's "Three Virgins and a Devil" (1934), Antony Tudor's "Fandango" (1963), and two premières by the young choreographers Clove Galilee and Danielle Genest. The company will also perform a one-hour ballet for chil-

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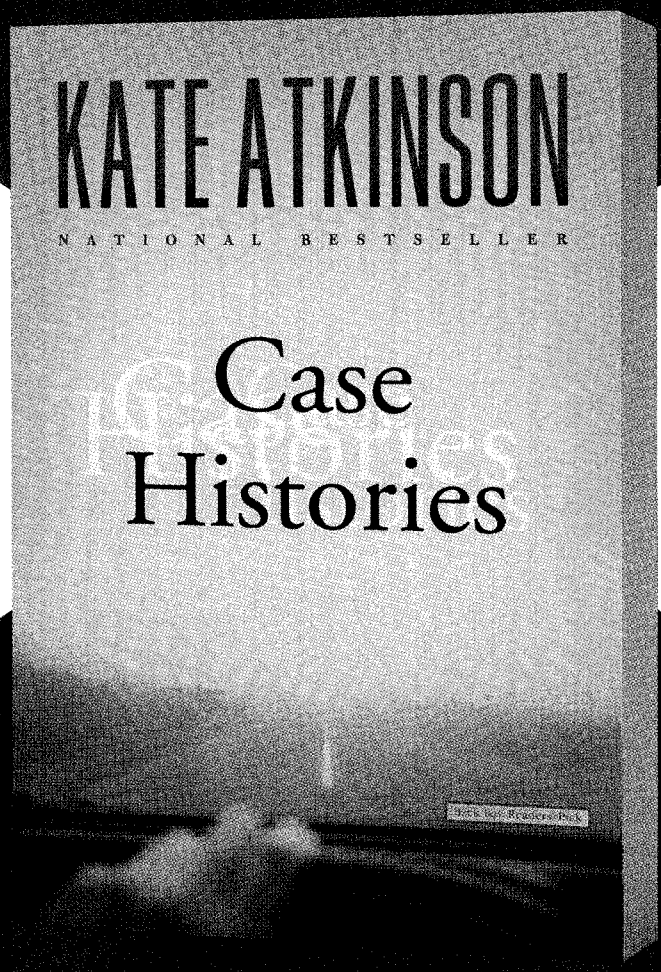

PETER ROSS

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dren, "Mother Goose!," a playful ensemble work with pleasingly simple steps by the choreographer Keith Michael, set to a charming, ragtime-and-folk-dance-inflected suite for piano four-hands by Vladimir Shinov. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 212-307-4100. Repertory: Feb. 3-4 at 7:30. "Mother Goose!": Feb. 3 at 10 A.M., Feb. 4 at 11 A.M. and 1, and Feb. 5 at 11 A.M., 1, and 3:30.)

DANCEBRAZIL
The photographs that the French photographer Pierre Verger took in the late forties and early fifties and collected in his 1981 book, "Retratos da Bahia," were among the first visual documents of Afro-Brazilian culture and included several stop-action images of the martial-arts dance capoeira. The choreographer and capoeira *mestre* Jelon Vieira pays tribute to that work with an evening-length dance named after Verger's book, which juxtaposes scenes of contemporary Bahian culture with impressions of the world captured by Verger's camera. With an original score by Tote Gira. (Walt Whitman Theatre, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 718-951-4500. Feb. 4 at 8.)

RONALD K. BROWN/EVIDENCE DANCE COMPANY
Brown founded his company twenty-one years ago, yet it's only in the past decade that he's discovered his voice. That blend of African and modern idioms counts as one of the most thrilling developments in recent American dance, even though the individual works Brown makes with it deviate only slightly from a single, devotional theme. His newest piece, "Order My Steps," is yet another variation of a prayer for guidance, but the unusually ethereal mood music at its center—the Kronos Quartet playing Terry Riley—provides a welcome contrast to the more customary Bob Marley surrounding it. The two anniversary programs also include "Come Ye," "High Life," and "Grace." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave. 212-242-0800. Feb. 7 at 8. Through Feb. 12.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Feb. 1 at 8: Verdi's **"Rigoletto"** returns with Frederick Burchinal singing the title role; his co-stars are the glamorous Anna Netrebko and Rolando Villazón. Netrebko's focussed lyric soprano is a little unpredictable in the highest range, but she dominates the stage, making Gilda into a sexually confident teen-ager. Villazón's vocal agility perfectly mirrors the squirrelly Duke; he ingeniously delivers "La donna è mobile" like a student sharing his latest philosophical discovery. Plácido Domingo conducts. ♦ Feb. 2 at 8 and Feb. 6 at 7:30: Sonja Frisell's glorious production of **"Aida"** gives grand-opera conservatism a good name. Always worth seeing, it returns with a cast headed by the robust soprano Andrea Gruber, along with Olga Borodina, Johan Botha, Juan Pons, and Kwangchul Youn; James Conlon conducts. ♦ Feb. 3 at 8: Julie Taymor's production of **"Die Zauberflöte"**—a joyfully populist but daringly conceived entertainment from last season that the Met would do well to reproduce—returns with Mary Dunleavy, Erika Miklósa, Eric Cutler, Nathan Gunn, and Morris Robinson in the leading roles; Paul Daniel. (This is the final performance.) ♦ Feb. 4 at 1:30: Franco Alfano's **"Cyrano de Bergerac,"** with Plácido Domingo in the title role and Sondra Radvanovsky as his beloved Roxane; Marco Armiliato. ♦ Feb. 4 and Feb. 7 at 8: The Zeffirelli production of **"La Traviata,"** recently brought to life by Renée Fleming, is now a vehicle for the magnetic Romanian soprano Angela Gheorghiu. Also with Jonas Kaufmann (in his Met début) and Anthony Michaels-Moore; Armiliato. (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

VERTICAL PLAYER REPERTORY
Judith Barnes's little company, set in a very intimate brick-walled former factory room in Brooklyn, offers a run of **"Il Tabarro,"** a cunningly crafted bit of verismo that is the first (and perhaps the best) of Puccini's late-period sequence of one-act operas, "Il Trittico." Barnes sings the role of Giorgetta; Zurab Ninua and Noah Stewart are her rival lovers. With piano accompaniment. (219 Court St., between Wycoff and Warren Sts. 212-539-2696. Feb. 3 at 8 and Feb. 5 at 4.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Peter Schickele, the Philharmonic's inimitable in-house classical-music presenter, hosts the next program in the orchestra's Magic of Mozart Festival, an evening of piano concertos (No. 17 in G Major and No. 20 in D Minor) played and conducted by Jeffrey Kahane. (Feb. 1 at 6:45.) ♦ Kahane reprises both of the concertos, ending the program by conducting the Sinfonia Concertante in E-Flat Major, K. 364 (with the violinist Michelle Kim and the violist Rebecca Young). (Feb. 2 and Feb. 7 at 7:30 and Feb. 3-4 at 8.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S
Charles Wuorinen's opera "Haroun and the Sea of Stories," which débuted last season at City Opera, may have been a bit too intense for some ears, but there is no denying the shimmering majesty of his score. He has reused ideas from that work in "Flying to Kahani," a pocket concerto designed for the pianist Peter Serkin, who offers the world première along with a performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 24 in C Minor. Roberto Abbado conducts the concert, which concludes with Beethoven's dashing Second Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Feb. 2 at 8.)

JUILLIARD "FOCUS!" FESTIVAL
Anne Manson conducts the finale of the Juilliard School's annual new-music festival, a program featuring new orchestral works by Zhou Long, Jukka Tiensuu, and Paul Schoenfield (the world première of his Oratorio No. 2, "Channah"). (Peter Jay Sharp Theatre, Juilliard School. For free tickets, which are required, call 212-769-7406. Feb. 3 at 8. For full schedule, see www.juilliard.edu.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Novelty and glamour combine in the conductorless chamber orchestra's latest concert, which features not only the world première of Marc Mellits's "Brick" but also a performance of Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 featuring the suave and forceful Russian violinist Vadim Repin. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Feb. 4 at 8.)

SAINT THOMAS CHOIR: "THE CREATION"
Haydn's tender yet awesome setting of Genesis, one of his last masterworks, will be given a sensitive and energetic performance by the lauded Anglican choir of men and boys, Concert Royal, and the vocal soloists Ava Pine, Alan Bennett, and Christópheren Nomura; John Scott, the choir's excellent new director, conducts. (Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 212-664-9360. Feb. 7 at 7:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Simon Rattle, one of the organization's favorite maestros, stays in town—along with the mezzo-soprano Magdalena Kožená—after his Berlin Philharmonic series to lead performances of song cycles by Mussorgsky ("The Nursery") and Lutoslawski as well as Bruckner's Symphony No. 7. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Feb. 7 at 8.)

RECITALS

BARGEMUSIC
Feb. 2-3 at 7:30: Olga Vinokur performs piano music spanning the Romantic century, from works by Schumann and Chopin (the Scherzo No. 4 and four Études from the Op. 25 set) to Liszt and Brahms (the Four Piano Pieces, Op. 119). ♦ Feb. 4 at 7:30 and Feb. 5 at 4: Chris Pedro Trakas, a baritone well known for his forays into contemporary music, takes on Schubert's "Winterreise"; Gerald Robbins accompanies him. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

ROLANDO VILLAZÓN
The alluringly smart and stylish Mexican tenor, in town for "Rigoletto," comes to the Temple of Dendur to sing songs by Schumann ("Dichterliebe"), Liszt ("Three Petrarch Sonnets"), and Obradors. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 212-570-3949. Feb. 3 at 8.)

MIRROR VISIONS ENSEMBLE
The vocal trio, consistent advocates of music both American and French, offer a portrait of Paris

TABLES FOR TWO
LA ESQUINA

106 Kenmare St. (646-613-7100)—"La Esquina" means "the corner," but on this particular corner, where Centre Street meets Kenmare, there are really several Esquinas: a taquería, a café, and a "brasserie" in the basement. The main event—meaning the hardest to get into—is the subterranean one. When it opened last summer, word had it that you had to enter the taquería, push past a door marked "employees only," and walk down a grubby stairway to face the icy hostess, who, if she liked the look of you, would divulge an unlisted phone number that you could then, returning upstairs, dial in order to request a table. Perhaps you'd be invited back down and led through the kitchen to your table (neighborhood people were given the number in advance). This speakeasy phase didn't last as long as the owners, including the night-club entrepreneur and designer Serge Becker, had intended. Within a couple of weeks, the rigmarole made the *Times* and La Esquina began its transition into regular restauranthood. But you still have to go through the kitchen and the secret door.

In spite of the pretense, the place is hard to hate; the atmosphere is more congenial and subdued than you might expect, and whatever lingering umbrage the insecure diner may feel can be quickly ameliorated by tequila; there are shelves upon shelves of it, some six dozen flavors in all. Shots come on a wooden platter *vampiro*-style—with a snort of tomato juice. Once accustomed to the dusky light, you see that the space is basically an old barrel-vaulted storage cellar that's been tidied up to resemble a kind of ersatz Mexico: tile frescos of hot rods and hotties, wallpaper promoting tag-team wrestlers, T-shirts commemorating the 1970 World Cup.

And so it goes with the food. Unlike at some other newer Mexican places around town, it isn't quite *auténtico*, but it has dash and comes in small enough portions to suggest attention. Ingredients are perceptible: the chipotle in the lump-crabmeat tostadas, the pickled onions in the pulled-pork taquitos, the flame that has charred the striped bass in the *pescado* taquitos. The poblano cheese and mayo on the grilled corn turn dainty eaters into kernel poachers; every cob gets picked clean, as though that might secure an invitation back. (Open daily for dinner. Entrées $6-$24.50.)

—Nick Paumgarten

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drawn in works not only by Debussy and Poulenc but also by Ned Rorem and Christopher Berg (including the première of "Postal Pastimes," songs on carte-de-visite texts by Mallarmé) in an intimate setting. (La Maison Française, 16 Washington Mews. 212-998-8750. Feb. 3 at 8.)

OSVALDO GOLIJOV'S "AYRE"
New music's man of the moment is being fêted by Lincoln Center this month, and the performance of this electro-acoustic song cycle based largely on old Sephardic tunes (already popular on CD) will cause a good deal of excitement. Dawn Upshaw sings it, accompanied by an assortment of top-drawer instrumentalists known as the Andalucian Dogs. (Rose Theatre, Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500. Feb. 4 at 8.)

TACTUS: "WHO BY WATER"
Michael Gordon and Bill Morrison, the composer-filmmaker team known for "Decasia," their enticing and disturbing fantasia about destruction and decay, have returned with a new work (inspired by words from the Rosh Hashanah service), performed by Patti Monson's expert and appealing ensemble from the Manhattan School. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Feb. 4 at 8.)

EMMANUEL PAHUD AND YEFIM BRONFMAN
The Berlin Philharmonic's plush-toned solo flutist and his commanding pianist colleague offer a program that features Reineke's "Undine" Sonata, Prokofiev's Flute Sonata in D Major, and transcriptions of Brahms's two Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano. (Zankel Hall. 212-247-7800. Feb. 7 at 7:30.)

92ND STREET Y: STEVEN ISSERLIS
A recital of music by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms (the Sonata No. 1 in E Minor for Cello and Piano), and Czech composers, offered by the acclaimed English cellist. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500. Feb. 7 at 8.)

ORLANDO CONSORT
In "The Rose, the Lily, and the Whortleberry," the noted British male vocal quartet celebrates music on floral themes by such fourteenth-century masters as Arcadelt, Jannequin, Machaut, and Dufay. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Feb. 7 at 8.)

MOVIES OPENING

BLOSSOMS OF FIRE
Maureen Gosling directed this documentary about the Isthmus Zapotecs of Mexico. In Spanish and Zapotec. Opening Feb. 3. (Cinema Village.)

A GOOD WOMAN
Helen Hunt, Scarlett Johansson, and Tom Wilkinson star in this adaptation of "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde. Directed by Mike Barker. Opening Feb. 3. (In wide release.)

SOMETHING NEW
In this romantic comedy, an African-American woman executive (Sanaa Lathan) gets involved with a Caucasian landscaper (Simon Baker). Directed by Sanaa Hamri. Opening Feb. 3. (In wide release.)

THE TENANTS
In this adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel, a Jewish writer (Dylan McDermott) and an African-American writer (Snoop Dogg) share an abandoned apartment building. Directed by Danny Green. Opening Feb. 3. (Empire 25.)

THE THREE BURIALS OF MELQUIADES ESTRADA
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Feb. 3. (In wide release.)

THE TOLLBOOTH
A comedy, directed by Debra Kirschner, about the conflicts of three adult daughters with their traditional Jewish family in Brooklyn. Opening Feb. 3. (Quad Cinema.)

WHEN A STRANGER CALLS
A remake of the 1979 horror film in which a babysitter is harassed by a crank caller. Directed by Simon West. Opening Feb. 3. (In wide release.)

WHO GETS TO CALL IT ART?
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Feb. 1. (Film Forum.)

NOW PLAYING

BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN
In the summer of 1963, Ennis Del Mar (Heath Ledger) and Jack Twist (Jake Gyllenhaal) herd the sheep on Brokeback Mountain, in Wyoming, and fall in love. Ang Lee's movie traces the ups and downs of that love over many years, making it clear that the downs are fated to outnumber the ups. The film has a curious motion to begin with, managing to seem at once hectic and sluggish; once the heroes start to grow up, however, and thus to struggle against their feelings, the story comes painfully alive, and the performances stretch toward the tragic. There is fine support from Anne Hathaway and Michelle Williams as the baffled wives of the two men and from Kate Mara as Ennis's teen-age daughter, but the picture belongs to Ledger, whose downcast gaze and chewed-up words bear almost unbearable testimony to a heart under siege. Any attempt to promote this as an issue movie, gripped by an agenda, feels badly misplaced; the only issue here is the oldest and most sorrowful one of all.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/05.) (In wide release.)

BUBBLE
Martha (Debbie Doebereiner), large in body and heart, toils alongside Kyle (Dustin James Ashley) at the local doll factory. Although their relationship is platonic, she assumes that he is hers until a new hire, the sly and brazen Rose (Misty Dawn Wilkins), enters the scene. Filming on location with nonprofessional actors drawn from locals along the Ohio-West Virginia border, Steven Soderbergh revitalizes the eternal triangle with a low-key yet ravishing homespun neorealism. He deftly sketches the quiet grace of his trio as they bear their frustrations at work and their burdens at home, and he enhances their drama to vital effect through his use of high-definition video. The technique's wealth of visual detail lets him capture his characters in long shot, rendering them inextricable from their industrial setting and its dazzling profusion of artificial colors and forms. Together with the tersely efficient script by Coleman Hough, Soderbergh's images raise the story from the crime blotter to a coolly damning meditation on modern moods in the land of two jobs and no benefits.—*Richard Brody* (Sunshine Cinema.)

GO FOR ZUCKER
Widely described as the first Jewish comedy made in Germany since the war, the movie was an enormous hit in that country last year (and also in Israel), and part of the reason must be that its ex-Communist Berlin hero, Jaecki Zucker (Henry Hübchen), né Jakob Zuckermann, a liar, drinker, gambler, and part-time brothel-keeper, has so much life in him that he's impossible to dislike. When Jaecki's mother dies, the terms of the will require that he and his family sit shivah with his Orthodox brother, who long ago moved to Frankfurt. The stage is set for farce. The writer-director, Dani Levy, a forty-eight-year-old German Jew, was born in Switzerland after his mother escaped Berlin in 1939. Levy spent some time in a circus when he was a teen-ager; as an entertainer, he's not above using crude comedy tropes now and then, but the actors are all terrific, and, watching Levy's antic inventions, one may be moved by the thought that Jews have achieved a kind of Germanness again, and even more moved by the thought that Germans have achieved a kind of Jewishness again.—*David Denby* (1/23 & 30/06) (Sunshine Cinema.)

GROUNDHOG DAY
Even if you applaud Bill Murray's evolution from inspired comedian to minimalist seriocomic actor, it's a relief to revisit his most varied and charming role as Phil Connors, a Pittsburgh weatherman who views his assignment to cover the annual Groundhog Day celebration in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, as perdition. With fractured-fairy-tale logic, or a telescoped, slapstick rendering of Nietzsche's eternal return, he finds himself doomed to repeat the holiday until he weans himself of careerism and ego and becomes rounded and selfless enough for Andie MacDowell, his beautiful, unpretentious, and almost preternaturally nice producer. Without ditching his arsenal of ironic inflections and his nonpareil ability to make

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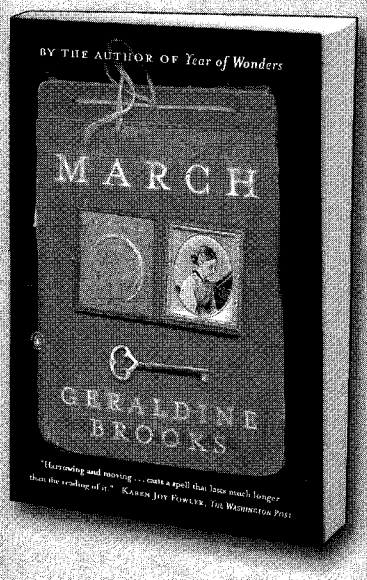

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knowingness hilarious as well as smarmy, Murray takes Phil all the way through a prolonged winter of discontent and into a pixillated serenity. This 1993 farce is also a true romance: it's about getting to know yourself as you get to know your beloved. The strong ensemble includes Chris Elliott, Stephen Tobolowsky, and Brian Doyle-Murray; Harold Ramis directed and shares credit for the script with Danny Rubin.—*Michael Sragow* (Pioneer Theatre; Feb. 1.)

MATCH POINT

In the opening half hour or so of Woody Allen's new movie, which sets the scene in upper-class contemporary London, the exposition feels a little lame: two impoverished outsiders—Chris Wilton (Jonathan Rhys Meyers), an Irish-born tennis pro, and Nola Rice (Scarlett Johansson), an unsuccessful young American actress—are both trying to marry into a very wealthy English family. At first, the conversational idiom is falsely debonair, the plot too easily manipulated. But then the two interlopers face each other in a bar and the movie takes off. Rhys Meyers, who has widely spaced blue eyes and a flattened upper lip, can look angelic or brutally calculating at will. Johansson, poured into a white dress, also has an unusual upper lip, curved and fleshy, and a low, smoky voice. What follows is the most passionate and explicitly erotic love scenes that Allen has ever directed. The movie's narrative scheme becomes urgent and will-driven in the manner of Dreiser: Chris suddenly has one woman too many on his hands. Against our better instincts, we are with this cold-blooded murderer every inch of the way.—*D.D.* (1/9/06) (In wide release.)

MIKEY AND NICKY

Nicky (John Cassavetes), a small-time gangster, is holed up in a Chicago flophouse, hiding from a contract hit. His lifelong friend and Mob companion, Mikey (Peter Falk), shows up to help him out—or to sell him out. In the course of their apocalyptic overnight ramble through the underside of Chicago, the two men act out a lifetime's worth of unresolved passions, from the death of parents to the tense and blundering relations with wives and lovers to their own petty grievances and buried aggressions. Amazingly, this genre masterpiece, from 1976, is written and directed by the doyenne of loopy comedy, Elaine May, who, in a tour de force of self-transformation, makes what is in effect a Cassavetes film, with its scarily intense and spontaneous performances. Cassavetes's Nicky, with his perpetual sneering smile, spends the whole film fleeing his fate in frantic terror and comic wrath, though he knows that he can't escape it, and Falk's Mikey suffers savagely from his conflicting loyalties. The film's wildly lurching emotional extravagance and unpredictability render the inevitable conclusion all the more shattering, as the film lays bare the price of friendship and the gall of betrayal, the unsparing view of what men do to women and women take from men, and the relentless brutality of serious business. This movie is, simply, not to be missed.—*R.B.* (Anthology Film Archives; Feb. 3-5.)

MUNICH

Steven Spielberg's latest film begins at the Olympic Games in 1972 with the kidnapping and killing of Israeli athletes. It then follows the Israelis' plan to eliminate those whom—rightly or wrongly—they suspect of having backed the attack. Eric Bana plays a Mossad agent who, leaving behind his case officer (Geoffrey Rush) and his pregnant wife (Ayelet Zurer), heads to Europe, where a band of his fellow-specialists (Ciarán Hinds, Mathieu Kassovitz, Hanns Zischler, and Daniel Craig) join him in the quest for revenge. This, for all the director's well-oiled narrative skills, is largely a matter of statistics: the film starts to drag as the team works its way through eleven specified targets (plus the slaying of a Dutch hit woman, the most gratuitous scene that Spielberg has ever devised). There has been much inflamed debate over the movie's politics, but the efforts of Spielberg and his screenwriters, Tony Kushner and Eric Roth, to strike a balance—by gesturing to Palestinian grievances or to the assassins' own qualms—leave the film looking agonized and heavy. Good intentions, and a range of strong performances, are never quite enough to quicken the pulse.—*A.L.* (12/26/05 & 1/2/06) (In wide release.)

THE NEW WORLD

On the evidence of this new film, Terrence Malick has lost none of his ability to infuriate and bewitch at the same time. His retelling of the Pocahontas story may be grounded in historical research, but it floats toward the airiness of legend. Colin Farrell plays Captain John Smith, who lands in 1607 at what will become Jamestown, Virginia. There he encounters a young tribal princess (Q'Orianka Kilcher) and falls in love with her—or, rather, with the purity of body and spirit that she enshrines. This lasts until the outbreak of hostilities between the locals and the British; with peace restored and Smith reassigned, Pocahontas travels to England with her husband, John Rolfe (Christian Bale), and child. This final act is the consummation of the film's concerns, and of its semi-stoned amazement at the world. When Malick (with help from Mozart and Wagner) is at full blast, his peculiarities—the preference for monologue over conversation, and for lyrical meandering over forthright action—somehow fall into place.—*A.L.* (12/26/05 & 1/2/06) (In wide release.)

TRISTRAM SHANDY: A COCK AND BULL STORY

Michael Winterbottom's diverting trifle of a meta-film seems at first to follow the formula, or lack of formula, of Laurence Sterne's nine-volume comedy riff from the eighteenth century, in which plot is a contrivance to be avoided at all cost. But the film soon becomes another, linear, film about the making of a film—and about a foolish man stumbling toward maturity. Steve Coogan stars as himself, and also, in the film within the film, as Tristram Shandy; he bickers constantly with his friend and co-star Rob Brydon, who also plays Tristram's uncle Toby. Some of the humor is appropriately bawdy, but much of it is familiar actor-rivalry silliness—which is not to say that it's not funny. Coogan, who is a gifted physical comic, does an outstanding job playing a fatuous, slightly naughtier version of himself, and Winterbottom focusses on other characters only as part of his orbit, including a Fassbinder-loving P.A. (Naomie Harris) who has more insight into Sterne's novel than the actors do. With fine performances from Shirley Henderson, Kelly Macdonald, Jeremy Northam, and Stephen Fry.—*Shauna Lyon* (In wide release.)

WHO GETS TO CALL IT ART?

As the curator of contemporary art at New York's Metropolitan Museum in the nineteen-sixties, the drolly rambunctious Henry Geldzahler was a key player in the city's exuberant modern-art scene. Andy Warhol's confidant, David Hockney's long-time friend, and a habitué of countless studios, openings, bars, and happenings, Geldzahler (who died in 1994) organized a legendary 1970 exhibit of four hundred works from the previous thirty years of New York art, and time has borne out the power of his exacting taste. Peter Rosen's engaging documentary about the late connoisseur is over-edited to a music-video rush, but evocative archival footage and trenchant interviews with artists arouse nostalgia for the converging postwar currents that made New York the capital of artistic originality,

"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie," directed by John Cassavetes and starring Ben Gazzara, at Anthology Film Archives on Feb. 4.

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See important patient information on the next page.

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Please read this summary of information about LUNESTA before you talk to your doctor or start using LUNESTA. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. If you have any questions about LUNESTA tablets, be sure to ask your doctor or pharmacist.

LUNESTA is used to treat different types of sleep problems, such as difficulty in falling asleep, difficulty in maintaining sleep during the night, and waking up too early in the morning. Most people with insomnia have more than one of these problems. You should take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed because of the risk of falling.

LUNESTA belongs to a group of medicines known as "hypnotics" or, simply, sleep medicines. There are many different sleep medicines available to help people sleep better. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent. It usually requires treatment for only a short time, usually 7 to 10 days up to 2 weeks. If your insomnia does not improve after 7 to 10 days of treatment, see your doctor, because it may be a sign of an underlying condition. Some people have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. However, you should not use these medicines for long periods without talking with your doctor about the risks and benefits of prolonged use.

Side Effects

All medicines have side effects. The most common side effects of sleep medicines are:

- Drowsiness
- Dizziness
- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breast-feeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a prescription and herbal preparations. You should also tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

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for the cheap housing that afforded artists the time to achieve it, and for a bygone age of lower image saturation, when the romantic craft of painting was a crucial source of news from the outer and inner world.—*R.B.* (Film Forum.)

WHY WE FIGHT

Isn't it time to retire the collage method of putting documentaries together? A phrase or two clipped out of some policy expert's discourse, followed by a bit of stock footage of jet fighters lined up in rows, followed by some candy-sucking kids hauled by their parents to a convention-hall weapons show, and wham!, you've got an indictment of American militarism and imperialism. Except you really don't have much of anything but second-rate film-editing technique. The director, Eugene Jarecki, argues that we are at war in Iraq because, with the exception of the Eisenhower years, we have always been at war, someplace or other, on some excuse or other, since Harry Truman was President, and that we have to be perpetually at war in order to stoke what Eisenhower, in his famous 1961 farewell address, called the "military-industrial complex." Jarecki has an interesting hero—a retired New York cop named Wilton Sekzer who lost his son on 9/11 and who demanded that the U.S. take revenge on Iraq. The story of Sekzer's grief, and of his subsequent disillusionment when he realized there was, in fact, no terrorist-Saddam connection, is a primal drama of considerable power. But the rest of the movie is made up of simplistic, historically ignorant attacks on America as imperialist nation, interspersed with kudzu-like patches of ideological montage.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

Also Playing

GLORY ROAD: In wide release. **HOODWINKED:** In wide release. **KING KONG:** In wide release (12/19/05). **SYRIANA:** In wide release (12/5/05).

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES

32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"NewFilmmakers Presents." Feb. 1 at 6: Short-film program. Feb. 1 at 8: "Dave Hollander's Wide World of Sports and Film," a multimedia presentation. ♦ "Luc Moullet: Unknown Genius of the French New Wave." All films are in French. Feb. 1 at 7 and Feb. 4 at 5: "Essai d'Ouverture" (1988) and "Brigitte and Brigitte" (1966). ♦ Feb. 1 at 9 and Feb. 4 at 7: "Les Contrebandières (The Smugglers)" (1967). ♦ "A Girl Is a Gun (Une Aventure de Billy le Kid)" (1971). ♦ Feb. 2 at 9 and Feb. 5 at 5: "Anatomy of a Relationship" (1976, co-directed by Antonietta Pizzorno). ♦ Feb. 3 at 7 and Feb. 5 at 7: "The Comedy of Work" (1987). ♦ Feb. 3 at 9 and Feb. 5 at 9: "Shipwrecked on Route D 17" (2002). ♦ "Audio Vérité." Feb. 2 at 8: "New York Street Scenes and Noises" (1929) and audio works by Ken Jacobs. ♦ "Cassavetes Hat Trick!" Feb. 3 at 8, Feb. 4 at 5:30, and Feb. 5 at 8: "Mikey and Nicky" (†). ♦ Feb. 4 at 8: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie" (1976, John Cassavetes). ♦ Feb. 5 at 5: "Opening Night" (1977, Cassavetes).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—"Month of Malick." Feb. 1 at 7: "Badlands" (1973, Terrence Malick). The screening will be followed by a discussion with the critic Amy Taubin and the film's executive producer, Ed Pressman.

FILM FORUM

W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—In revival. Feb. 1-2 at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30: "Spirit of the Beehive" (1973, Víctor Erice; in Spanish). ♦ The films of Boris Karloff. Feb. 3-4 at 1, 4, 7, and 10: "Frankenstein" (1931, James Whale). ♦ Feb. 3-4 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30: "The Mask of Fu Manchu" (1932, Charles Brabin). ♦ Feb. 5 at 1:05, 4:10, 7:15, and 10:20: "Bride of Frankenstein" (1935, Whale). ♦ "The Mummy" (1932, Karl Freund). ♦ Feb. 6 at 1, 5:15, and 9:30: "Graft" (1931, Christy Cabanne). ♦ Feb. 6 at 2:15, 6:30, and 10:45: "The Raven" (1935, Lew Landers). ♦ Feb. 6 at 3:35 and 7:50: "The Guilty Generation" (1931, Rowland V. Lee). ♦ Feb. 7 at 1, 5:30, and 10: "The Body Snatcher" (1945, Robert Wise). ♦ Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 7: "The Black Cat" (1934, Edgar G. Ulmer). ♦ Feb. 7 at 4 and 8:30: "The Old Dark House" (1932, Whale).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL

55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—Through Feb. 28: "To Murder the Cinema: The Films of Marguerite Duras." Feb. 7 at 12:30, 4, and 7: "Les Enfants" (1984; in French) and "Césarée" (1979; in French).

IFC CENTER

323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—"Waverly Midnights." Feb. 3-4: "Hedwig and the Angry Inch" (2001, John Cameron Mitchell). The screening is an audience-participation sing-along, preceded by a Q. & A. with the director. ♦ "Weekend Classics." Films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Feb. 4-5 at noon: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972; in German).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—Through Feb. 22: "How Yukong Moved the Mountains," a series of films about China from 1972 to 1974 by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan. All films have English commentary. Feb. 2 at 6 and Feb. 4 at 8: "Rehearsal for the Peking Opera" and "The Drugstore." ♦ Feb. 2 at 8:15 and Feb. 4 at 6: "The Oilfields." ♦ Feb. 3 at 8: "A Woman, a Family." ♦ Feb. 6 at 8: "The Generator Factory." ♦ "Pixar: 20 Years of Animation." Feb. 2 at 6: "Finding Nemo" (2003, Andrew Stanton) and short films. ♦ Feb. 2 at 8:15, Feb. 4 at 8:30, Feb. 5 at 2, and Feb. 6 at 6: "The Incredibles" (2004, Brad Bird) and a short film. ♦ "Global Lens, 2006," a series of films from developing countries. Feb. 3 at 6:30, Feb. 4 at 2, Feb. 5 at 4:30, and Feb. 6 at 8:30: "The Night of Truth" (2004, Fanta Régina Nacro; in French, Mòoré, and Dioula). The Feb. 3 screening will be introduced by the director. ♦ Feb. 3 at 8:30: "Border Café" (2005, Kambozia Partovi; in Farsi, Greek, and Turkish). ♦ Feb. 4 at 4: "Thirst" (2004, Tawfik Abu Wael; in Arabic). ♦ Feb. 4 at 6:30: "Max and Mona" (2004, Teddy Mattera; in Tswana, Afrikaans, Zulu, and English). ♦ Feb. 5 at 2:30: Short-film program. ♦ Feb. 5 at 5: "In the Battlefields" (2004, Danielle Arbid; in Arabic). ♦ Feb. 6 at 6: "Almost Brothers" (2004, Lúcia Murat; in Portuguese).

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Repertory nights. Feb. 3 at 7:30 and Feb. 4-5 at 6:30: "Masculine Feminine" (1966, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). ♦ "New York Film Critics Circle Series." Feb. 4 at 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (1987, Stanley Kubrick), introduced by Owen Gleiberman. ♦ Feb. 4 at 4:30: "The Last Flight" (1931, William Dieterle), introduced by Lou Lumenick. ♦ Feb. 5 at 1:30: "No Greater Glory" (1934, Frank Borzage), introduced by Armond White. ♦ Feb. 5 at 4: "Ninotchka" (1939, Ernst Lubitsch), introduced by Leah Rozen.

PIONEER THEATRE

155 E. 3rd St. (212-591-0434)—In revival. Feb. 2 at 7: "Groundhog Day" (†). ♦ Feb. 2-7 at 9: "La Scorta" (1993, Ricky Tognazzi; in Italian). ♦ Special screenings. Feb. 3-4 at 11: "Andrew W.K.: Who Knows?" (2006, M. Manrike). Andrew W.K. will perform music and sign autographs after both screenings. ♦ "Monster Mondays!" Feb. 6 at 6:30: "Evilenko" (1994, David Grieco; in English and Italian), introduced by Malcolm McDowell.

SUNSHINE CINEMA

143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—"Sunshine@Midnight." Feb. 3-4: "Cremaster," parts 1 and 2 (1996-99, Matthew Barney).

THALIA THEATRE

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—In revival. Feb. 5 at 4 and Feb. 7 at 7:45: "My Man Godfrey" (1936, Gregory La Cava). ♦ Feb. 5 at 5:45 and Feb. 7 at 6: "His Girl Friday" (1940, Howard Hawks).

WALTER READE THEATRE

Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through Feb. 14: "Film in Catalunya." ♦ Feb. 1 at 7:15: "The Cherry Tree" (1998, Marc Recha; in Catalan and Spanish). ♦ Feb. 1 at 9:15 and Feb. 2 at 3: "Far from the Trees" (1972, Jacinto Esteva Grewe; in Spanish). ♦ Feb. 2 at 5 and 9: "Dante Is Not Simply Harsh" (1967, Jacinto Esteva Grewe and Joaquim Jordá; in Spanish). ♦ Feb. 2 at 6:45: "In the City" (2003, Cesc Gay; in Spanish). ♦ Feb. 4 at 6:15: "Fata Morgana" (1965, Vicente Aranda; in Spanish). ♦ Feb. 4 at 8:15: "The Burned City" (1976, Antonio Ribas; in Spanish and Catalan). ♦ Feb. 5

DVD NOTES
SAGEBRUSH CUT

Any armchair moviemakers who've idly said "This picture could use a good editor" can find out what that means by purchasing Warner Home Video's magnificent **"Sam Peckinpah's Legendary Westerns Collection."** It boxes two recognized masterpieces ("Ride the High Country," from 1962, and "The Wild Bunch," from 1969) with one unrecognized masterpiece ("The Ballad of Cable Hogue," from 1970) and a new version of a disreputable cult film: "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" (1973). Paul Seydor, who wrote a critical study of Peckinpah and directed a moving Oscar-nominated documentary, "The Wild Bunch: An Album in Montage" (also contained here), has re-edited this sprawling and untidy movie, and his work is a revelation. The previously released restoration, from 1988, is an episodic morass. Seydor's cut proves to be an authentic doomsday vision. A movie that once seemed woefully arbitrary now plays like a statement on the arbitrariness of frontier violence.

The first time we see Billy the Kid (Kris Kristofferson), he and his boys are shooting the heads off chickens buried up to their necks in dirt. In Seydor's cut, that image defines the film. Far from becoming a legendary exemplar of freedom, loyalty, and independence, Billy the Kid in this movie is an overgrown feral boy, and the Old West he moves through is a haunted, absurd landscape. Bob Dylan, as Alias, Billy's enigmatic new friend, fits right in here—and his songs receive their proper due in this version, because Seydor reinstates the vocal to "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" during the prolonged death of a wounded old sheriff (Slim Pickens).

Billy's onetime friend and future assassin, Pat Garrett (James Coburn), has moved with the times and become a lawman, negotiating for his place in the sun with the new ranch barons. Garrett recognizes that he still has a lot of Billy's waywardness left in him—and he doesn't know how to channel it. In Seydor's re-editing, the film never fully accepts Garrett's point of view or the Kid's, either. After Garrett kills Billy, the countryside swallows the sheriff up. It's like a grand reversal of an old Western cliché: this land is far bigger than the both of them. This "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" is as sardonic as it is elegiac—a fitting final testament to Peckinpah, the most ornery and ambivalent of the great directors of Westerns.

—*Michael Sragow*

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at 2: "Don Juan Tenorio" (1922, Ricardo de Baños; silent). ♦ Feb. 5 at 4:45: Short films about the Spanish Civil War. ♦ Feb. 5 at 6:45 and Feb. 7 at 4:20: "Ditirambo" (1967, Gonzalo Suárez; in Spanish). ♦ Feb. 5 and Feb. 7 at 8:30: "Ocaña, Intermittent Portrait" (1979, Ventura Pons; in Spanish). ♦ Feb. 7 at 2 and 6:15: "Diamond Plaza" (1982, Francesc Betriú; in Spanish and Catalan). ♦ "Golden Silents." Feb. 3 at 8 and Feb. 4 at 2: "Broken Blossoms" (1919, D. W. Griffith).

READINGS AND TALKS

SISTER HELEN PREJEAN
The author of "Dead Man Walking" reads from and discusses her latest book, "The Death of Innocents: An Eyewitness Account of Wrongful Executions." (The Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St. No tickets necessary. Feb. 1 at 6:30.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG
The artist talks with Calvin Tomkins, a critic for this magazine, at the Metropolitan Museum, where his "combines" are currently on display. (Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 212-535-7710. Feb. 5 at 2.)

KRISTIN HENDERSON
Henderson, the wife of a Navy chaplain, reads from her book "While They're at War: The True Story of American Families on the Homefront." (Coliseum Books, 11 W. 42nd St. No tickets necessary. Feb. 6 at 6:30.)

HENRY ROTH CENTENARY CELEBRATION
Mayor Bloomberg has declared February 7th Henry Roth Day, and a symposium in honor of the author of "Call It Sleep" and "Mercy of a Rude Stream" is taking place at the New York Public Library, starting at 5:30. The participants include Roth's son Hugh, the biographer Steven Kellman, and the writers Daphne Merkin, Mark Mirsky, Cynthia Ozick, Yerra Sugarman, and Gary Giddins. (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For reservations, which are requested, e-mail freidus@nypl.org or call 212-930-0601.)

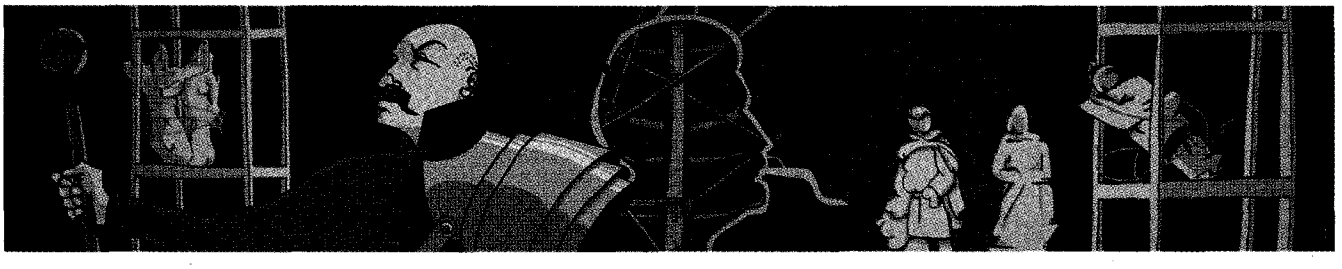
PATTI SMITH
The unofficial poet laureate of punk rock sings and reads from her work. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 212-854-7799. Feb. 7 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

EARLY TO BED
This year is the three-hundredth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth, and to mark the occasion New York University is mounting an exhibition and conference. The show, at the gallery in the Bobst Library (70 Washington Sq. S.), includes portraits of the Founding Father, as well as multiple examples of his work, from a copy of the first publication he completed as an apprentice printer and original copies of "Poor Richard's Almanack" to documentation of his electrical experiments. The show opens on Feb. 2 at 4:30 with a gallery talk by Stuart Karu, a longtime collector, continues with a daylong gathering of noted scholars on Feb. 3 at Hemmerdinger Hall (100 Washington Sq. E.), and runs through the end of the year. (For more information, call 212-998-8154.)

UP LATE
Barcelona's Las Ramblas runs straight into Manhattan during a celebration of Catalan culture that features a film festival at the Walter Reade Theatre (see Movies), and a number of literary events. They get under way on Feb. 2 at 7 with a discussion by the philosopher Xavier Rubert de Ventós. (King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center, New York University, 53 Washington Sq. S.) Readings of fiction from the area follow at Housing Works Bookstore Café (126 Crosby St.) on Feb. 7 and Feb. 9. On Saturday, Feb. 11, there's a daylong symposium exploring the eight-hundred-year history of Catalan poetry. (Poets House, 72 Spring St., 2nd fl.) The final literary event is a reading of contemporary Catalan fiction on Feb. 12. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St.) (For more information about all events, visit www.llull.com.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
The romance of the aquatic life shows its domestic side at **Christie's** maritime sale (Feb. 1), with astronomical telescopes, globes, and scale replicas of ships for the gentleman's library, as well as a "sailor's valentine"—a decorative composition of exotic shells, all the rage in the nineteenth century—for the lady of the house. There are also scores of maritime paintings on offer, including two particularly dramatic renditions of ships on the high seas by the celebrated British artist Montague Dawson. On Feb. 7, the firm holds one of its periodic House Sales of moderately priced furniture and decorations. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.) ♦ One needn't sell the yacht in order to acquire the moderately priced rings and necklaces at **Sotheby's** sale of "arcade" jewelry (Feb. 7), which includes a lovely suite of elaborately twisted gold-and-aquamarine jewelry from the eighteen-twenties. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.) ♦ A broadside from April 20, 1865, announcing a hundred-thousand-dollar reward for the apprehension of John Wilkes Booth and two accomplices is the top lot at **Swann's** latest sale of American manuscripts, prints, and books (Feb. 2). (104 E. 25th St. 212-254-4710.)



JASHAR AWAN

ON THE HORIZON

NIGHT LIFE
BACK-DOOR MAN
Feb. 25

The seventy-four-year-old blues guitarist Hubert Sumlin anchored Howlin' Wolf's band and influenced guitarists like Jimi Hendrix and Keith Richards. He's joined by David Johansen and Levon Helm at the B. B. King Blues Club & Grill. (212-997-4144.)

MOVIES
DANGEROUS BUSINESS
Feb. 26

While directing "Ishtar," Elaine May worked overtime to rid her stars, Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty, of their familiar shtick, and paid the price with critics and audiences. The Walter Reade Theatre presents a rare screening of the much maligned comedy, preceded by an equally rare conversation between May and her former improv partner Mike Nichols. (www.filmlinc.com; 212-875-5600.)

THE THEATRE
KILLED THE CAT
Feb. 27

Atlantic Theatre Company presents the U.S. première of a new play by the three-time Tony nominee Martin McDonagh ("The Pillowman," "The Beauty Queen of Leenane"). Born in South London to Irish immigrant parents, McDonagh returns to Galway for the black comedy "The Lieutenant of Inishmore," in which a reclusive terrorist discovers that his beloved cat has been killed. (212-239-6200.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
UNDER GERGIEV
March 6-30

Tchaikovsky's "Mazeppa," a surprisingly intimate treatment of Pushkin's grand Cossack tale, has its long-delayed première at the Metropolitan Opera under the authoritative guidance of Valery Gergiev, who will doubtless give this obscure piece all the passion it requires. (212-362-6000.)

ART
MAN'S BEST FRIEND
March 10-May 28

The Brooklyn Museum's retrospective "William Wegman: Funney/Strange" will take visitors beyond the artist's famous images of his soulful, costumed Weimaraners to look at paintings, videos, and collages from a career that has spanned from children's books to conceptual film. (718-638-5000.)

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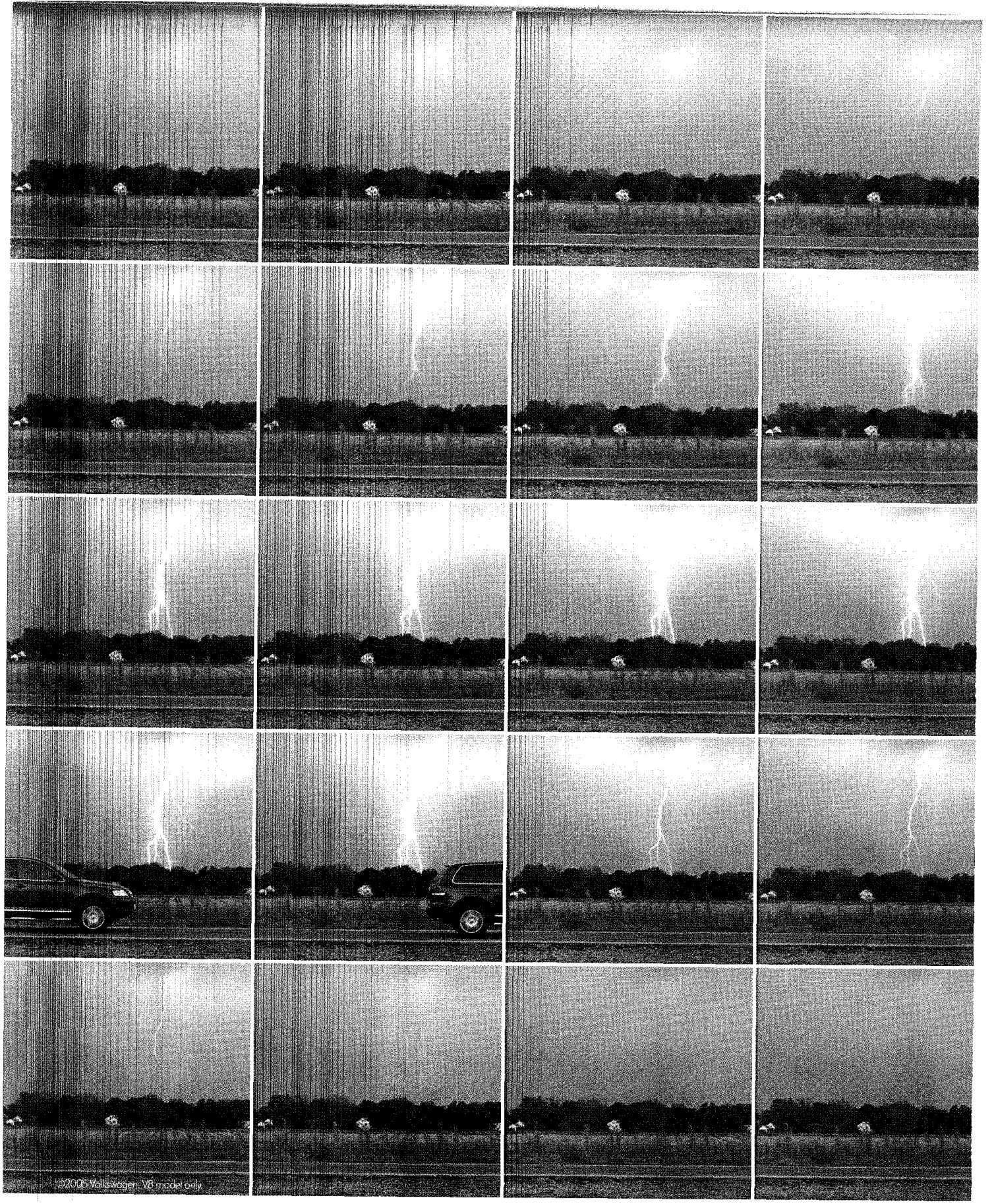

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
MONEYMAN

Alan Greenspan, who retires this week after serving eighteen years as chairman of the Federal Reserve, is arguably the most skillful bureaucratic survivor the nation's capital has seen since J. Edgar Hoover. But unlike the late, unlamented director of the F.B.I., who terrorized his way to longevity, Greenspan practiced the subtler art of ingratiation. His Washington career began when he joined Richard Nixon's 1968 campaign. After Watergate, he switched his loyalties to Gerald Ford, serving as the head of the White House Council of Economic Advisers. In the summer of 1987, Greenspan was Ronald Reagan's choice to succeed Paul Volcker at the Fed.

Weathering the Black Monday stock-market crash that came a few months after he took office, Greenspan gradually established his authority. He became the public face of American prosperity: calm, credible, upbeat. Under Bill Clinton, he worked closely with three treasury secretaries—Lloyd Bentsen, Robert Rubin, and Lawrence Summers—to eliminate the budget deficit. Then, barely a month after the 2000 election was resolved, Greenspan endorsed George W. Bush's plan for top-heavy tax cuts. The plan passed, the surplus disappeared, and, in 2004, Bush nominated Greenspan for another four-year term. "He's extraordinarily good at getting along with people in power," William Seidman, a former head of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, has said. "He has the best bedside manner I've ever seen."

Paul O'Neill, Bush's first Treasury Secretary, has suggested that he and Greenspan secretly hoped to rein in the White House tax cutters. If that's true, the secret was well kept. But a Fed chairman's primary responsibility is his conduct of monetary policy, and it cannot be denied that Greenspan presided over almost two decades of low inflation and surprisingly strong economic growth. When he took office, the Politburo still occupied the Kremlin, the Dow was under 3,000, and few people outside the Pentagon and university science departments had heard of the Internet. Greenspan recognized that technology was upending established relationships among inflation, unemployment, and growth. The dramatic rise in productivity that was accompanying the information revolution, he said in 1997, was a "once or twice in a century" occurrence. So instead of raising interest rates, to head off inflation, as some colleagues recommended, he kept them low, and the economy recorded its longest-ever expansion.

Unfortunately, Greenspan extended the experiment too long, allowing a speculative bubble to form in the stock market. After the inevitable crash, in the spring of 2000, the Fed cut interest rates repeatedly, to cushion the impact on the economy. After September 11, 2001, it brought the rate down further—to below two per cent, the lowest level in forty years. By the middle of 2002, it was clear that the lengthy recession many expected had not materialized. Yet Greenspan chose to maintain an ultra-loose policy stance for two more years. The public explanation was that the Fed was worried about deflation, which can be even more damaging than inflation. Democrats could be forgiven for suspecting that Greenspan was also giving Bush a hand with the 2004 election.

Just as in the late nineteen-nineties, cheap money led to a speculative boom, this time in residential real estate. In parts of the country—New York, Miami, San Francisco—prices have doubled since 1999. In some neighborhoods, a decent-sized apartment selling for less than a mil-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

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"You appear to have caught that bug that's been going around my waiting room."

• •

lion dollars is considered a steal. "Presiding over one bubble could be seen as bad luck," *The Economist* recently noted, paraphrasing Wilde's Lady Bracknell. "Presiding over two smacks of carelessness."

If Greenspan remains popular, it's because his ministrations have made many middle-class homeowners millionaires—at least on paper. But the economy is chronically unbalanced. Like an athlete on steroids, it is ailing from the inside. The United States has a negative personal-savings rate; an immense budget shortfall, which will expand as the baby boomers retire; a trade deficit greater than Russia's gross domestic product. As a country, we are living far beyond our means. Every working day, we borrow more than three billion dollars from foreigners, notably the central banks of China and other Asian nations, in order to pay our import bills and keep our interest rates low. Nouriel Roubini, an economist at New York University, calls this "vender financing." The Chinese lend us cash; we buy their goods.

Roubini is among those who fear that America's profligacy will eventually create a crisis of confidence on the part of its creditors, leading to a run on the dollar, an upward spike in interest rates, and a deep recession. With the Dow recently having popped above 11,000, investors aren't losing sleep over this scenario, but it cannot be dismissed. In January, the price of gold hit its highest level in twenty-five years, suggesting that some investors are already shifting their money out of dollars and into a safer haven. (Buying precious metals is a traditional way of insuring against future catastrophes.) Meanwhile, Ford said that it was cutting at least twenty-five thousand jobs, the latest in a series of retrenchments by major exporters, and the Commerce Department announced that economic growth slumped in the fourth quarter of 2005.

Greenspan himself, in a research paper that he co-wrote last year at the Fed, has pointed out how the proliferation of home-equity loans, which allow people to cash out some of the rising value of their homes, has impacted the economy. Flush with the proceeds of such loans, many American families have been spending more than they earn. Now that house prices have levelled off, home-equity lending and consumer spending have slowed. If house prices fall, the impact on the economy could be devastating. In a speech last summer at a Fed conference in Jackson Hole, Greenspan referred obliquely to such an eventuality. Talking about periods when financial markets downplay possible dangers ahead, he noted that "history has not dealt kindly with the aftermath."

Sitting in the audience that day was Greenspan's successor, Ben Bernanke. A former Princeton professor, Bernanke is a respected economist, but he has no experience on Wall Street and not much in Washington—just a few years on the Federal Reserve Board and several months heading the Council of Economic Advisers. In the coming months and years, events will test the new Fed chairman, and investors the world over will look to him to prevent a panic. Greenspan was a master at this game. Even when his arguments were opportunistic and unconvincing, he delivered them with gravity and élan: his mere presence was reassuring. But he leaves behind a dubious inheritance, and history may well record that he got out while the getting was still good.

—John Cassidy

ELECTION DISPATCH
WATCHING HAMAS

Shalom Harari is a former Israeli Military Intelligence officer who has been following the rise of Hamas—the Islamic Resistance Movement—for almost a quarter century. An awkward, voluble man of nearly sixty, Harari gained a measure of fame in intelligence circles when he began to tell his colleagues in internal reports that Hamas, founded in 1987, and initially a small outgrowth of the Egyptian Muslim Brotherhood, would, with its platform of armed resistance, grassroots politics, and Islamic ideology, come to dominate Palestinian politics. Six years ago, while most of his colleagues were anticipating peace, Harari was rightly predicting a second intifada; that uprising led to the decline of Yasir Arafat's creation and power base, the Fatah Party.

Last Thursday night, just hours after it was announced that Hamas had crushed Fatah in legislative elections—an event that caused some right-wing Israeli politicians to declare the birth of a terrorist "Hamastan"—Harari welcomed a visitor to his home, in the town of Yavne, near the Mediterranean. While most Israeli and Arab-language news channels were broadcasting scenes of Hamas supporters in the Gaza Strip waving green

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flags as they celebrated their stunning victory, Harari had tuned in to a seemingly tedious military ceremony on Egyptian state television. "Look at the wives of the generals," he said. "Many of them are wearing traditional head scarves. This was not so ten years ago. And this tells you where we are heading. When the women of Egypt's pro-Western military élite are dressed like that, you know that the Hamas victory is not about Palestine. It's about the entire Middle East."

Harari, who served as an intelligence officer in the West Bank and then as the adviser on Palestinian affairs to the Israeli Defense Ministry, is still closely connected to his former colleagues, and he said he had heard that, some weeks ago, the Palestinian President, Mahmoud Abbas, who was afraid of a Hamas rout at the polls, begged Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice to exert United States pressure and postpone the scheduled elections. Rice refused, Harari said, and told Abbas to go forward. (A State Department spokesman declined to confirm the details of their conversation.)

And yet Harari would like to believe that the American "mistake"—if that is what it was—was a blessing in disguise. "At least, now we know what we are faced with," he said. "Now we can make a real diagnosis and understand what is truly the malaise."

Harari said that he first took note of the Palestinian Islamists in the early nineteen-eighties, shortly after the Iranian revolution, when Islamists won student elections in the prestigious universities of the West Bank. A decade later, Islamists won elections in chambers of commerce in the occupied territories and, more recently, started to win in municipal elections. Now Hamas has taken control of the parliament, he said, and is sure to challenge Abbas for the Presidency.

But look around, Harari said: "In Jordan, too, wherever there are free elections—trade unions, student unions, professional guilds—the Islamists have the upper hand. If the Hashemite kings"—Hussein and Abdullah—"had not played all kinds of tricks, the Islamists would have had a large representation in parliament as well. And when Egypt held its American-inspired parliamentary elections recently, the number of seats won by the Muslim Brotherhood rose fivefold. Throughout the Middle East, the Muslim Brotherhood is the main power with grassroots support. The Islamists are less corrupt. They are the ones with integrity and compassion. They are of the people and they speak for the people. Today in the Arab world, the choice is clear between democratically elected Islamists and Western-leaning dictators."

Rising heavily from the sofa in his living room, Harari held up a small prayer carpet he acquired in Gaza almost ten years ago. The rug had been woven by handicapped children in a philanthropic workshop run by Yasir Arafat's brother, Fathi. "Look at it," Harari said. "It has a map of the entire land—from the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea. But the land is all green. All Muslim. No place for Jews here, no mention of Israel. Acre, Jaffa, Nablus—no Tel Aviv. Yet this was woven in a Fatah institution. Back in the Oslo era, the Hamas terminology was already taking over Arafat's movement.

"Now look at these campaign posters," he went on, gesturing at his collection. "They are all from recent weeks. Notice the difference: while the Hamas ads are calm and tranquil, with no hint of violence, the Fatah ads are full of guns and grenades and jihad rhetoric. While Hamas projects religious dignity, Fatah goes back to its aggressive revolutionary ethos. There was no real talk of peace. The decades of work that Hamas did in mosques and schools and charity organizations transformed Palestinian society from within. What suddenly erupted today has been simmering beneath the surface for a generation. There was not one moderate option that represented the whole Palestinian people. Americans, Europeans, and moderate Israelis like me wanted to believe that Arafat and Abbas were the sole representatives of the Palestinian people, but they were not. Hamas claimed all along that it had the support of forty per cent of the Palestinians, and it was probably right. Among the fundamentalists, the idea that Islam is superior to other religions has become predominant. Long before it took over the Palestinian parliament, Hamas managed to turn what we thought to be a national conflict into a religious war."

Harari, as a retired brigadier general, admits to being impressed by the resilience of the Hamas leadership in the face of Israeli attacks. The issue, of course, is whether this revolutionary movement, whose charter is devoted to the elimination of Israel, could develop into a ruling party interested in territorial compromise. On that Harari is doubtful. "It would take years before real negotiations could resume," he said. "An over-all peace agreement is out of the question for a long time."

Yet the impact of the Hamas victory, he said, is not local but regional. "As we speak," he said, "there are growing fears not only in Israel but in Jordan, Egypt, and even Syria. The Hamas victory is a Middle East earthquake. Its shock waves will be felt in every town between Casablanca and Baghdad."

—*Ari Shavit*

PENCILS UP!
ENRON MULTIPLE CHOICE

Do you watch "The Apprentice"? Have you recently renewed your subscription to *Martha Stewart Living*? Do you think Tyco's Dennis Kozlowski was misunderstood? If so—and if you live in the greater Houston area—then Kenneth Lay, Jeffrey Skilling, and their attorneys want you, or someone just like you, to serve on the jury for their upcoming legal proceeding, known by most people as the Enron trial, which begins this week at the Houston Federal Courthouse.

To get just the right jury, Lay has hired Robert B. Hirschhorn, a jury consultant whose C.V. includes the successful acquittals of Robert Durst and William Kennedy Smith. "Robert misses nothing," Mark Lanier, an attorney who worked with him last year on the Vioxx case, said. "I know people who hire him just to keep the other side from using him."

A jury consultant's key tool is the jury questionnaire. As Hirschhorn puts it, a questionnaire helps "get the poison to come out," eliminating people who might not reveal biases in the oral discussions that make up voir dire. But since attorneys can't ask questions like "Have you ever pumped up your stock price while you knew your business was going bust?" they have to devise subtler ploys.

The questions for Enron jurors were hammered out by the defense and the

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prosecution together. In November, the questionnaire was mailed to four hundred prospective jurors. The document, which contains thirteen pages of questions, begins with instructions that recall the S.A.T.: "Write or print clearly. You must not ask anyone for help. Do the best you can." The form asks for some standard information, but there are also questions designed to smoke out both aspiring C.E.O.s and armchair prosecutors. "We are looking for people who understand the business world," Hirschhorn said. "Who are the Donald Trumps? Who can relate to Bill Gates or Martha Stewart?" He wants people who understand the pressures of being in charge. One question goes, "What are your opinions about the compensation that executives of large corporations receive?"

The form asks jurors whether they watch Bill O'Reilly, Rush Limbaugh, "MarketWatch," or "Boston Legal." It wants to know if they read *Fortune*, *Forbes*, or the *Wall Street Journal*. One of Hirschhorn's "signature questions" is to ask jurors to name the three people they most admire. In this case, he says, "George Bush would be a draw." He wants to know whether they handle their families' finances. ("People who make those decisions are the C.E.O. and C.O.O. of their own homes.") Further, are they good financial stewards, or did they trust people they shouldn't have, as Ken Lay insists that he did? The questionnaire puts it this way: "Have you or your spouse lost a significant amount of money in the stock market in the past ten years? If yes, please explain what happened."

Simeon T. Lake III, the presiding judge, has reviewed the responses and has excused about a hundred people for hardship reasons. The two legal teams have struck a hundred and twenty-five others for obvious prejudice. (Respondents called Skilling "a thief," "the devil," "a high class crook," who "would lie to his mother if it would further his cause" and said that he "projects a high sleaze factor." Lay, they said, was a "low-down scumbag," "crooked," "a snake in the grass" who "made too much money by screwing other people over.") The surviving candidates will show up at the courthouse for Judge Lake to interview. He has vowed to limit jury selection to one day, a decision that Hirschhorn calls "mind-boggling."

Despite the long odds, Hirschhorn is optimistic. He is, after all, the man who helped pick the jury for the Durst trial, which acquitted the Manhattan real-estate scion even after he admitted to accidentally killing a neighbor and chopping up his body. Hirschhorn sees some parallels between the situations of the killer and the C.E.O. "The publicity said Durst was toast," Hirschhorn said. "But once the jury drilled down to the evidence they did the right thing."

—*Mimi Swartz*

BEVERAGE NEWS
TAB SCARE

As if the mainstream media were not beleaguered enough, now comes word that the Coca-Cola Company is about to release a new drink called Tab Energy. The plan is to capitalize on the popularity of the Red Bull genre while trading on the retro cachet of Tab, with those iconic pink cans—a plan that could threaten the sanctity of one of journalism's secret, and most self-conscious, power cliques: the cult of Tab lovers, who have persisted in drinking the pioneering diet soda, despite its virtual disappearance from the market.

"This is a lonely but inspired society," David Bradley, the owner of *The Atlantic Monthly* and *National Journal*, said recently, before news of the brand's reëngineering had spread. "You can't imagine the purchasing and trucking and warehousing issues we address in getting Tab into Washington."

The original Tab, which appeared in 1963, is still produced, though in dwindling quantities. You'd be unlikely to find it at Gristedes, however, because Coke stopped promoting the drink in the mid-eighties, after the cancer scare involving saccharin, an artificial sweetener used in Tab. Present-day Tab enthusiasts must seek out wholesalers (New York Beverage, in the Bronx, is a local favorite) or rely on a kind of sixth soda sense—"the ability to spot the pink," David Edelstein, the film critic for *New York*, calls it—in obtaining their daily fixes.

Here in the city, drinkers include Steven Brill and Danny Goldberg, the C.E.O. of the radio network Air America, each of whom has an office fridge stocked with Tab. "I have unadulterated enthusiasm for it," Goldberg said, adding that he has long since delegated the task of finding the stuff to an assistant.

The fact that Tab comes in a pink can and was conceived as a drink for women seems only to have bolstered the appeal—it's a "boy named Sue thing," according to a financier, who picked up the habit from Bradley. (Brill, just to be sure, tends to crush his Tab cans as he drains them.) Then, there is the peculiar flavor ("It tastes like metal") and the reputation for unhealthiness, a combination that Edelstein, who has four cases delivered to his house every other week, believes gives Tab "the courage of its convictions."

Steve Isaacs, a self-described "Tab nut" and former Washington *Post* editor who teaches at the Columbia Journalism School, has been told by several doctors not to drink it. "I tell them to go to hell," he said recently. Isaacs used to work at CBS, where his boss, Van Gordon Sauter, often drank two Tabs at breakfast. Now Isaacs may be the most influential Tab advocate in the business: he begins each semester by holding up a Tab and asking students to come up with a hundred story ideas inspired by the can.

At the end of last term, Isaacs threw a party for his students, at which he served Tab. "I was surprised at how many of them drank it," he said. "One was putting Scotch in it. I mean, that sounds fucking awful." Isaacs no longer drinks alcohol, for health reasons, but he doesn't much mind, because he thinks that the flinty taste of Tab is like a fine Sancerre.

Tab Energy, for its part, is "really good-

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tasting," according to a Coke spokesman, and "reminiscent of a liquid Jolly Rancher," according to *Fashion Week Daily*, which recommends vodka as a mixer. The new can is slimmer, but it's still pink, with the same Pop-art font. Whereas old Tab has thirty-one milligrams of caffeine and zero calories, Tab Energy has ninety-five milligrams and five calories. Nicole Richie is an early proponent, which seems right—more Los Angeles than New York. (To be fair, Tori Spelling and Bobcat Goldthwait are reported to be fans of original Tab.)

Coke officials promise that the old Tab isn't going to be retired, which is good news for Edelstein. "For the last thirty years, through marriage, kids, fluctuations in my financial situation, Tab has been the one constant in my life," he said. He was holding a glass of bourbon, but he swore that the taste of Tab lingered in his mouth. "Not to boast, but I've had eight cans today," he said.

—*Ben McGrath*

TRUE LOVE DEPT.

DIVO'S DIVAS

Groupies are traditionally on the vulnerable end of the exchange between their crushes and themselves: naïfs with ponytails and jelly knees, passing phone numbers and flashing breasts, at the mercy of their chosen idol. The followers of the two-year-old quartet Il Divo, however, are a sturdier breed. According to the group's record label, "Il Divo is a new vocal concept featuring four internationally renowned young male singers who apply operatic technique and virtuosity to the interpretation of romantic songs from the popular repertoire." In other words, Il Divo is a Swiss guy (Urs Buhler, tenor, sophisticate), an American guy (David Miller, tenor, boy next door), a Spanish guy (Carlos Marin, baritone, beefcake), and a French guy (Sebastien Izambard, vox populi, dreamboat), who stimulate both the heart rates of middle-aged women and the formidable logistical skills that come with years of carpool duty. Armed with Filofaxes and frequent-flier miles, Il Divo's devotees might be called a new concept in fandom.

"Di-*vaaas!*" Terri Gautreaux called to a cluster of women standing in front of a vacant stage on the second floor of the Time Warner Center last Wednesday. She threw her arms around one of the ladies—Divo's Divas, as they call themselves. (They got to know each other through an online Il Divo forum.) "I'm Terri," she said. Gautreaux, who had come from Texas, by way of Newark airport, has been following the group since April, when she saw them on "Oprah." "I heard them at Henley in July—they were beautiful there," she said, like a Deadhead describing a space jam. She tossed aside her white fun-fur coat and revealed several silver charm bracelets. "I made this one for David's mother," she said. "And here's the Eiffel Tower, for Sebastien's."

Il Divo was to give a short performance, followed by an autograph signing. The Divas had arrived four and a half hours early, intent on staking out front-row seats. Last November, by doing just that at a Bloomingdale's appearance (the fans' first live meeting, to which they wore red scarves, as identification), they'd caught a bonus sound check, plus some excellent glimpses of Urs's pecs.

"I'm an Über Babe," Cathy Champagne, a mother of three in for the day from Atlanta, said. (This is the sub-affiliation claimed by disciples of Urs.) "We have different groups: Sebastien Sirens, David's Divas, Carlos's Cuties." Barbara Wallack, from Long Island, added, "I go back and forth between Sebastien and Urs." She is attracted by the attentiveness of "these little Divos," as she called them. "They're wonderful gentlemen with wonderful manners, very nurturing to their fans and very caring. They post on the Web site. They're men, not boys."

For male music stars, the members of Il Divo are unusually well behaved. "We actually call ourselves the Most On-Time Band in the World," said David, who was upstairs, at the Mandarin Oriental, having a pre-performance drink (bottled water) with his bandmates. "We've never missed an interview. We've never missed a flight. We're never even late."

What about breaking hearts and trashing hotel rooms?

"Once, a girl came to the door of the car and asked if I wanted to go to the movie theatre. Unfortunately, I said, 'No, I can't,' " Sebastien said. He went on, "We are from four different countries, so I guess sometimes we get misunderstandings."

Il Divo's music is designed to please. "For our first album"—"Il Divo," which sold four million copies on the strength of ballads like "Regresa a Mi" (a cover of Toni Braxton's "Un-Break My Heart") and "Unchained Melody (Senza Ca-

Il Divo

tene)"—"we recorded every track in English, Italian, and Spanish, to figure out which sounded best," Urs said. "For our third album, we wanted some French. We have a duet with Celine Dion."

At four, after a sound check—*knew it!*—Il Divo descended an escalator, deus-ex-machina style, to the second floor. The singers were wearing, as bridesmaids often do, variations on a theme: dark suits by Armani, with harmoniously mismatched ties and pocket squares and varying numbers of undone buttons. About four hundred people had shown up.

"Steve!" That was Terri, yelling to the band's tour manager.

Il Divo took the stage, in front of urns of red roses, performing "Heroe" (a pan-European version of Mariah Carey's "Hero") and "All by Myself (Solo Otra Vez)." Sebastien stared meaningfully into the crowd after the set. "See you on tour!"

It was about nine-thirty, and Cathy Champagne was left to enact a grown-up's version of a time-honored groupie ritual: finding somewhere to crash. "There's no late flight to Atlanta, and I don't have a hotel room," she said, "so I'm probably just going to go to the airport."

—*Lauren Collins*

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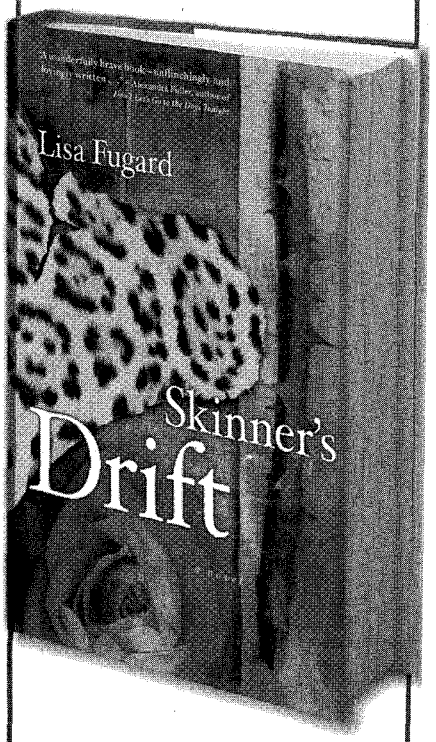
"Riveting... heartbreaking... worthy of Tolstoy."
—Allegra Goodman, *The New York Times Book Review*



"A wonderfully brave book—unflinchingly and lovingly written."
—Alexandra Fuller, author of *Don't Let's Go to the Dogs Tonight*

"Lisa Fugard's narrative of apartheid politics and family tragedy could not be more engrossing."
—*Entertainment Weekly*

"A fine and admirable accomplishment."
—Carolyn See, *The Washington Post*

"The spirit of commitment to telling it straight truly enlightens this passionate book."
—*O, The Oprah Magazine*

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ANNALS OF PUBLIC POLICY

TROUBLEMAKERS

What pit bulls can teach us about profiling.

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

One afternoon last February, Guy Clairoux picked up his two-and-a half-year-old son, Jayden, from day care and walked him back to their house in the west end of Ottawa, Ontario. They were almost home. Jayden was straggling behind, and, as his father's back was turned, a pit bull jumped over a back-yard fence and lunged at Jayden. "The dog had his head in its mouth and started to do this shake," Clairoux's wife, JoAnn Hartley, said later. As she watched in horror, two more pit bulls jumped over the fence, joining in the assault. She and Clairoux came running, and he punched the first of the dogs in the head, until it dropped Jayden, and then he threw the boy toward his mother. Hartley fell on her son, protecting him with her body. "JoAnn!" Clairoux cried out, as all three dogs descended on his wife. "Cover your neck, cover your neck." A neighbor, sitting by her window, screamed for help. Her partner and a friend, Mario Gauthier, ran outside. A neighborhood boy grabbed his hockey stick and threw it to Gauthier. He began hitting one of the dogs over the head, until the stick broke. "They wouldn't stop," Gauthier said. "As soon as you'd stop, they'd attack again. I've never seen a dog go so crazy. They were like Tasmanian devils." The police came. The dogs were pulled away, and the Clairouxes and one of the rescuers were taken to the hospital. Five days later, the Ontario legislature banned the ownership of pit bulls. "Just as we wouldn't let a great white shark in a swimming pool," the province's attorney general, Michael Bryant, had said, "maybe we shouldn't have these animals on the civilized streets."

Pit bulls, descendants of the bulldogs used in the nineteenth century for bull baiting and dogfighting, have been bred for "gameness," and thus a lowered inhibition to aggression. Most dogs fight as a last resort, when staring and growling fail. A pit bull is willing to fight with little or no provocation. Pit bulls seem to have a high tolerance for pain, making it possible for them to fight to the point of exhaustion. Whereas guard dogs like German shepherds usually attempt to restrain those they perceive to be threats by biting and holding, pit bulls try to inflict the maximum amount of damage on an opponent. They bite, hold, shake, and tear. They don't growl or assume an aggressive facial expression as warning. They just attack. "They are often insensitive to behaviors that usually stop aggression," one scientific review of the breed states. "For example, dogs not bred for fighting usually display defeat in combat by rolling over and exposing a light underside. On several occasions, pit bulls have been reported to disembowel dogs offering this signal of submission." In epidemiological studies of dog bites, the pit bull is overrepresented among dogs known to have seriously injured or killed human beings, and, as a result, pit bulls have been banned or restricted in several Western European countries, China, and numerous cities and municipalities across North America. Pit bulls are dangerous.

Of course, not all pit bulls are dangerous. Most don't bite anyone. Meanwhile, Dobermans and Great Danes and German shepherds and Rottweilers are frequent biters as well, and the dog that recently mauled a Frenchwoman so badly that she was given the world's first face transplant was, of all things, a Labrador retriever. When we say that pit bulls are dangerous, we are making a generalization, just as insurance companies use generalizations when they charge young men more for car insurance than the rest of us (even though many young men are perfectly good drivers), and doctors use generalizations when they tell overweight middle-aged men to get their cholesterol checked

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(even though many overweight middle-aged men won't experience heart trouble). Because we don't know which dog will bite someone or who will have a heart attack or which drivers will get in an accident, we can make predictions only by generalizing. As the legal scholar Frederick Schauer has observed, "painting with a broad brush" is "an often inevitable and frequently desirable dimension of our decision-making lives."

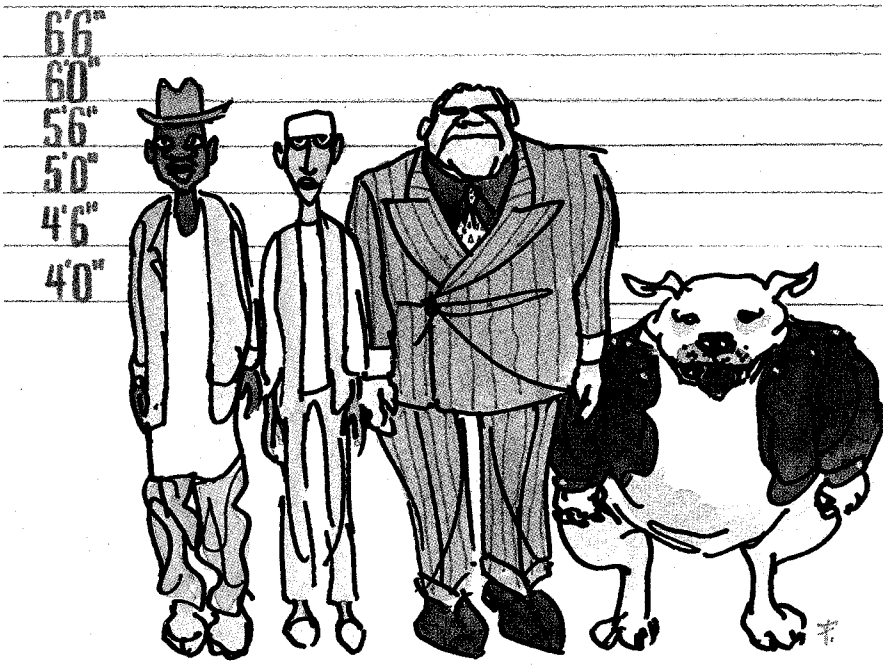
Another word for generalization, though, is "stereotype," and stereotypes are usually not considered desirable dimensions of our decision-making lives. The process of moving from the specific to the general is both necessary and perilous. A doctor could, with some statistical support, generalize about men of a certain age and weight. But what if generalizing from other traits—such as high blood pressure, family history, and smoking—saved more lives? Behind each generalization is a choice of what factors to leave in and what factors to leave out, and those choices can prove surprisingly complicated. After the attack on Jayden Clairoux, the Ontario government chose to make a generalization about pit bulls. But it could also have chosen to generalize about powerful dogs, or about the kinds of people who own powerful dogs, or about small children, or about back-yard fences—or, indeed, about any number of other things to do with dogs and people and places. How do we know when we've made the right generalization?

In July of last year, following the transit bombings in London, the New York City Police Department announced that it would send officers into the subways to conduct random searches of passengers' bags. On the face of it, doing random searches in the hunt for terrorists—as opposed to being guided by generalizations—seems like a silly idea. As a columnist in *New York* wrote at the time, "Not just 'most' but nearly every jihadi who has attacked a Western European or American target is a young Arab or Pakistani man. In other words, you can predict with a fair degree of certainty what an Al Qaeda terrorist looks like. Just as we have always known what Mafiosi look like—even as we understand that only an infinitesimal fraction of Italian-Americans are members of the mob."

But wait: do we really know what mafiosi look like? In "The Godfather," where most of us get our knowledge of the Mafia, the male members of the Corleone family were played by Marlon Brando, who was of Irish and French ancestry, James Caan, who is Jewish, and two Italian-Americans, Al Pacino and John Cazale. To go by "The Godfather," mafiosi look like white men of European descent, which, as generalizations go, isn't terribly helpful. Figuring out what an Islamic terrorist looks like isn't any easier. Muslims are not like the Amish: they don't come dressed in identifiable costumes. And they don't look like basketball players; they don't come in predictable shapes and sizes. Islam is a religion that spans the globe.

"We have a policy against racial profiling," Raymond Kelly, New York City's police commissioner, told me. "I put it in here in March of the first year I was here. It's the wrong thing to do, and it's also ineffective. If you look at the London bombings, you have three British citizens of Pakistani descent. You have Germaine Lindsay, who is Jamaican. You have the next crew, on July 21st, who are East African. You have a Chechen woman in Moscow in early 2004 who blows herself up in the subway station. So whom do you profile? Look at New York City. Forty per cent of New Yorkers are born outside the country. Look at the diversity here. Who am I supposed to profile?"

Kelly was pointing out what might be called profiling's "category problem." Generalizations involve matching a category of people to a behavior or trait—overweight middle-aged men to heart-attack risk, young men to bad driving. But, for that process to work, you have to be able both to define and to identify the category you are generalizing about. "You think that terrorists aren't aware of how easy it is to be characterized by ethnicity?" Kelly went on. "Look at the 9/11 hijackers. They came here. They shaved. They went to topless bars. They wanted to blend in. They wanted to look like they were part of the American dream. These are not dumb people. Could a terrorist dress up as a Hasidic Jew and walk into the subway, and not be profiled? Yes. I think profiling is just nuts."



Generalizations about dangerous breeds ignore other, more predictive risk factors.

JULES FEIFFER

Pit-bull bans involve a category problem, too, because pit bulls, as it happens, aren't a single breed. The name refers to dogs belonging to a number of related breeds, such as the American Staffordshire terrier,

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the Staffordshire bull terrier, and the American pit bull terrier—all of which share a square and muscular body, a short snout, and a sleek, short-haired coat. Thus the Ontario ban prohibits not only these three breeds but any "dog that has an appearance and physical characteristics that are substantially similar" to theirs; the term of art is "pit bull-type" dogs. But what does that mean? Is a cross between an American pit bull terrier and a golden retriever a pit bull-type dog or a golden retriever-type dog? If thinking about muscular terriers as pit bulls is a generalization, then thinking about dangerous dogs as anything substantially similar to a pit bull is a generalization about a generalization. "The way a lot of these laws are written, pit bulls are whatever they say they are," Lora Brashears, a kennel manager in Pennsylvania, says. "And for most people it just means big, nasty, scary dog that bites."

The goal of pit-bull bans, obviously, isn't to prohibit dogs that look like pit bulls. The pit-bull appearance is a proxy for the pit-bull temperament—for some trait that these dogs share. But "pit bullness" turns out to be elusive as well. The supposedly troublesome characteristics of the pit-bull type—its gameness, its determination, its insensitivity to pain—are chiefly directed toward other dogs. Pit bulls were not bred to fight humans. On the contrary: a dog that went after spectators, or its handler, or the trainer, or any of the other people involved in making a dogfighting dog a good dogfighter was usually put down. (The rule in the pit-bull world was "Man-eaters die.")

A Georgia-based group called the American Temperament Test Society has put twenty-five thousand dogs through a ten-part standardized drill designed to assess a dog's stability, shyness, aggressiveness, and friendliness in the company of people. A handler takes a dog on a six-foot lead and judges its reaction to stimuli such as gunshots, an umbrella opening, and a weirdly dressed stranger approaching in a threatening way. Eighty-four per cent of the pit bulls that have been given the test have passed, which ranks pit bulls ahead of beagles, Airedales, bearded collies, and all but one variety of dachshund. "We have tested somewhere around a thousand pit-bull-type dogs," Carl Herkstroeter, the president of the A.T.T.S., says. "I've tested half of them. And of the number I've tested I have disqualified one pit bull because of aggressive tendencies. They have done extremely well. They have a good temperament. They are very good with children." It can even be argued that the same traits that make the pit bull so aggressive toward other dogs are what make it so nice to humans. "There are a lot of pit bulls these days who are licensed therapy dogs," the writer Vicki Hearne points out. "Their stability and resoluteness make them excellent for work with people who might not like a more bouncy, flibbertigibbet sort of dog. When pit bulls set out to provide comfort, they are as resolute as they are when they fight, but what they are resolute about is being gentle. And, because they are fearless, they can be gentle with anybody."

Then which are the pit bulls that get into trouble? "The ones that the legislation is geared toward have aggressive tendencies that are either bred in by the breeder, trained in by the trainer, or reinforced in by the owner," Herkstroeter says. A mean pit bull is a dog that has been turned mean, by selective breeding, by being cross-bred with a bigger, human-aggressive breed like German shepherds or Rottweilers, or by being conditioned in such a way that it begins to express hostility to human beings. A pit bull is dangerous to people, then, not to the extent that it expresses its essential pit bullness but to the extent that it deviates from it. A pit-bull ban is a gen-

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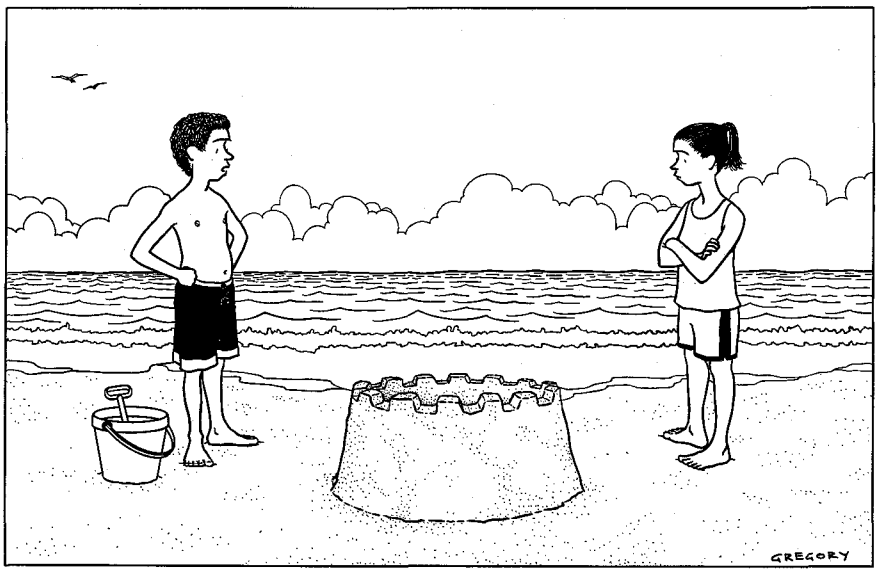
eralization about a generalization about a trait that is not, in fact, general. That's a category problem.

One of the puzzling things about New York City is that, after the enormous and well-publicized reductions in crime in the mid-nineteen-nineties, the crime rate has continued to fall. In the past two years, for instance, murder in New York has declined by almost ten per cent, rape by twelve per cent, and burglary by more than eighteen per cent. Just in the last year, auto theft went down 11.8 per cent. On a list of two hundred and forty cities in the United States with a population of a hundred thousand or more, New York City now ranks two hundred-and-twenty-second in crime, down near the bottom with Fontana, California, and Port St. Lucie, Florida. In the nineteen-nineties, the crime decrease was attributed to big obvious changes in city life and government—the decline of the drug trade, the gentrification of Brooklyn, the successful implementation of "broken windows" policing. But all those big changes happened a decade ago. Why is crime *still* falling?

The explanation may have to do with a shift in police tactics. The N.Y.P.D. has a computerized map showing, in real time, precisely where serious crimes are being reported, and at any moment the map typically shows a few dozen constantly shifting high-crime hot spots, some as small as two or three blocks square. What the N.Y.P.D. has done, under Commissioner Kelly, is to use the map to establish "impact zones," and to direct newly graduated officers—who used to be distributed proportionally to precincts across the city—to these zones, in some cases doubling the number of officers in the immediate neighborhood. "We took two-thirds of our graduating class and linked them with experienced officers, and focussed on those areas," Kelly said. "Well, what has happened is that over time we have averaged about a thirty-five-per-cent crime reduction in impact zones."

For years, experts have maintained that the incidence of violent crime is "inelastic" relative to police presence—that people commit serious crimes because of poverty and psychopathology and cultural dysfunction, along with spontaneous motives and opportunities. The presence of a few extra officers down the block, it was thought, wouldn't make much difference. But the N.Y.P.D. experience suggests otherwise. More police means that some crimes are prevented, others are more easily solved, and still others are displaced—pushed out of the troubled neighborhood—which Kelly says is a good thing, because it disrupts the patterns and practices and social networks that serve as the basis for law-breaking. In other words, the relation between New York City (a category) and criminality (a trait) is unstable, and this kind of instability is another way in which our generalizations can be derailed.

Why, for instance, is it a useful rule of thumb that Kenyans are good distance runners? It's not just that it's statistically supportable today. It's that it has been true for almost half a century, and that in Kenya the tradition of distance running is sufficiently rooted that something cataclysmic would have to happen to dislodge it. By contrast, the generalization that New York City is a crime-ridden place was once true and now, manifestly, isn't. People who moved to sunny retirement communities like Port St. Lucie because they thought they were much safer than New York are suddenly in the position of having made the wrong bet.



"I hope we can flip it before the tide comes in."

• •

The instability issue is a problem for profiling in law enforcement as well. The law professor David Cole once tallied up some of the traits that Drug Enforcement Administration agents have used over the years in making generalizations about suspected smugglers. Here is a sample:

> Arrived late at night; arrived early in the morning; arrived in afternoon; one of the first to deplane; one of the last to deplane; deplaned in the middle; purchased ticket at the airport; made reservation on short notice; bought coach ticket; bought first-class ticket; used one-way ticket; used round-trip ticket; paid for ticket with cash; paid for ticket with small denomination currency; paid for ticket with large denomination currency; made local telephone calls after deplaning; made long distance telephone call after deplaning; pretended to make telephone call; traveled from New York to Los Angeles; traveled to Houston; carried no luggage; carried brand-new luggage; carried a small bag; carried a medium-sized bag; carried two bulky garment bags; carried two heavy suitcases; carried four pieces of luggage; overly protective of luggage; disassociated self from luggage; traveled alone; traveled with a companion; acted too nervous; acted too calm; made eye contact with officer; avoided making eye contact with officer; wore expensive clothing and jewelry; dressed casually; went to restroom after deplaning; walked rapidly through airport; walked slowly through airport; walked aimlessly through airport; left airport by taxi; left airport by limousine; left airport by private car; left airport by hotel courtesy van.

Some of these reasons for suspicion are plainly absurd, suggesting that there's no particular rationale to the

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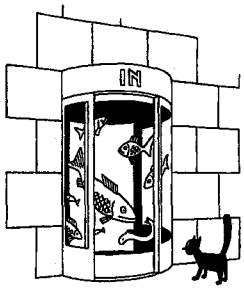
generalizations used by D.E.A. agents in stopping suspected drug smugglers. A way of making sense of the list, though, is to think of it as a catalogue of unstable traits. Smugglers may once have tended to buy one-way tickets in cash and carry two bulky suitcases. But they don't have to. They can easily switch to round-trip tickets bought with a credit card, or a single carry-on bag, without losing their capacity to smuggle. There's a second kind of instability here as well. Maybe the reason some of them switched from one-way tickets and two bulky suitcases was that law enforcement got wise to those habits, so the smugglers did the equivalent of what the jihadis seemed to have done in London, when they switched to East Africans because the scrutiny of young Arab and Pakistani men grew too intense. It doesn't work to generalize about a relationship between a category and a trait when that relationship isn't stable—or when the act of generalizing may itself change the basis of the generalization.



Before Kelly became the New York police commissioner, he served as the head of the U.S. Customs Service, and while he was there he overhauled the criteria that border-control officers use to identify and search suspected smugglers. There had been a list of forty-three suspicious traits. He replaced it with a list of six broad criteria. Is there something suspicious about their physical appearance? Are they nervous? Is there specific intelligence targeting this person? Does the drug-sniffing dog raise an alarm? Is there something amiss in their paperwork or explanations? Has contraband been found that implicates this person?

You'll find nothing here about race or gender or ethnicity, and nothing here about expensive jewelry or deplaning at the middle or the end, or walking briskly or walking aimlessly. Kelly removed all the unstable generalizations, forcing customs officers to make generalizations about things that don't change from one day or one month to the next. Some percentage of smugglers will *always* be nervous, will *always* get their story wrong, and will *always* be caught by the dogs. That's why those kinds of inferences are more reliable than the ones based on whether smugglers are white or black, or carry one bag or two. After Kelly's reforms, the number of searches conducted by the Customs Service dropped by about seventy-five per cent, but the number of successful seizures improved by twenty-five per cent. The officers went from making fairly lousy decisions about smugglers to making pretty good ones. "We made them more efficient and more effective at what they were doing," Kelly said.

Does the notion of a pit-bull menace rest on a stable or an unstable generalization? The best data we have on breed dangerousness are fatal dog bites, which serve as a useful indicator of just how much havoc certain kinds of dogs are causing. Between the late nineteen-seventies and the late nineteen-nineties, more than twenty-five breeds were involved in fatal attacks in the United States. Pit-bull breeds led the pack, but the variability from year to year is considerable. For instance, in the period from 1981 to 1982 fatalities were caused by five pit bulls, three mixed breeds, two St. Bernards, two German-shepherd mixes, a pure-bred German shepherd, a husky type, a Doberman, a Chow Chow, a Great Dane, a wolf-dog hybrid, a husky mix, and a pit-bull mix—but no Rottweilers. In 1995 and 1996, the list included ten Rottweilers, four pit bulls, two German shepherds, two huskies, two Chow Chows, two wolf-dog hybrids, two shepherd mixes, a Rottweiler mix, a mixed breed, a Chow Chow mix, and a Great Dane. The kinds of dogs that kill people change over time, because the popularity of certain breeds changes over time. The one thing that doesn't change is the total number of the people killed by dogs. When we have more problems with pit bulls, it's not necessarily a sign that pit bulls are more dangerous than other dogs. It could just be a sign that pit bulls have become more numerous.

"I've seen virtually every breed involved in fatalities, including Pomeranians and everything else, except a beagle or a basset hound," Randall Lockwood, a senior vice-president of the A.S.P.C.A. and one of the country's leading dog-bite experts, told me. "And there's always one or two deaths attributable to malamutes or huskies, although you never hear people clamoring for a ban on those breeds. When I first started looking at fatal dog attacks, they largely involved dogs like German shepherds and shepherd mixes and St. Bernards—which is probably why Stephen King chose to make Cujo a St. Bernard, not a pit bull. I haven't seen a fatality involving a Doberman for decades, whereas in the nineteen-seventies they were quite common. If you wanted a mean dog, back then, you got a Doberman. I don't think I even saw my first pit-bull case until the middle to late nineteen-eighties, and I didn't start seeing Rottweilers until I'd already looked at a few hundred fatal dog attacks. Now those dogs make up the preponderance of fatalities. The point is that it changes over time. It's a reflection of what the dog of choice is among people who want to own an aggressive dog."

There is no shortage of more stable generalizations about dangerous dogs, though. A 1991 study in Denver, for example, compared a hundred and seventy-eight dogs with a history of biting people with a random sample of a hundred and seventy-eight dogs with no history of biting. The breeds were scattered: German shepherds, Akitas, and Chow Chows were among those most heavily represented. (There were no pit bulls among the biting dogs in the study, because Denver banned pit bulls in 1989.) But a number of other, more stable factors stand out. The biters were 6.2 times as likely to be male than female, and 2.6 times as likely to be intact than neutered. The Denver study also found that biters were 2.8 times as likely to be chained as unchained. "About twenty per cent of the dogs involved in fatalities were chained at the time, and had a history of long-term chaining," Lockwood said. "Now, are they chained because they are aggressive or aggressive because they are chained? It's a bit of both. These are animals that have not had an opportunity to become socialized to people. They don't necessarily even know that children are small human beings. They tend to see them as prey."

In many cases, vicious dogs are hungry or in need of medical attention. Often, the dogs had a history of aggressive incidents, and, overwhelmingly, dog-bite victims were children (par-

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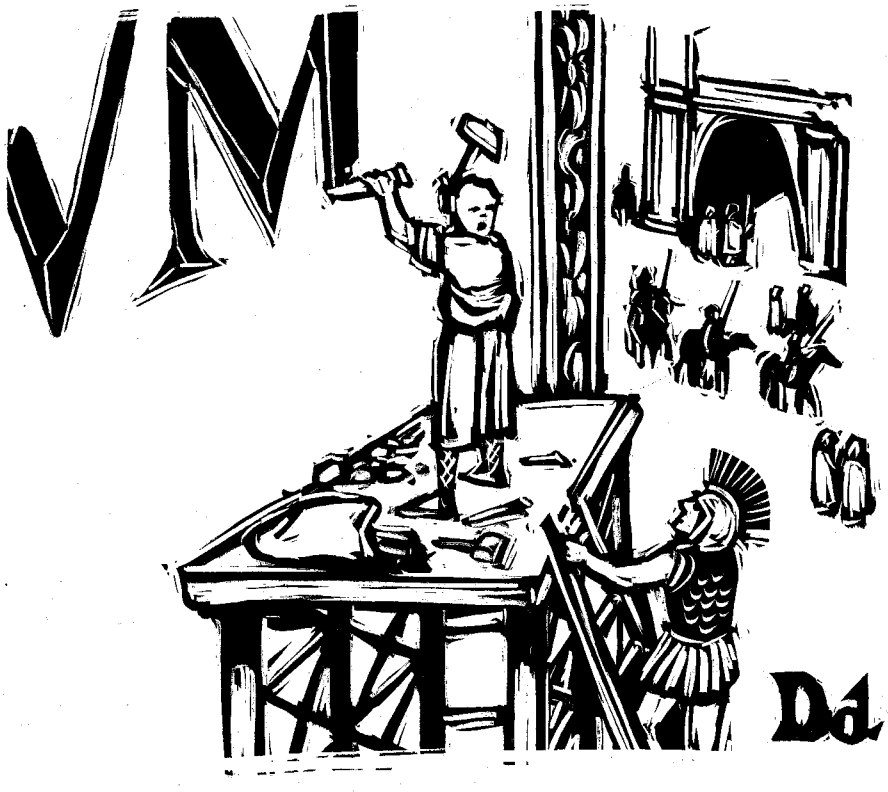
ticularly small boys) who were physically vulnerable to attack and may also have unwittingly done things to provoke the dog, like teasing it, or bothering it while it was eating. The strongest connection of all, though, is between the trait of dog viciousness and certain kinds of dog owners. In about a quarter of fatal dog-bite cases, the dog owners were previously involved in illegal fighting. The dogs that bite people are, in many cases, socially isolated because their owners are socially isolated, and they are vicious because they have owners who want a vicious dog. The junk-yard German shepherd—which looks as if it would rip your throat out—and the German-shepherd guide dog are the same breed. But they are not the same dog, because they have owners with different intentions.

"A fatal dog attack is not just a dog bite by a big or aggressive dog," Lockwood went on. "It is usually a perfect storm of bad human-canine interactions—the wrong dog, the wrong background, the wrong history in the hands of the wrong person in the wrong environmental situation. I've been involved in many legal cases involving fatal dog attacks, and, certainly, it's my impression that these are generally cases where everyone is to blame. You've got the unsupervised three-year-old child wandering in the neighborhood killed by a starved, abused dog owned by the dogfighting boyfriend of some woman who doesn't know where her child is. It's not old Shep sleeping by the fire who suddenly goes bonkers. Usually there are all kinds of other warning signs."

Jayden Clairoux was attacked by Jada, a pit-bull terrier, and her two pit-bull–bullmastiff puppies, Agua and Akasha. The dogs were owned by a twenty-one-year-old man named Shridev Café, who worked in construction and did odd jobs. Five weeks before the Clairoux attack, Café's three dogs got loose and attacked a sixteen-year-old boy and his four-year-old half brother while they were ice skating. The boys beat back the animals with a snow shovel and escaped into a neighbor's house. Café was fined, and he moved the dogs to his seventeen-year-old girlfriend's house. This was not the first time that he ran into trouble last year; a few months later, he was charged with domestic assault, and, in another incident, involving a street brawl, with aggravated assault. "Shridev has personal issues," Cheryl Smith, a canine-behavior specialist who consulted on the case, says. "He's certainly not a very mature person." Agua and Akasha were now about seven months old. The court order in the wake of the first attack required that they be muzzled when they were outside the home and kept in an enclosed yard. But Café did not muzzle them, because, he said later, he couldn't afford muzzles, and apparently no one from the city ever came by to force him to comply. A few times, he talked about taking his dogs to obedience classes, but never did. The subject of neutering them also came up—particularly Agua, the male—but neutering cost a hundred dollars, which he evidently thought was too much money, and when the city temporarily confiscated his animals after the first attack it did not neuter them, either, because Ottawa does not have a policy of preëmptively neutering dogs that bite people.

On the day of the second attack, according to some accounts, a visitor came by the house of Café's girlfriend, and the dogs got wound up. They were put outside, where the snowbanks were high enough so that the back-yard fence could be readily jumped. Jayden Clairoux stopped and stared at the dogs, saying, "Puppies, puppies." His mother called out to his father. His father came running, which is the kind of thing that will rile up an aggressive dog. The dogs jumped the fence, and Agua took Jayden's head in his mouth and started to shake. It was a textbook dog-biting case: unneutered, ill-trained, charged-up dogs, with a history of aggression and an irresponsible owner, somehow get loose, and set upon a small child. The dogs had already passed through the animal bureaucracy of Ottawa, and the city could easily have prevented the second attack with the right kind of generalization—a generalization based not on breed but on the known and meaningful connection between dangerous dogs and negligent owners. But that would have required someone to track down Shridev Café, and check to see whether he had bought muzzles, and someone to send the dogs to be neutered after the first attack, and an animal-control law that insured that those whose dogs attack small children forfeit their right to have a dog. It would have required, that is, a more exacting set of generalizations to be more exactingly applied. It's always easier just to ban the breed. ♦



"This wasn't commissioned by the Emperor. This is just my random thoughts on stuff."

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SHOUTS & MURMURS

VERY BAD PEOPLE

BY ZEV BOROW

"This is not about monitoring phone calls to arrange Little League practice or what to bring to a pot-luck dinner. These are designed to monitor calls from very bad people to very bad people."

—*Trent Duffy, a spokesman for the White House, on reports about the government's eavesdropping, quoted in the Times.*

NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY
PHONE TAP TRANSCRIPT
January 13, 2006, 1:22 P.M.

[PHONE RINGING]

Male Voice 1: *Yellow!*

Male Voice 2: Chad?

Male Voice 1: You guessed it!

Male Voice 2: It's Rex.

Male Voice 1: What do you want?

[SOUNDS OF FOOD BEING CHEWED]

Male Voice 2: Jesus, what are you eating?

Male Voice 1: Foie gras.

[LAUGHTER]

Male Voice 2: You know they force-feed geese until their livers are distended so you can eat that?

Male Voice 1: I know.

Male Voice 2: Pretty cool.

Male Voice 1: Yep. So what do you want?

Male Voice 2: Well, a souped-up monster truck driven by an illegal Mexican chauffeur, with a trunk full of fen-phen and a horn that blows "Who Let the Dogs Out?" would be nice. Especially in teal.

Male Voice 1: No, you can't borrow my truck again. But I will lend you my forged handicapped-parking pass.

Male Voice 2: So what are you bringing to the potluck?

Male Voice 1: Only thing I got here is an old jar of beets and some crystal meth. The beets are really old. What color are new beets?

Male Voice 2: I was gonna bring Styrofoam plates, and maybe some bootlegged CDs. Hope it rains.

Male Voice 1: *Wunderbar*. That why you called?

Male Voice 2: Didja watch that Julia Roberts DVD?

Male Voice 1: I hate Julia Roberts.

Male Voice 2: You hate Julia Roberts?

Male Voice 1: More than I don't value teachers.

Male Voice 2: I feel you. If Julia Roberts and Tom Hanks and some teachers were caught in a rusty bear trap in a part of the Alaskan wilderness newly opened up for oil drilling, I'd hop on the Net and send out billions of spam e-mails in celebration. Billions. Just by hitting "Send."

Male Voice 1: What about that gay-cowboy movie?

Male Voice 2: It sucked. I just couldn't get over this little voice in my head that kept saying, "These cowboys are gay! And that's wrong."

[SOUND OF A CAT SHRIEKING]

Male Voice 1: Just kicked my cat.

[LAUGHTER]

Male Voice 2: Wish I could have seen that on tape.

Male Voice 1: Well, I taped it.

Male Voice 2: Man, do I love H.M.O.s.

Male Voice 1: What?

Male Voice 2: Nothing. So, look, the reason I called is I was hoping you could pick up Winston and Cruella from Little League practice later. I know it's my day to carpool, but I'm going to be browsing various Internet porn sites for most of the rest of the afternoon and, well, to be honest, even if I wasn't I just don't feel like, you know, contributing in any way today. Also, I can't stand wearing pants. And seeing as how last week I did you a solid when you asked me to get you a few of those disposable cellular phones and the number of that guy with all those airborne disease agents, I was thinking you could pick up the kids instead.

[SILENCE]

Male Voice 2: Chad?

Male Voice 1: I don't think so.

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Male Voice 2: Can I ask why not?

Male Voice 1: I don't know; *can* you?

Male Voice 2: Jesus, Chad, you know things have been tough for me since Serena left and I began making telemarketing calls to people who have put their names on the national "Do Not Call" list.

Male Voice 1: Uh, that's my other line. I gotta go.

Male Voice 2: That's not your other line.

Male Voice 1: Yeah. It is. You can't hear it on your end. I'll expect you to drop Cruella off here by four-thirty, and not a second later.

Male Voice 2: Listen to me, Chad, listen to me very closely, because I'm only going to say this once, and I'm the kind of person who means what he says, and says what he means. Catch my drift?

Male Voice 1: Sorry, I'm watching "Celebrity Fear Factor." Missed that.

Male Voice 2: I wouldn't hesitate to kill innocent bystanders if in doing so I could also kill you and your family. The rule of law, freedom, our way of life, etc., all not only mean nothing to me—they fill me with rage.

Male Voice 1: Whatever. Fat people don't scare me.

Male Voice 2: Cruella is disinvited from Winston's paintball party on Saturday.

Male Voice 1: The dead animals you will soon start receiving in the mail are from me. And you're no longer welcome at Tuesday's book club.

[LINE 1 HANGS UP. LINE 2 HANGS UP.]

END TRANSCRIPT. ♦

From the Guardian.

In our profile of Daniel Dennett (pages 20 to 23, Review, April 17), we said he was born in Beirut. In fact, he was born in Boston. His father died in 1947, not 1948. He married in 1962, not 1963. The seminar at which Stephen Jay Gould was rigorously questioned by Dennett's students was Dennett's seminar at Tufts, not Gould's at Harvard. Dennett wrote Darwin's Dangerous Idea before, not after, Gould called him a "Darwinian fundamentalist". Only one chapter in the book, not four, is devoted to taking issue with Gould. The list of Dennett's books omitted Elbow Room, 1984, and The Intentional Stance, 1987. The marble sculpture, recollected by a friend, that Dennett was working on in 1963 was not a mother and child. It was a man reading a book.

Otherwise O.K.?

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE RED DEVIL

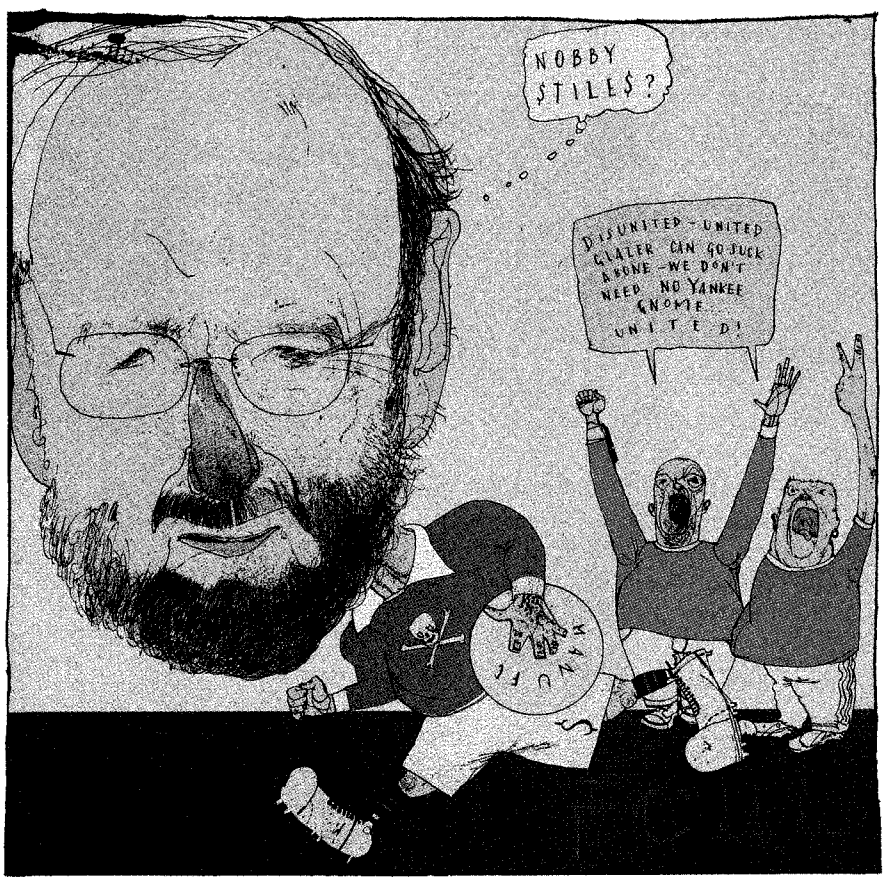
Why is an American financier risking everything on English football?

BY JOHN CASSIDY

Malcolm Glazer, the seventy-seven-year-old owner of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers football team, is short and stout, with a craggy face, a bald crown, and a straggly red beard. Some Bucs fans refer to Glazer as "the leprechaun," but he isn't Irish. His father, Abraham, was an Orthodox Jew from Lithuania, who arrived in America as a young man and later ran a watch-repair business in Utica, New York. In 1943, Abraham died, of cancer, and Malcolm, who was fifteen, took over the family company. Apart from six weeks at a college upstate, he has been working for it ever since. "He never had time for sports or hobbies or friends because after school he ran to work in the business," one of Glazer's four sisters told a reporter for the *Daily Mail* of London last year. "From eight years old, he was earning money. . . . He is like a machine."

When Glazer was twenty-one, he opened a jewelry and watch-repair concession at Sampson Air Force Base, near Rochester. "It was hard, but I thoroughly enjoyed it," he said to the St. Petersburg *Times* years later. "I was making more profit than ever before." His earnings enabled him to buy and sell some small buildings in the Rochester area. As his real-estate holdings grew, Glazer acquired several trailer parks, and started building shopping malls. In 1984, he founded First Allied Corporation, which is now one of the country's biggest shopping-mall developers. He invested in television, commercial fishing, and weapons manufacturing; he bought Houlihan's, the restaurant chain, and the Zapata Corporation, a Texas oil company co-founded by former President George H. W. Bush.

Glazer also took up "corporate raiding," a practice common in the eighties in which wealthy investors purchased stakes in companies with undervalued stock and threatened to take them over. Glazer was never a raider on the scale of Carl Icahn or T. Boone Pickens, but his targets included well-known corporations, such as, in 1989, the motorcycle manufacturer Harley-Davidson. As often happened in these cases, the company sued, accusing Glazer of chicanery. During one court hearing, a judge called him "a snake in sheep's clothing"; ten months later, Glazer sold his stake in Harley-Davidson at a handsome profit.



Some United fans think Malcolm Glazer's interest in the team is purely mercenary.

DAVID HUGHES

In January, 1995, Glazer bought the Bucs for a hundred and ninety-two million dollars—then a record price for a sports franchise—despite the fact that the team, which was founded in 1976, had lost seventy per cent of its games. That summer, Glazer invited Dick Greco, who was Tampa's mayor at the time, to join him in the owner's box for a pre-season game. A player on the visiting team intercepted a pass and raced fifty yards up the field, for a spectacular touchdown, but the referees called a penalty. "Isn't that a shame," Glazer said to Greco. "It was such a nice play." An astonished Greco gently reminded his host that he was supposed to be cheering for the Bucs. "You expect sports owners to be outgoing, loud, and boisterous in support of their team," Greco told me recently. "Malcolm is the exact opposite."

Before long, Glazer threatened to move the Bucs to another city unless Tampa agreed to build a new stadium for the team. Accordingly, local residents voted to spend nearly a hundred and seventy million dollars of city money on a state-of-the-art facility that would be leased to the Bucs. Glazer's sons Joel and Bryan, whom he had appointed to supervise the team's business operations, hired expensive new players, including Keyshawn Johnson. In January, 2003, Tampa Bay won Super Bowl XXXVII, defeating the Oakland Raiders, 48–21. The Bucs finished this season with eleven wins and five losses, and reached the playoffs—an accomplishment for which many fans believe Glazer deserves at least some

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credit. "I don't think, even to this day, he has any idea what is going on down on the football field, but he leaves the football to the football people, and he has completely changed the way people look at the team," Roy Cummings, a sports reporter for the Tampa *Tribune*, told me.

Glazer, except for attending Bucs games, seldom appears in public. He lives in Palm Beach, in an oceanfront mansion, near Jim Clark, the founder of Netscape, and Rod Stewart, the rock star. Thom Smith, the society columnist of the Palm Beach *Post*, is one of the few journalists who have visited Glazer's house. The occasion was a fund-raiser for an Israeli technical college; the guest of honor was Jehan Sadat, the widow of Anwar Sadat, the late Egyptian President. "Malcolm stayed in the background," Smith recalled. "He seemed downright shy."

In the rare instances when Glazer does speak to the press, he can sound kooky. "If you have a father who dies when you are young, you don't trust the future anymore," he told the St. Petersburg *Times* shortly after he bought the Bucs. "You were cheated once, you'll probably get cheated again. . . . Death is right around the corner, waiting to grab anyone in this room. Watch out. Walk fast when you go out of the house here, so he doesn't grab you."

Last year, Glazer celebrated his tenth anniversary as the Bucs' owner; he now refers to his family as "long-term sports investors." In May, he purchased Manchester United, the English soccer club, in a hostile takeover that cost him one and a half billion dollars—the most money ever paid for a sports franchise. He is the first American to own a major English soccer team, and the investment, which has generated great contention among United's fans, could conceivably ruin him.

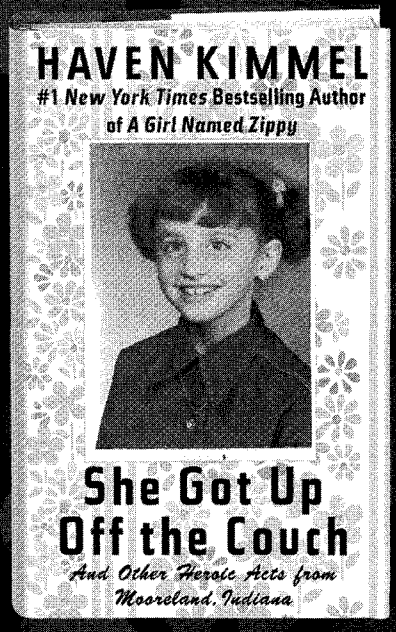
Unlike the Bucs, United didn't need a savior. Between 1992 and 2003, the club, which is known in Britain as the Red Devils, because of the players' red-and-white jerseys, won the English Premier League eight times. In 1999, with a team that featured David Beckham, United became the only club to win in one season the Premier League; the F.A. Cup, a knockout competition; and the European Champions League, a tournament that features the top teams from all over Europe. In 2004, more than seventy thousand people watched United play a pre-season exhibition game in Giants Stadium, in New Jersey, and in Hong Kong last summer thousands turned out to see the team's training sessions.

Before Glazer arrived, United was an independent public company, whose shares were traded on the London Stock Exchange. In the spring of 2002, Glazer acquired a small stake in United, which, over the course of two and a half years, he increased to almost thirty per cent. In January, 2005, he presented United's board of directors with a bid to take over the club, offering stockholders a premium on the market price. The directors turned down the bid, on the grounds that it would require Glazer to take on too much debt, and United fans burned effigies of him outside Old Trafford, the team's historic stadium. But Glazer persisted, and, when two of United's biggest investors agreed to accept his offer, he gained majority control of the company. A headline in the London *Sunday Times* on May 15, 2005, noted that he had succeeded in "PUTTING ONE THROUGH THE LEGS OF THE MAN U MOB."

Even after the deal was completed, Glazer didn't explain why he had bought United, nor did he travel to Manchester to inspect the club. Instead, he sent his sons Joel and Avram—whom he had appointed to be the team's co-chairmen—and their brother Bryan. On a warm evening at the end of June, the brothers arrived at Old Trafford for a meeting with United's senior executives. Within an hour, hundreds of angry fans had gathered outside the stadium, which is in a residential neighborhood a few miles southwest of the city's center. The protesters, who included neatly dressed office workers as well as menacing-looking young men with close-cropped hair, waved banners that said "Glazer Out" and shouted obscenities about him, apparently believing that he was inside. Some of the protesters blocked the exits to the stadium, using railings and bollards from a nearby construction site to build makeshift barricades.

Inside the stadium, the Glazer brothers toured the locker rooms, the directors' box, and a trophy room that houses some of the many prizes that United has won during its hundred-and-twenty-

ZIPPY'S BACK!



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—Alison Smith, author of *Name All the Animals*

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seven-year history. Then they ate dinner in a corporate suite in one of the stands overlooking the playing field. Outside, the protesters were loudly threatening to murder their father: "How we'll kill him, we don't know; cut him up from head to toe. All we know is Glazer's gonna die." Eventually, riot police arrived with nightsticks and German shepherds and secured the area under one of the stands, around a tunnel designed to give emergency vehicles access to the field.

At about ten-thirty, two vans carrying the brothers emerged from the tunnel. The protesters pounded on the vehicles' roofs and sides and threw stones and bottles. Several were injured as the police, using their dogs and batons, tried to clear a path through the crowd. Finally, the vans sped away. "The Glazer family are the enemies of Manchester United," Sean Bones, the vice-chairman of Shareholders United, a group that had opposed the takeover, said. "They may have captured the club, but they only have it on a temporary basis."

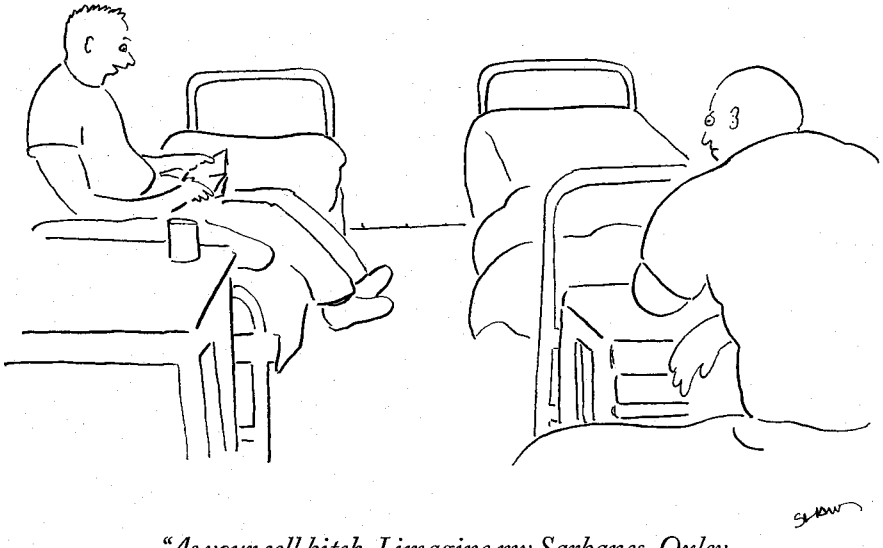
What alienated United fans was not just that Glazer was an American who knew little about soccer. The club's previous directors had been cautious, avoiding debt and risky investments—a fact in which its supporters took great pride. (Many English soccer clubs are heavily burdened with debt.) To a corporate raider like Glazer, however, a public company that makes steady profits and lacks debt is virtually inviting a takeover; a potential buyer can borrow money to finance a bid knowing that, if it is successful, he can shift some of the loans onto the company's balance sheet. This was Glazer's method: he borrowed almost a billion dollars to take over United and transferred a big chunk of the debt onto the club's books—and fans were outraged.

In Britain, a crowded island where towns and cities rub up against one another like rocks in an old stone wall, and where public displays of emotion are frowned upon, soccer provides an outlet for frustration and aggression—and for expressions of communal solidarity. Bill Shankly, a former coach of Liverpool F.C., who died in 1981, once remarked that the game wasn't a matter of life and death—it was more important than that. (United permits fans to have their ashes scattered on Old Trafford's turf free of charge, and several times a year a grieving family turns up at the stadium with an urn.)

United, like many English soccer clubs, dates to the late Victorian era, when the game—which is called football almost everywhere except in the United States—was first played professionally. The team acquired its current name in 1902, but it wasn't until after the Second World War, when United was being managed by a young Scot, Matt Busby, that it began to dominate the Football League, England's first professional soccer association. Busby had played for Manchester City F.C., the other team in town, and he understood Mancunians' passion for the game. At United, he assembled a team of precocious young players, many of them locals, who became known as "the Busby babes." Duncan Edwards, an incredibly talented midfielder, travelled to home games on his bicycle; some of his teammates took the bus. Every other Saturday afternoon, sixty thousand people paid a few shillings to watch them play. The factories closed at lunchtime, and many fans went to Old Trafford straight from work.

Early in 1958, United reached the semifinals of the European Cup, the precursor to the Champions League. On the way back to Manchester after a game in Belgrade, the team stopped in Munich, where its chartered plane refuelled. When the plane tried to take off again, it crashed, killing twenty-three passengers, including Edwards and seven other players; Busby was so badly injured that he received last rites. Eventually, however, he returned to his job, and, in May of 1968, United became the first English club to win the European Cup, defeating Benfica, the Portuguese champion, 4–1.

Busby was knighted, and the players who helped win the cup—George Best, Bobby Charlton, Denis Law, Nobby Stiles—were lauded as heroes. Manchester United was a testament to working-class male values: independence, stoicism, pugnacity, and virility. In the nineteen-seventies and eighties, some of the team's supporters became notorious for hooliganism—fighting with rival fans and vandalizing towns at away games—but the incidents only added to United's allure at home.



"As your cell bitch, I imagine my Sarbanes-Oxley expertise should come in quite handy."

Old Trafford sits near the south bank of the Manchester Ship Canal, which once ferried cotton to the mills that Friedrich Engels depicted as emblems of capitalist exploitation in his 1845 book, "The Condition of the Working Class in England." Like much of Manchester, the neighborhood around the stadium has been gentrified: residents fish in the canal; many of the cotton mills have been converted into luxury apartments; and at Old Trafford spectators, who for decades stood shoulder-to-shoulder on crumbling concrete terraces, now sit in shiny, cantilevered stands. (The British government instituted a seating requirement after ninety-six fans were crushed to death at a stadium in Sheffield, in 1989.)

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United's executive offices are in the east stand, above a nine-thousand-square-foot superstore, which sells jerseys, bathrobes, and pajamas bearing the names of United's current stars: Wayne Rooney, a twenty-year-old Liverpudlian who already plays for England's national team; Cristiano Ronaldo, a Portuguese winger; and Ruud Van Nistelrooy, a Dutch center forward. Three floors above the store, David Gill, United's chief executive, who is forty-eight, occupies a large office decorated with photographs of the team's past triumphs. "The passions run high," Gill told me in August, when I asked him about the hostile reaction to Glazer. "That is one of the strengths of any football club, and of Manchester United in particular. The fans think it is their club. They passionately believe that. You don't have to agree with that sentiment, but you have to respect it."

Some British journalists had speculated that Glazer viewed United as a short-term investment, which he would sell within a year or two. Gill dismissed this theory. "The way they are talking, I think it is very much a long-term play for them," he said.

After leaving Gill's office, I met Sir Bobby Charlton in a corporate box overlooking the playing field. Charlton, who was knighted in 1994, joined United as a schoolboy, in 1953, and belonged to the team for twenty years, playing in seven hundred and fifty-nine games—more than any player before or since.

"I came down once in the summer," he recalled, looking out at the pitch below. "You got your wages then on a Thursday, in a little brown envelope. You had to come and get it. They wouldn't post it, because it was about twenty quid. I came down, and a big bus arrived from Rochdale"—a small town outside Manchester. "All these lads got out of the bus. I said to them, 'What did you come down for? There's no matches in the summer.' And one of them said, 'We couldn't stay away anymore, Bobby, so we thought we'd come down and see how they are doing putting the new floodlights up.'"

What changed English soccer was money. In 1979, six years after Charlton retired, Margaret Thatcher became Prime Minister and began to overhaul Britain's sleepy nationalized industries, as part of a series of free-market reforms aimed at modernizing the economy. Thatcher confronted the recalcitrant trade-union movement during a miners' strike in 1984-85, and she sold the country's oil and telecommunications companies to private investors. Eventually, the free-market ethos extended to sport. Most English soccer clubs were originally not-for-profit organizations. United, like other teams, was owned by local businessmen, who provided rudimentary facilities for fans and were forbidden by the Football Association, English soccer's ruling body, to profit from their investment. During the eighties, however, some club owners founded holding companies, which were not subject to the not-for-profit rule. In 1991, United became one of the first clubs to become a public company: Manchester United P.L.C.

The following year, United and twenty-one other clubs abandoned the Football League and created a new professional soccer association, the Premier League. Rupert Murdoch, who had recently founded Sky, a satellite-television company, agreed to pay about three hundred million pounds for the right to broadcast the league's games for five years. The British government, in an effort to make games safer and to improve the country's image abroad, had already begun to crack down on hooliganism. Closed-circuit cameras were installed in stadiums; drinking on the terraces was banned; and stiff prison terms were meted out to offenders. As violence at games declined, ticket prices rose, and more white-collar professionals began to attend. By the mid-nineties, players, who in Busby's day had made a manual worker's salary, were earning millions of pounds a year. As David Conn, a sportswriter at the *Guardian*, put it in his 2004 book, "The Beautiful Game? Searching for the Soul of Football," "The game was rebranded from filthy habit in the 1980s to legitimised state religion in the 1990s."

The public face of soccer's transformation was David Beckham, who played for United from 1992 to 2003. The son of a plumber and a hairdresser from east London, Beckham joined the club's youth team when he was sixteen. Promoted to United's professional ranks two years later, Beckham had a rare ability to hit crosses and shots that swerved viciously in the air. In 1999, when he was twenty-four, he married Victoria Adams, a member of the Spice Girls pop group, in a lavish ceremony at an Irish castle, where the bride wore a gold crown and the couple sat on velvet thrones. But Beckham eventually fell out with United's manager, Alex Ferguson, a former shop steward from Glasgow who has a fierce temper. (Players refer to his tendency to stand in front of them and scream in a thick Scottish accent as receiving the "hair-dryer treatment.") Ferguson became so incensed with Beckham after a game in 2003 that he kicked a soccer shoe at him, which hit the player's face and left a deep laceration above one eye. A few months later, Beckham was sold to the Spanish team Real Madrid, for twenty-five million pounds.

Financially, at least, United continued to prosper. Premier League games are televised in more than a hundred countries, and United is the league's most popular—and profitable—team. In 2004, it generated pre-tax profits of almost twenty-eight million pounds, on revenues of a hundred and seventy million pounds. As United's wealth increased, speculators bought into the club in anticipation of a possible takeover. In the summer of 2003, Roman Abramovich, a Russian billionaire, had bought Chelsea, a popular but financially troubled London team that hadn't won a league championship in fifty years, for about two hundred and fifty million dollars. According to the British papers, Abramovich was flying over London in a helicopter when he spotted Chelsea's playing field and decided to buy the club. By the time he completed the purchase, Glazer had started accumulating stock in United.

As the team's owner, Glazer made an elementary error: by failing to appear at Old Trafford, he gave United fans the impression that his interest in the team was purely mercenary. The cover of August's *Red News*, a popular fanzine about the team, portrayed him holding up a ventriloquist's dummy with David Gill's head attached to it. "Nothing will change," the dummy was saying. "The Glazers will be good for United. Just don't mention the debt!!" Glazer and Gill were also on the front of August's *Red Issue*, another team fan-

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zine, under the headline "UNITED FANS' WORST FEARS CONFIRMED. IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL. $$$$$$$$$."

A *Red Issue* editorial explained:

> The opposition to Glazer's takeover is not about some xenophobic or superficial prejudice, but has at its core a sense of deep loss of people who hold the essence of a football club so close to their hearts. That this loss should be inflicted—jeopardizing the very future of a club which has been a pillar of Mancunian life for so long—so that a grotesquely rich man can chase a vain punt of plundering ever greater wealth, whilst effectively forcing those from whom he seeks to profit to pay for his buyout, well it's a wonder that there hasn't been more opposition.

In the fanzines, and in conversations with me, fans rarely distinguished between their anxiety about Glazer and their unhappiness about changes at United that predated his takeover. In 1990, the average price of a ticket to a United game was less than ten dollars. Today, it is about fifty-five dollars. "There was a lot wrong with the game in the old days, but when I was a teen-ager I could go to every game at Old Trafford," Jules Spencer, a thirty-two-year-old United supporter who helped organize several anti-Glazer protests, said to me. "Now there's no way a teen-ager could do that. People have been priced out."

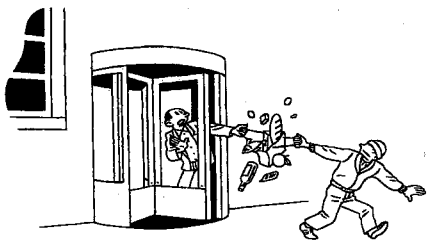
Another frustration is that many matches no longer begin at 3 P.M. on Saturdays. To accommodate Sky, some games start around lunchtime, or in the evening, and some take place on Sundays or Mondays. "Nobody wants to pay thirty or forty quid to watch a game at half past twelve," Mark Longden, the chairman of the Independent Manchester United Supporters Association, said. Longden, a forty-six-year-old auto mechanic, attended his first game at Old Trafford in 1966, when he was six. For the past twenty years, he has met the same group of friends in the same pub before United's home games. Early starting times mean that these drinking sessions are often curtailed. "This is about a lot more than Malcolm Glazer," Longden said. "It is about people who think the game has been taken away from them."

Perhaps the most frequent grievance expressed by longtime fans is that the games are no longer much fun to attend, partly because there are so many affluent out-of-towners in the crowd. "Old Trafford is shite," an anonymous United fan wrote in the August edition of *Red Issue*. "What first attracted me to United wasn't McGrath, Whiteside, Robson, et al."—three players for United during the eighties. "It was the crowd at OT itself. 50K+ badly behaved men, all older than me wanting to rip limbs off opposing fans and who made the walls shake with the noise they created. Bad language, bad behaviour—the best escape possible. I used to watch them open-mouthed as they jumped over the pens of United Road towards the opposition. A week later, I was doing it with them. The place is wank now. Too controlled, all seating, sensible, middle class shite."

In mid-August, I attended United's first home game in this season's Premier League, against Aston Villa, a Birmingham team. An hour and a half before the kickoff, which was scheduled for 12:45 P.M., Sir Matt Busby Way, the main thoroughfare leading to Old Trafford, was packed with fans drinking cans of lager and eating fried haddock from the Red Devils Chip Shop. Inside two pubs near the stadium, the Trafford and the Bishops Blaize, there was loud singing:

> We love Man United.
> We love Man United.
> Na, Na, Na, Na.
> Na, Na, Na, Na.

In the stadium, however, the mood was subdued. During much of the game, the only people singing were a small band of Aston Villa supporters, who taunted the home crowd by shouting "U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" Joel and Bryan Glazer were sitting in the directors' box, next to a bodyguard. The brothers had flown in from Florida the previous night, and they were planning to return to the United States immediately after the game. It was their third trip to England since their father had taken over the team. Their first visit had lasted three days and had included a stop at the headquarters of the Premier League, in London. Each of their subsequent trips lasted less than twenty-four hours.



The brothers did their best to act like British fans. Whenever a United player executed a good play, they stood up and applauded. The crowd largely ignored them. Aston Villa packed its midfield and defense, attempting to secure a tie. Rooney displayed the pace and strength that have marked him as a potential superstar, but until Ronaldo entered the game, early in the second half, United seemed unlikely to score. In the sixty-sixth minute, Ronaldo set up an easy goal for Van Nistelrooy, which brought United's fans, and the Glazers, to their feet. A few minutes before the final whistle, when a 1–0 victory for United seemed certain, many of the team's supporters headed for the exits, prompting the Villa fans to chant, "Fuck off back to London!" When the game ended, the Glazers shook hands with Sir Bobby Charlton and briefly attended a reception in the directors' lounge, before leaving for the airport.

It's tempting to view the anti-Glazer movement as the product of a vanishing proletarian culture. However, many of the protesters are white-collar professionals, who object to Glazer on sophisticated financial grounds. "We want Manchester United to make buckets of money," Oliver Houston, a spokesman for the fan group Shareholders United, told me. "But we want it to be invested properly—in better players, better facilities for the fans, and in developing the club. Glazer is only interested in paying off the debt."

Glazer took on two loans to buy United. One, of two hundred and sixty-five million pounds, came from a syndicate of banks led by J. P. Morgan; the other, of two hundred and seventy-five million pounds, was from three Wall Street hedge funds. The loans from the hedge funds, which were bonds of an unusual type known as "payment-in-kind securities," are Glazer's personal responsibility. If they aren't paid off within five years, the lenders can force the Glazers to give up control of the team. "The hedge funds have got Glazer by the throat," Houston said. "He has a very punishing repayment schedule."

In order to remain competitive with

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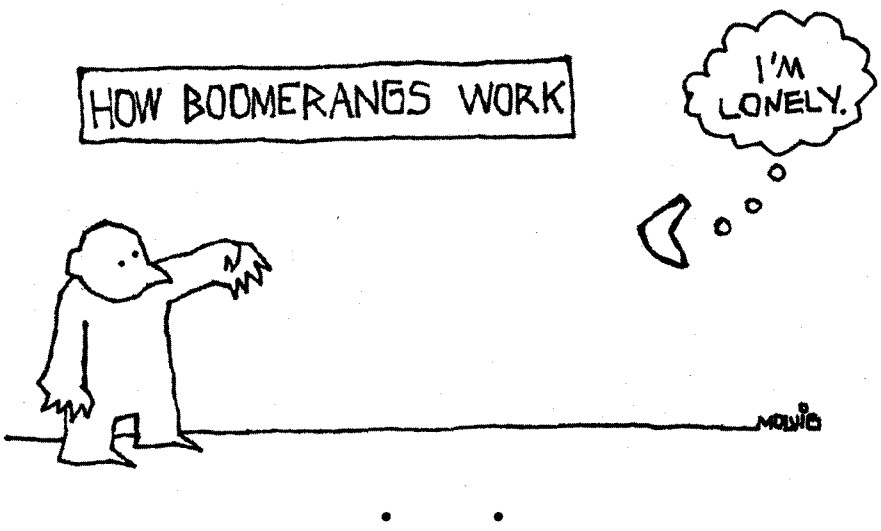
other top clubs, United must participate aggressively in the transfer market, where soccer players are bought and sold like prize thoroughbreds. The Glazers have reportedly promised to make twenty-five million pounds available annually for transfers. But Abramovich has spent more than ten times that amount since taking over Chelsea, building a team of international all-stars which won last season's Premier League title. "The Glazers will have to spend a heck of a lot of money if they want to keep up with Chelsea," John Motson, a veteran soccer commentator for the BBC, told me. "Will they be able to do it with all of that debt? That is what people here want to know."



Many United fans argue that the club's delicate financial situation is already undermining its performance on the field. The team has yet to replace its longtime captain, Roy Keane, who left in November—he now plays for Celtic F.C., in Glasgow—and over the summer it lent more than a dozen players to other clubs, which meant that United didn't have to pay their full salaries. The recent signing of two defenders—Nemanja Vidic, a Serb, and Patrice Evra, a Frenchman who was born in Senegal—has done little to assuage critics.

The Premier League season is more than half over, and United is again trailing Chelsea. Worse, the club was recently eliminated from the European Champions League—the first time in ten years that it failed to reach the final rounds. The British newspapers have speculated that Glazer will soon replace Alex Ferguson, who is sixty-four, with a younger coach, just as, in 2002, he replaced the Bucs' coach, Tony Dungy, with John Gruden, a thirty-eight-year-old whom he hired from the Oakland Raiders.

In August, I met Ferguson at United's training ground, in the countryside six miles southwest of Old Trafford. On a fence outside the facility, there was a notice that said: "Due to dealers profiteering from the sale of memorabilia via the Internet, etc., the players will no longer sign footballs or shirts, etc. We apologise to our genuine supporters." Nevertheless, as I approached, about a dozen teen-age boys clutching autograph books surrounded my car. After ascertaining that my signature was worthless, they allowed me to proceed. I passed a security checkpoint and entered a modern two-story building, where Ferguson, a trim man with a ruddy face and bright-blue eyes, was talking to two players in the lobby.

Ferguson left school at fifteen and worked as a toolmaker in the Govan shipyards before playing professional soccer for St. Johnstone, Dunfermline, and the Glasgow Rangers. At thirty-two, he became the manager of East Stirlingshire, a small, impoverished Scottish club, where he shocked the directors by asking to take his team out for a pre-match lunch. "They nearly choked on their cigarettes," Ferguson recalled. "And you know how much it was? Thirty quid. Thirty quid for thirteen players, the physio, and myself."

Ferguson became the manager of United in 1986. When the Premier League first struck a deal with Sky, he warned that the satellite company would "fleece the fans." Now he earns four and a half million pounds (more than eight million dollars) a year and owns several racehorses. Last summer, he laughed off suggestions that he should resign in sympathy with the supporters' protests against the Glazers. "Prior to the club going P.L.C., that is when the fans should have complained, but they didn't," he told me. "They maybe thought it was going into the hands of the fans, but, you know fine well, when you put a club into a P.L.C. anybody can buy it. I don't understand why there is so much emotion now." I asked Ferguson whether the Glazers had offered him advice about how to run the team. "I think they are expecting me to come up with the ideas," he snapped. "I've been here for nineteen years, you know."

Chelsea now has two players for each of the eleven positions on the team, plus a couple of talented backups to the backups. Ferguson conceded that United can't match Abramovich's spending. "I don't think we can afford that, to be honest with you," he said. "We are working with a squad of about nineteen or twenty players. In the past, it was a bit bigger, but keeping a squad of more than nineteen or twenty happy financially is very difficult. They are all on terrific salaries, so you try not to carry surplus players."

Ferguson insisted that he has no intention of resigning. "I'm not going to be here in ten years, or anything," he told me. "But I'd like to see this side develop to its full potential."

Apart from one interview with MUTV, a cable channel owned by United, the Glazer brothers have declined to speak to fans or to the media. The family's official business plan for United, a copy of which was leaked to the London *Times*, is surprisingly prosaic. It projects annual revenue growth of about ten per cent—to be achieved through increases in the price of tickets and corporate boxes, more lucrative sponsorship deals, and proceeds from an annual exhibition game in Tampa. With the exception of the Tampa game, United would probably have implemented these ideas anyway.

In London, I met with two executives whom the Glazers hired last year. At the

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end of a long lecture, I had gained a detailed knowledge of the canny financial maneuvers that had enabled the Glazers to take over United, and I had been repeatedly assured that Malcolm Glazer in no way resembled Donald Trump—who is, to the British, the embodiment of crass American wealth—but it remained unclear why the Glazer family had risked its fortune on an English soccer club. Finally, one of the executives said, "The big mystery is why they decided to buy it. They are not minded to explain."

One of Glazer's sisters has suggested that his primary motive was to move up on *Forbes's* list of the four hundred richest Americans. (Last year, he was ranked two hundred and fifty-eighth, with an estimated net worth of $1.3 billion.) Another theory is that Glazer intends to cash in on soccer's potential to become an even more popular sport. "If you are Glazer and you own just the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, you can't internationalize your product," Andrew Zimbalist, an economist at Smith College and the co-author of "National Pastime: How Americans Play Baseball and the Rest of the World Plays Soccer," told me. "The French and the Chinese don't want to pay to see the Bucs play American football. You are confined to grow at the rate of the U.S. economy, and no capitalist worth his salt wants to confine himself to two- or three-per-cent growth."

Other experts are convinced that Glazer will never profit from United. "I think the Glazers are mad," said Brian Glanville, a novelist and journalist, who for many years was the senior soccer correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*. "They have got the football club massively into debt. They are heavily in debt themselves. Some people say they are going to sell more of their ghastly tat abroad, but that doesn't hold up. The only way they could have done that was to have brought David Beckham back from Real Madrid. He's the only one who could sell enough shirts."

Glazer has demonstrated that he doesn't give up easily. After his mother's death, in 1980, he and his siblings squabbled over the family's assets and ended up in court. The case dragged on for years, and Glazer still doesn't speak to two of his sisters. Ten years ago, he was widely thought to have paid too much for the Bucs; if he sold the team today, he would make hundreds of millions of dollars.

Still, there are considerable differences between professional football and soccer. The N.F.L. functions like a cartel. Each team, regardless of how it performs on the field, receives the same amount of television money—this season, about ninety million dollars. If a team has a poor season, it is rewarded with top draft picks, which enable it to improve its roster. English soccer, by contrast, is ruthlessly competitive. There are no salary caps, no drafts, and relatively little revenue sharing. Every year, the three teams with the worst playing records are expelled from the Premier League and replaced by teams from the division below.

"Because of the promotion and relegation element, there is a tremendous amount of risk," Zimbalist said. Heavily indebted soccer clubs can be forced to sell their best players to raise money, which can lead to more poor results, and, ultimately, to ruin. Between 2001 and 2003, Leeds United, my hometown team, went from the semifinals of the European Champions League to near bankruptcy. United isn't in immediate danger of going broke, but the club's early exit from this year's Champions League will cost it millions of pounds in television revenue, and last week it announced that profits had fallen twenty per cent in 2005. "I would not be optimistic," Zimbalist said. "And if Malcolm Glazer asked me to take a piece of the investment—of that billion and a half dollars—I would say no, thanks."

Some United fans have abandoned the club for F.C. United of Manchester, a semiprofessional team founded after the takeover, which competes in the North West Counties Football League, a division ten rungs below the Premier League. F.C. United plays home games at a stadium in Bury, an industrial town about ten miles north of Manchester. One evening, I drove to the stadium, paid an entrance fee of seven pounds, and found about two thousand people, most of them men between the ages of twenty and fifty, settling in to watch F.C. United play Eccleshall F.C.

The F.C. United players, who include a plumber, a schoolteacher, a stock boy, and a window fitter, were wearing red and white—Manchester United's colors—and, in the stands, a fan had unfurled a large banner that read "FC UNITED. MUFC EXILES." Another banner said "OH, FC UNITED. THE ONLY TEAM IN MANCHESTER THAT'S NOT IN DEBT." The atmosphere was festive; despite the crowd's small size, the sound of its singing filled the stadium.

At halftime, the score was 3–0, with F.C. United in the lead. In the bar under the stands, I ran into Jules Spencer, one of the organizers of the anti-Glazer protests, who is on F.C. United's board. Over the summer, Spencer and his colleagues raised a hundred thousand pounds for the team, from four thousand donors. Each donor became a member of the club, a not-for-profit organization modelled on the "associo" scheme, which is common in Spain. "Ultimately, it means the supporters hold the power," Spencer explained. "They own the club. They elect the board."

F.C. United continued to dominate its opponent in the second half, running up the score to 7–1. Some of the team's supporters teased Eccleshall's goalkeeper, yelling "You fat bastard!" every time he touched the ball. At Premier League grounds, fans can be arrested for swearing, but here they could curse with impunity. "Fuck off, linesman!" a middle-aged man sitting near me screamed whenever an officiating decision went against the home team. "Fuck off!"

With each goal by F.C. United, the chants grew even louder. Some were familiar—"United, United, top of the League!"; others were new. The previous day, two Manchester United fans had accosted Alex Ferguson at an airport in Hungary, where his team was playing a game. According to the English papers, Ferguson told the fans that if they didn't like what was happening to United they could watch Chelsea instead. Word of the encounter travelled fast. The F.C. United fans sang in unison:

And Fergie said,
Go watch Chelsea.
Are you having a laugh?
We'll be watching F.C. ♦

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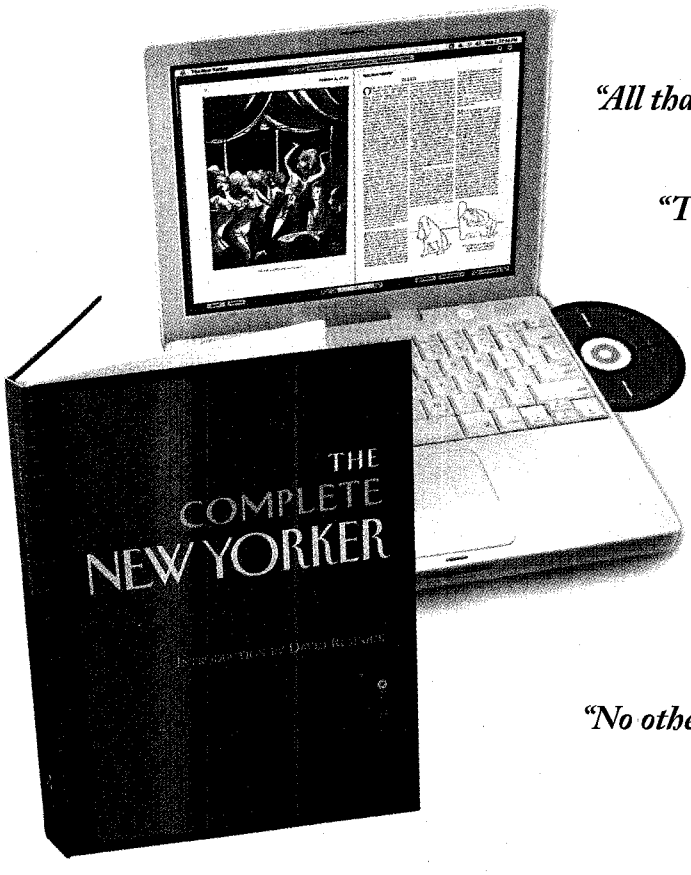

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SWAMP NURSE

What's the best hope for the first child of a poor mother?

BY KATHERINE BOO

In the swamps of Louisiana, late autumn marks the end of the hurricane and the sugarcane seasons—a time for removing plywood from windows and burning residues of harvest in the fields. Then begins the season of crayfish and, nine months having passed since the revelry of Mardi Gras, a season of newborn Cajuns. Among the yield of infants in the autumn of 2004 was a boy named Daigan James Plaisance Theriot, and, on the morning of Daigan's thirtieth day of life, he was seated next to a bag of raw chickens in the back of an Oldsmobile Cutlass. His mother, a teen-ager named Alexis, was in front, squeezed between her younger sister and her sister's latest beau, a heavily tattooed man who had just been released from maximum-security prison. The car came down a road that begins with a bayou and ends in dented trailers, and stopped at a small wooden house.

When Alexis's sister leaned into the back seat to fetch the poultry, the young man, grinning, slipped a hand down the back of her jeans. Alexis stared at the couple for a moment, then pushed them aside to pick up Daigan. Alexis's hair was long and streaked with pink, and her face was a knot of frustration. As Daigan began to cry, she crossed the yard denouncing in absentia his father, whom she called Big Head: "If I see him, I will hurt him—Big Head asking for it now." When she reached the porch, which was crammed with auto parts and porcelain toilets, she fell silent, then forced a smile. Amid the fixtures stood a tall black nurse.

The nurse, Luwana Marts, holds one of the stranger jobs in the Louisiana state bureaucracy: she is a professional nurturer in a program called the Nurse-Family Partnership, which attempts to improve the prospects of destitute babies. A few months earlier, Alexis, eighteen and pregnant, had arrived at a local government office seeking Medicaid for her impending delivery. She ended up with both the Medicaid and Luwana. As a rule, Cajun families don't welcome government intervention, especially when it occurs inside their homes, involves their infants, and means the presence of a dark-skinned person. To some parents, Alexis among them, Luwana was a spy in the house of maternity, and so she now and again had to lie in wait for reluctant beneficiaries.

Alexis maneuvered herself and Daigan past the toilets, from which cacti had started to grow, and pushed open the front door with her hip. She entered a combined living room, dining room, kitchen, laundry, and storage facility that was home to five people, a dying cockatoo named Tweety, and multitudes of flat silver bugs. Luwana followed Alexis, Daigan, little sister, and boyfriend inside. That morning, feeling the onset of flu symptoms, Luwana had decided to avoid contact with the infants she called her "little darlings." In the field, though, calculations of risk were subject to change. She dropped her satchel, slathered her hands with Purell disinfectant, and reached out. Alexis handed over Daigan and wrapped her arms tightly around herself. "So, tell me," the nurse began with practiced tranquillity as she scanned a body in a playsuit for damage. "Not the happiest day of your life?"

Alexis and nineteen other girls in Luwana's caseload call her their "nurse-visitor," a term whose genteel ring seldom comports with the details of her job. She is one of eight nurses, all mothers themselves, who work the parishes of Terrebonne and Lafourche, persuading poor first-time mothers-to-be to accept assistance. The Nurse-Family Partnership model is currently being tried in Louisiana and nineteen other states on the basis of promising preliminary results—results achieved in the face of the nurses' preposterously difficult assignment. In regular visits until a baby is two years old, they try to address, simultaneously, the continual crises of poverty and the class-transcending anxiety of new maternity: this creature is inexplicable to me. Despite its ambition, the program is rooted in a pessimistic view of the future that awaits an American child born poor—a sense that the schools, day-care centers, and other institutions available to him may do little to nurture his talents. Shrewder, then, to insulate him by an exercise of uncommon intrusion: building for him, inside his home, a better parent.

Thus, no matter how chaotic the scene—no matter that Alexis's sister had taken a break from hacking chicken parts by the kitchen sink in order to satisfy the ex-inmate's sexual needs in the next room—Luwana's first task is to create an aura of momentousness around the new baby. As she moves through a household, giving advice about routine-building, breast-feeding, and storing shotguns out of reach, she attempts to win over not just a young mother but a typically unwieldy cast of supporting players, from the baby's father to the great-grandmother getting high in a tent behind the house. What Luwana tells each family may seem, on the face of it, fiction: that in this infant enormous possibilities inhere. But such fictions can be strategic, especially in cultures in which the act of becoming a mother is honored far more than what the mother subsequently does for her child.

Alexis, who wore a tight red T-shirt, would have been striking even without the pink improvements she'd made to her caramel-colored hair, and since fifth grade, when she'd lost interest in schoolwork, most of her opportunities had come from men who'd taken note of her looks. Lately, she'd been wishing that she'd had a longer, simpler childhood, but, in the childhood that she had, full

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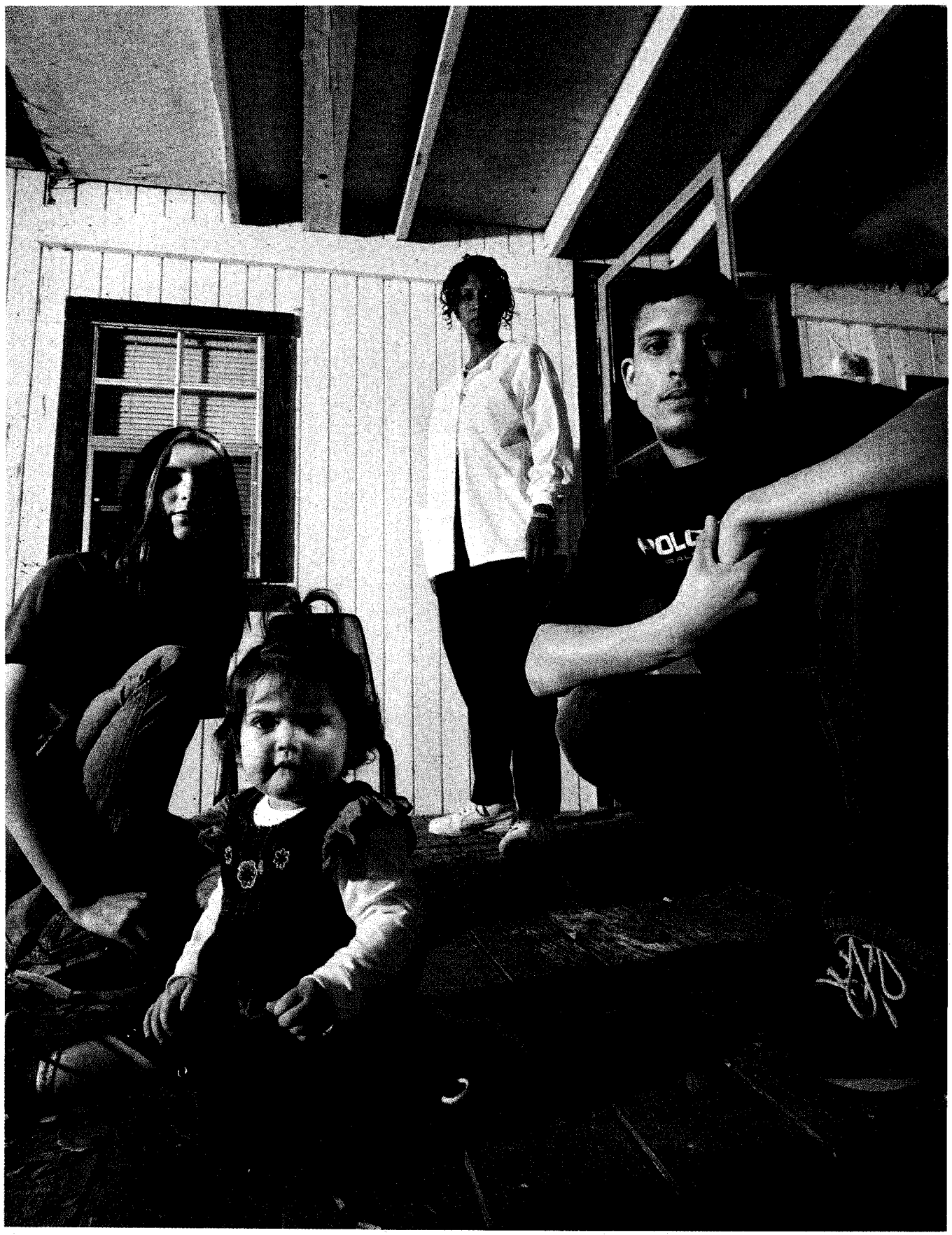

Luwana Marts, a "nurse-visitor," with Maggie Lander, her daughter, Maia, and Maia's father, José. Photograph by Alec Soth.

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hips and breasts and lips had served her well. They served her less well now. To Luwana's questions about Daigan's feeding schedule, she responded monosyllabically while studying her manicured fingers. She'd received the manicure, plus some blue balloons and a chocolate-chip cake, on what she called the "heartful" occasion of Daigan's birth. The days preceding his arrival had not been happy. Alexis lived with her mother and father, a grocery clerk and a construction worker who were in constant conflict. When Alexis was eight months pregnant, the fights grew so fierce that she fled the household altogether. Her recent return testified less to domestic reconciliation than to the impact that a squalling baby has on the sleepover invitations a girl receives.

As Luwana tried to draw Alexis out, the phone rang, and Alexis covered her ears. "I'm guessing this is Daigan's dad who keeps on calling," Luwana said, after the third round of unanswered rings. Alexis met her eyes for an instant, then burst into tears. "O.K., now," the nurse said, "spell it out for Miss Luwana." Between sniffles, the proximate cause of distress became clear. Daigan's father, a sturdy twenty-six-year-old named James, worked on a tugboat on the Mississippi River. That weekend, he would be returning to shore and expected to have sex with Alexis, though she was not healed from childbirth, nor was she using contraception.

"No way!" Luwana said. "Keep your legs closed: embed that in your brain. Tell him to keep his hands to himself. And if you can't stand up for yourself, stand up for Daigan. You've got a lot of work ahead, giving him what he needs. Look around, Alexis. You need another baby in this picture?"

"No," Alexis said dully. Then she brightened: "Miss Luwana, maybe you can write me an excuse note, like for gym?"

Luwana's church friends smiled knowingly when they learned that she worked for the state. They pictured cubicles, potted plants, and cushy hours. She seldom corrected this impression, nor did she say that some mornings, driving her six-year-old Maxima toward some difficult case, she wanted to turn north and spend the rest of her working life in more high-minded quarters. But Luwana's efforts were invigorated by the fact that twenty years ago she was herself a poor, pregnant teen-ager in these swamps. "I know now that there were government programs on the books designed to help girls in my situation, but back then, especially if you were black, you didn't hear about them," she said. She is now thirty-eight, with two sons and a husband who has spent most of his working life in a mill that makes paper cups. It took her fourteen years, between child-rearing and stints as a nurse's aide, to earn a bachelor's degree in nursing. Her state job pays thirty-five thousand dollars a year, half of what she'd make in the emergency room of a private hospital. "Oh, I have my material longings—every so often I'll throw a pity party for the house I'll never have," she said. "But quite a few of us nurses are working, you could say, in the context of our own memories."

"How he doing?" Alexis asked uneasily, as Luwana's fingers explored Daigan's soft spot.

"You're the mama," Luwana responded. "You tell me."

"He's got a big head like his father," Alexis said under her breath. Then she rallied: "He's not as cranky as he was. And one thing I learned already is how he cries different when he's hungry than when he's wet." Luwana bestowed on Alexis a dazzling smile that she had thus far reserved for Daigan. "Making that distinction is important," she said. "You're listening to him, and in his own way he's explaining what he needs. Pretty soon now he'll be making other sounds, and when he does you'll want to make that noise right back. He'll babble, and then you'll talk to him, and that's how you'll develop his language. Now, what you may also find, around five to eight weeks, is that he'll be crying even more—it's a normal part of his development, but it can also stress out the mom, so we'll want to be prepared for it. The main thing will be keeping calm. And if you just can't keep calm—if you find yourself getting all worked up and frustrated—well, then what?"

"Put him down? So I don't hurt him, shake him, make him brain-dead?"

"Put him down and . . . ?" Luwana drilled her girls hard on this particular point.

"Call someone who isn't upset? Let the baby be, and get help."

Luwana turned to Daigan and clapped. "See, your mama is getting it," she said, using the high-frequency tones that babies hear best. "She's surely going to figure you out."

There was a trick that Luwana relied on to stave off dejection: imagining how a given scene would unfold if she weren't in it. In Alexis's case—one that, in terms of degree of difficulty, fell roughly in the middle of her caseload—she knew that slight improvements had already been made. At Luwana's urging, Alexis had

"I'd never go out with him, but he does give great cubicle."

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stopped drinking and smoking when she was pregnant and had kept her prenatal appointments. So she wasn't incapable of changing her life on Daigan's behalf; the odds were just long.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor now, Luwana sang "Clementine" and made faces at Daigan, and for a moment Alexis studied this demonstration of engagement with her child. But then her gaze drifted over to her sister and the ex-con, who had emerged from the bedroom to chop the rest of the chicken. The young man, whose tattoos included white-supremacist ones, put on mirrored sunglasses for this task, a fashion choice that made Alexis giggle. Luwana's primary subject that day was infant attachment, a topic she tailored to fit Alexis's limited attention span. "A funny thing about the axe murderers," she said casually. "Usually something missing in the love link." And, indeed, axe-murdering seemed to register with both Alexis and the former prisoner, who set down his knife and came over. "I need to hear, too—mines is horrible," he said. "We whup him but since he turned two he don't do nothing we say, probably 'cause his mama on drugs and sleeping around and getting locked up—well, she's a whore."

"You hit a two-year-old?" Luwana asked, her eyes narrowing. "You teach him how to fight and are surprised when he turns around, starts fighting you?" She then fixed her stare on Alexis, who began examining the brown linoleum floor.

"The love link," Luwana began again. Now the room was still. "It's a cycle. When there's no safe base for the baby—when you're not meeting his basic needs, satisfying his hunger, keeping him out of harm's way—there will be no trust, no foundation for love. And that's when you might just get the axe murderer. Maybe sometimes we have a baby and expect that baby to comfort us? Well, sorry, it works the other way around. It's on you now to comfort him, earn his trust, because that's how Daigan is going to learn how to love."

Infant-development strategies, like other forms of social capital, are perversely distributed in America—fetishized in places where babies are fundamentally secure and likely to prosper, undervalued in places where babies are not. The nurse-visiting program aims, in a fashion, at equalization. The territory that Luwana and her colleagues cover begins an hour's drive southwest of New Orleans, down fog-prone highways lined with cypress trees which lead to the Gulf of Mexico. On the shoulders, turkey vultures pause, flicking mud from their wings. Mississippi River sediment shaped this marshy delta, to which eighteenth-century French Acadians, expelled by the British from Nova Scotia, laid a claim not hotly contested. The terrain now occupied by the exiles' descendants is muggy, heavily wooded, and visited so often by hurricanes that Katrina, which made landfall near here, failed to register as a main event. Residents have another, steadier battle with nature, because they've built their lives on one of the fastest-sinking landmasses on earth.

The social demographics are almost as fragile. Louisiana literacy rates are among the nation's lowest; infant-mortality and child-poverty rates—thirty per cent of all children are poor—are among the very highest; and almost half of all births are to single mothers. Historically, the swamp region's topography isolated it from the rest of the state, but drawbridges and thoroughfares have been erected in recent years, and cane fields now give way to Wal-Marts. Still, idiosyncratic child-rearing beliefs endure: a baby will become constipated if held by a menstruating woman; formula is healthier than breast milk; giving an infant a haircut before his first birthday will stunt his growth and hurt his brain.

The cases that Luwana and her fellow-nurses take typically begin with a referral from a public-health or prenatal clinic: a form indicating the age and address of an expectant mother and the baby's due date. Occasionally, a nurse shows up at the given address to find a mother-to-be converting Sudafed to methamphetamine on a hot plate. Other times, a pregnant girl's father is hostile because he's the probable father of his daughter's child. But the nurse's typical commission is to work with what she finds. And while Luwana believes that some aspects of mothering are instinctual, what she teaches is more like applied science. Her tools include a polystyrene demonstration baby named Dionne, picture books, a raft of developmental checklists, and, above all, her trade's bleak knowledge: babies can get used to almost anything—as many of those babies' mothers had.

The Nurse-Family Partnership program began twenty-eight years ago as the obsession of a developmental psychologist named David Olds. He is fifty-seven years old, with clear blue eyes and a tendency to fidget not unlike that of Luwana's adolescent mothers. He grew up in a working-class household and as a young man taught in an inner-city day-care center, an experience that led him to suspect that by age four or five some children are already gravely damaged. In the nineteen-seventies, after earning a Ph.D. at Cornell under the late child psychologist Urie Bronfenbrenner, he began working with colleagues to translate this grim view into an elaborate scheme of prevention. At the time, scientific knowledge about early brain development and the importance of a child's first years of learning was more limited than it is now. But for Olds, who has one biological child and two adopted children, intuition as much as evidence suggested that the rescue effort should begin before birth, and unfold in the setting where an infant would spend most of his time. As for what sort of person a low-income young woman might trust inside her home, he and his colleagues settled on nurses, who in poor communities have high status and medical expertise that many pregnant women want. In 1978, Olds used a federal grant to test his idea in Elmira, an economically depressed, mostly white community in New York's Southern Tier, which had the highest rates of child abuse and neglect in the state.

"Some policymakers look for cure-alls, which this isn't," said Olds, who continues to study his protocol's effects as the director of the Prevention Research Center for Family and Child Health, at the University of Colorado, in Denver. "We keep refining how we do this as the nurses report back on their experiences, because there's still a lot that we don't know—for instance, how best to help mothers who are battered or mentally ill." Nonetheless, when he conducted random-assignment evalua-

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"Did we mention that we spent last summer in Maine?"

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tions (among the most strenuous tests of a social program's effect) to gauge how the Elmira mothers and children were faring at the completion of the program, he found more improvement than he had expected. One of his chief concerns had been child abuse, and it turned out that children whose mothers had finished the nurse-visiting program were far less likely to be abused or injured than their counterparts in a control group. He also discovered that by the time the nurse-visited children were four, their mothers were more likely to be employed, off public assistance, and in stable relationships with their partners. Evaluations of two subsequent pilot programs—with primarily black families in Memphis and a racially diverse group in Denver—showed less dramatic results against control groups but suggested additional possibilities. By age six, for instance, the nurse-visited Memphis children had larger vocabularies, fewer mental-health problems, and slightly higher I.Q.s. In all three sites, the mothers had fewer subsequent children and longer spaces between them. An economic analysis of the Olds experiment commissioned by the state of Washington concluded that the approach—which currently costs around four thousand dollars per year per family—was cost-effective as well, because the children aided by the nurses had required fewer expensive social services such as foster care and hospitalization.

The early optimism surrounding programs meant to help poor children is often dispelled by the rigorous assessments that come later. Children may make startling intellectual and functional gains in the hothouse of a model program—say, a preschool run by skilled and idealistic teachers—but those gains tend to vanish when the children move on to their communities' less hospitable institutions. This phenomenon, known as "fade-out," is one of the great frustrations of antipoverty policy, and I was first drawn to Olds's work because his long-term findings seemed to defy the regressive trend. By the time the Elmira children turned fifteen, they were still demonstrably better off than their control-group peers. For instance, they'd been arrested far fewer times, one of several findings that inspired the U.S. Department of Justice to cite Olds's infant-intervention program as a model for the prevention of juvenile crime. I wondered, however, about the objectivity of the Olds studies, since, regardless of acceptance by peer-reviewed publications like the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, he is essentially grading his own work. When I raised specific questions about the long-term outcomes in Elmira, Olds decided to recalculate his data using seven different evaluation methodologies, grasping that such a test might undercut his life's work. He later reported that some of the original findings—for instance, those about Elmira teen-agers drinking and running away less than their counterparts—weren't holding up under a preliminary analysis. He was so dismayed by these results that he seemed oblivious of the fact that other evidence of the improved futures of nurse-visited children and their mothers was now about as solid as findings can be when the subject is social policy's impact on human behavior.

The nurse-visitor approach makes some liberals uneasy, because they fear that its focus on good parenting will undermine the fight for decent schools, quality day care, and other institutional supports for poor children. Libertarians recoil at a government-funded program that meddles in private lives, and child-welfare advocates have been frustrated by Olds's restraint. In their view, a "scientifically proven" approach like nurse-visiting could have attracted bipartisan support and been widely implemented years ago, if its creator had more emphatically promoted it.

Olds's cautiousness is based not just on a sense of personal fallibility but on what he considers the faltering of Head Start in the late sixties and seventies. A rapid, politically driven expansion inflated public expectation while diluting program standards; by the eighties, conservative policymakers were using Head Start's modest results to justify the rejection of other government antipoverty programs. Olds wants his protocol to expand incrementally, as he fine-tunes it. Currently, thanks to a hodgepodge of public and private funders, nurse-visitors in places as diverse as Los Angeles, Fargo, Allentown, Tulsa, and Bedford-Stuyvesant serve an annual twenty thousand of the United States' 2.5 million low-income children under the age of two.

Louisiana, where I decided to watch Olds's ideas at work over the course of a year, is one of nurse-visiting's most difficult settings. Legislators there have been sufficiently impressed with the program to more than double its size in four years, with the help of federal Medicaid dollars. But, in a state where nurses

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often run out of breath when recounting the disadvantages of their clients ("The mom I'm working with now is a sixteen-year-old unmedicated, bipolar rape victim and crack-addicted prostitute with a pattern of threatening to kill her social worker, who recently abandoned her baby at her ex-boyfriend's sister's, and who has an attempted murder charge in another situation—well, I think I've got all the risk factors," a colleague of Luwana's said one day), nurse-visiting is unlikely to be mistaken for a cure-all.

In the bayou, every schoolchild knows that a shrimp's heart is in its head, and that now it's cheaper to buy that shrimp from China. So last winter, in a neighborhood called Upper Little Caillou, people who once worked on the water were trawling for a service-sector niche. On homemade signs in yards, the inventory of salable goods continually evolved: "Shrimp/Alterations/Vinyl Blinds"; "Turtle Meat, Adult Novelties & Bail Bonds." Maggie Lander, a seventeen-year-old client of Luwana's, was among the residents hawking what she imagined rich people might want, such as her mother's cache of Harlequin novels. In the interest of clarity of message, though, the front of her home bore just one sign—"No smoking"—on behalf of her one-year-old daughter.

In a few years, Maggie figured, her daughter would perceive the deficiencies of her home, as Maggie did—understanding, for instance, that a sheet stapled to the ceiling wasn't what people usually meant by an interior wall. But she chose to believe what Luwana had told her: that babies didn't care about the surface of things. Their standards were deeper, Maggie believed, than those of some grownups she knew.

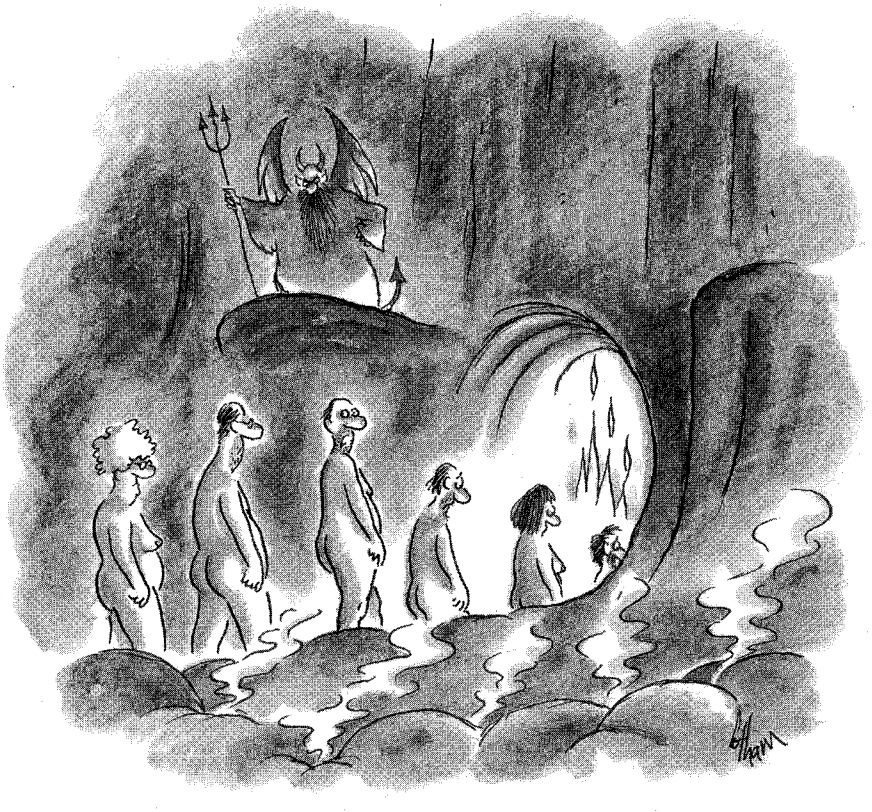
In addition to selling secondhand goods, Maggie worked for a janitorial service. She has a lisp, a vulpine face, and auburn hair that she parts down the middle and often lets fall over her eyes. When Luwana came around, though, Maggie tucked the strands behind her ears, revealing the sallow beauty of a Victorian consumptive. For a half-Mexican, half-Native American schoolmate named José Hernandez, the sexual attraction had been intense. It wasn't entirely an accident when, after a year and a half of courtship, she got pregnant.

In the bayou region, which is traditionally Catholic, no doctors admit to performing abortions. Home remedies, though, are highly evolved: blue cohosh root, a belly flop from bed to floor, the placenta-rupturing magic of cocaine. ("Is the baby shaking yet?" practitioners of this late-stage strategy asked when they entered the local emergency room; they knew the drill better than the doctors did.) But most pregnancies here were not terminated; as Maggie's mother liked to say, "God doesn't make mistakes." Maggie concurred with this theory. Still, when Luwana first appeared on her broken front porch, she was relieved to have a fresh pair of eyes on her life.

David Olds and his researchers like findings that can be quantified, and Luwana has learned to report her experiences accordingly. The forms she filled out, however, didn't always capture the extent of a family's despair. The first time she'd come to Maggie's house, she had found an intelligent, underfed tenth grader in her second trimester who was sick with untreated hepatitis B and was also trying to care for her mother, who was bedridden and weighed eighty-two pounds. "I was in another world then, wanting to die," Maggie's mother, whose name is Tammy, recalled. "I'd been played the fool by a man I thought wanted a wife." Though mother and daughter shared malnourishment, depression, and very close quarters, they seemed to exist in separate spheres.

One afternoon before Christmas, the effects of Luwana's yearlong campaign against hopelessness were easy to see. The baby, whose name is Maia, was an exuberant babbler, with a paunch so magisterial that her patchwork jeans were left unbuttoned. Maggie's mother was rounder, too, thanks to antidepressants, and she was working alongside Maggie at the cleaning company. Maggie was buoyed by her recent engagement to José, whom Maia plainly adored. He had moved into the house shortly before his daughter's birth, and he, Maggie, and Maia now occupied a sweltering room in the rafters.

As Maggie discussed her low-budget wedding plans with Luwana, she bounced her dark-skinned daughter gently, while her fingers traced shapes on the baby's thigh. Maggie had become a diligent student of child-development technique, reading aloud so often from the parenting handouts Luwana had



"This is the part of religion we could do without."

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given her that she got on José's nerves. "She's, 'Listen to this on early brain development,' and I'm like 'O.K., I was here when Luwana went over it, I know,'" he said. "But she has to memorize this stuff." Luwana, of course, found the habit agreeable, and privately gave Maggie her highest praise: "The girl's an overcomer." But, in the swamps, a massively improved life is not the same as a good one.

Maggie was now weak from the interferon that Luwana pressed her to take for her hepatitis. Maggie didn't know whether she had caught the disease from the twenty-five-year-old to whom she lost her virginity, at age thirteen, or whether she had been born with it. But the combined pressures of infirmity and maternity had led her to a decision with which Luwana took strong issue: dropping out of school after Maia was born.

"I'm just trying to see that we're taking logical steps here," the nurse said gently. A fiercer iteration of her argument—that bearing a child as an unmarried teen-ager and failing to finish high school were matchless predictors of lifetime poverty—had just brought tears to Maggie's eyes. "You have too much to lose, and I know you don't want to clean houses all your life. Remember when I met you? It was one of the first things you said—how adamant you were about finishing?"

"I will go back, Miss Luwana, I promise," Maggie replied. "It's just now, with my job and Maia doing so many new things—I don't know. . . ." Luwana's concern with diplomas, career plans, and jobs with benefits wasn't shared by many people Maggie knew. In a sinking region, land and housing came cheap, and dinner could be yanked from the brown water, so uneducated people could in fact "work the odd one," "do for themselves," and get by.

Luwana, like many of her clients, is good at suppressing emotion. Among her cases were a young mother who had attempted suicide in her third trimester, two others who'd been violently abused, and one who was paraplegic and mentally disabled. Maggie's case troubled the nurse differently. She saw in the girl something of her younger self—"You know, that caged bird singing"—and feared the potential was going to be lost.

TRANSLATING AMERICAN POETS

They might not care for such a change of place—
from Long Island Santa Barbara the City Lights bookstore
in San Francisco
from a trapper's shack on a clear stream in Pate Valley
from beds where they lie still half asleep
from smoke-filled taverns and clubs
from motels where they throw off shoes after a day's hike in a clay valley
from a secluded farm in Missouri from a well-to-do house in Washington
from a night bar in New York City—
they rebel against this uncalled-for move
to Eastern Europe which they know so little
though it's not you but your poems that have wandered over to us
You don't even know what a warm welcome met them here
for reasons I can only guess without certainty:
because you honored in them your anxieties and vanities

"I mean, I'm not going to be just some dropout," Maggie promised Luwana now, gathering conviction. She reminded the nurse of a pact she'd made with José, who worked nights with her on the cleaning crew and spent his days in high school. He'd get his diploma while she took care of Maia, then it would be her turn for school.

"So he's going to be the main one keeping Maia, is that what you're saying?" Luwana said skeptically. "You're going to trust him with her next year when you don't trust him now—when he doesn't wake up when she's crying?" In the year that Luwana and Maggie had spent together, Luwana had grown alert to the girl's romantic habits of mind.

When Maggie and José cleaned houses for lawyers and car dealers, José enjoyed discoveries of drug stashes and signs of affairs. "Wife large," he'd say with a broken-toothed smile, brandishing a find. "Panties behind the trash can in the bathroom, petite." Maggie preferred to dwell on other evidence. "I like dirty kitchens more than the fancy spotless ones," she said, "because in the dirty ones you can picture the homey wife and the father and kids all eating together and talking like a family." She hoped to replicate this scenario with José and Maia.

"Let's see," she said one day of the family life she had personally experienced. "In the last few years, we stayed in that trailer park we couldn't afford, then the little blue house we couldn't afford, either—had to give it back. Then a trailer park, then my auntie's trailer when we couldn't afford the trailer, then back to the trailer park, then straight to a little bitty camper behind my aunt's trailer—now, *that* was tiny, you walk in the door, there's a mattress and a table and that's it. Then we moved in with my uncle, then with my mom's boyfriend, then back to the trailer park, then back to the boyfriend, then back to my uncle, and then here."

Luwana had bettered her own circumstances with the help of caring teachers and strong parents, neither of which Maggie seemed to have. Her father, an illiterate as well as an addict, beat her mother when Maggie was young, and then his neck was broken in a car wreck. Afterward, he got sober, found religion, and separated from Tammy. Both parents are devoted to Maggie, but their leverage is minimal. "I hear Luwana saying to Maggie, 'It's not about you, you're making decisions for your daughter now,'" Tammy once said, "and I can almost see it on the tip of Maggie's tongue, 'But you didn't, Mom. You didn't look out for me.'" Tammy thought often about a day, shortly before Maggie got pregnant, when her daughter told her she was suicidal. "I didn't want to hear it," Tammy said. "I just wanted to believe that Maggie was the one thing in my lousy life I'd done right." Now Maggie considered Maia one thing that she was doing right.

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your maladies and follies your cars and flowers
your travels and landscapes gathered along the way
your hatred of big cities and rapture over them
Chicago New York New Orleans the Golden Gate Brooklyn Bridge
names dreamed for years by European teen-agers
together with hopes for great change and fame
this is the dowry you bring
in poems not aiming at greatness but showing the calendar of ordinariness
seen through the eyes of a farmer a neurotic and hypochondriac
a dipsomaniac a nymphomaniac and a tramp
brimming with life trampled by a gang of misfortunes and failures
proud of democracy and cursing its abuses
It is wonderful to be able to look at one's own country
as at a man whose virtues and vices can be discussed without fear

—*Julia Hartwig*

(*Translated, from the Polish, by John and Bogdana Carpenter.*)

Luwana crouched to study the teen-ager as she and Maia played with a set of plastic blocks. Some adolescents were reluctant to play with their babies because it violated their code of nonchalance. Maggie, though, played zealously until Maia lost interest and tried to crawl away. When Maggie picked her up, Luwana objected: "She's at an age where it's good for her to explore. You want to let her learn to be independent."

"House isn't safe," Maggie said, running her hand across a patch of rough plywood. "I gotta keep her in one place."

"Your authority is her safety, too," Luwana said, then whispered excitedly in Maia's ear, "Let's see you walk! You want to walk? I think you want to walk!"

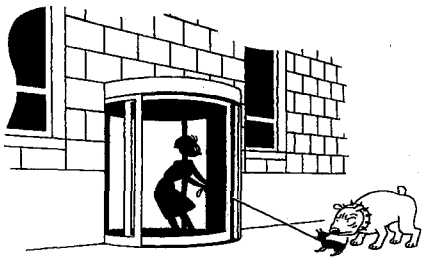
"She doesn't want to, she's not ready," Maggie protested. Luwana raised an eyebrow, and then they both laughed. It was Maggie who wasn't ready. She said, "It's like, stop here where it's happy, because what if the rest ain't this good?"

Every December, Santa Claus comes down the bayou on a shrimp boat twinkling with lights, at which time bitterness begins to rise in a swamp nurse's heart. This is the season when families whose financial and emotional problems she's been working for months to unravel go deep into debt, drink themselves into oblivion, and beat each other up with more than usual frequency. On Christmas Day, their babies get "Lion King" DVDs that they can't watch, because the television has been repossessed. For Luwana, the rest of the winter is mop-up.

One morning in February, Luwana and six other nurses gathered at the Terrebonne Parish Health Unit, in a low-slung concrete building situated between a shabby neighborhood and an oil rig. A space shortage meant that the nurses conducted their weekly meetings in a storage area, but to Luwana the hours there were luxurious—a time of reassurance that she wasn't working alone.

Waiting for the late arrivals, the nurses discussed the deficiencies of the Atkins diet and the doings of their own adolescent children. Luwana's younger son was a smart and willful twelve-year-old, and the other nurses nodded knowingly at her assertion "I'm better with other people's kids than I am with my own."

The meeting came to order with the appearance of Claudette McKay, the unit's fifty-seven-year-old supervisor; she'd been one of the first nurse-visitors in the region—apparently a memorable one. At noon the day before, as she drove through Terrebonne Parish to a local diner, a young woman in a skullcap yelled in her open window, "I'm going to carjack you!" "You skipped your birth-control appointment!" Claudette barked back, unfazed, as the girl, a client from four years ago, smiled sheepishly and promised to return to the clinic. A few minutes later, as the nurse ate lunch, a little girl across the diner started gesturing wildly in her direction. "One of mine," Claudette said. "Interesting how, years later, they still react to the voice."



Now Claudette's bifocals slid down her nose as she ripped through orders of business, one item of which was the resignation of a nurse, who had taken a less stressful job. Then she turned to Luwana: "Which of your wonderful cases do you want to tell us about today?" Claudette could be hard on Luwana, whom she'd hired two years before. At the time, Luwana had envisioned a job that left time for her husband, children, and the teen-agers she tutored and counselled at her church. But in a place where resistance to nurse-visiting was great, and sixty-four per cent of mothers abandoned the program before their children turned two, Claudette expected—and in Luwana's case eventually got—passionate commitment.

Although passion is tricky to sustain in the winter, Luwana took solace in two girls she called "my model moms" and in the unexpected stability of Alexis. On Valentine's Day, the teen-ager had accepted a marriage proposal from Daigan's father, who had a steady income from tugboat work. They'd moved into an apartment down the street from her parents, which Alexis planned to decorate in "purples and blues." Away from her parents' home, she seemed happier and marginally more attentive to Daigan; she was also, finally, on birth control. So today Luwana solicited her colleagues' advice on a different case: a household in which, as she worked with the mother and baby, a libidinous grandmother kept trying to feel her up. "I try not to make a big deal about it, because I don't want to lose the trust I've gained with the family," Luwana said. "But I have to say, Eeeeeee! I don't like it."

As the other nurses burst into laughter, Claudette, who happened to know

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the grandmother in question, suggested that a confrontation wouldn't be as counterproductive as Luwana feared. "Next time she tries, you just say, 'Honey, back it up,' " she advised. "She'll get that sort of language, since she's all in your face herself."

The discussion moved on to several mentally retarded mothers who, inexplicably, had been cut from disability rolls. The nurses sometimes had to scramble to prevent retarded mothers and their children from being evicted while convincing the bureaucracy that the person who had an I.Q. of sixty last year had roughly the same I.Q. now. And then the nurses turned to a case that worried them all: a withdrawn seventh grader in a violent household who appeared, in her third trimester, to be starving her baby.

One of the nurses said, "I'm at that door every day, but they won't open it, and now she's not going to school. I'm afraid she'll try to abort the baby on her own." The nurses hoped to get the girl into a Baton Rouge home for expectant mothers—and quickly, because when last seen she had been bloody from a fight with her mother. This abuse had been reported to child-protection authorities, who concluded that the girl was safe where she was.

That week, state officials were vowing to reform the child-protection system, after a violent shaking left an eight-month-old boy in a nearby town brain-dead. But the nurses understood what was left unsaid: though state child-abuse deaths were rising, a shortage of child-protection workers, family services, and foster parents meant that at-risk children were often stuck in dangerous homes. The nurses eventually decided that the safety of the seventh grader necessitated what they called "the back-channel option," involving an appeal to a sympathetic local judge. Then the women grabbed their satchels and headed out down the bayous, to fresh troubles they would keep to themselves until they met the following week.

"How many centimetres?" Luwana said into her cell phone one day as she drove down the highway. "Well, baby, that's what the epidural is for, you don't feel it. Sometimes it also gives you chills, be ready for that. I'll be there as soon as I can." Luwana's niece was about to give birth after what the nurse called "the longest pregnancy, emotionally speaking, on record," and Luwana had been at the hospital most of the night. Her fatigue was exacerbated by the fact that her next client, Alexis, had just left a message telling her not to come. Luwana turned off the main road and drove down gravel paths in search of a cell-phone signal. First she called Alexis's sister, whom she had recently turned into an informant, and who reported that Alexis and James, her fiancé, had been brawling. "Look, Alexis, I'm not trying to get in your business," she was saying a few minutes later, "but Daigan is my business. O.K., O.K., can I see you tomorrow? No, I need to see you tomorrow." When she hung up, she said, "I don't feel good about this."

Although by now Alexis had mastered the good-mother script—"I can't stand leaving Daigan, he's developing so fine and I don't want to miss nothing"—the baby seemed, at six months, to contradict her. He was lethargic and close to obese, which Luwana attributed to Alexis's discovery that overfeeding a baby will make him sleep more. As she fretted, her cell phone rang again. "Eight centimetres?" she said in a voice considerably brighter than her mood. "Baby, I'll be there as soon as I can."

Her last visit of the afternoon was with an introverted young woman named Krystal. (Many teen-age mothers on the bayou are named either Krystle or Alexis, after feuding characters in the television show "Dynasty," which was popular when they were born.) Four months earlier, when Krystal's son was two weeks old, the young mother had seemed overwhelmed by her baby, and further rattled by a belief that, after a Cesarean, the obstetrician had left his instruments in her belly. Since then, Krystal had become improbably adept with her son. "My pa be saying, 'There's something wrong with your baby, all these noises he's making,'" she now told Luwana, laughing. "I told him, Pa, you ain't know about preverbal—my baby is talking." Krystal, like most of the literate mothers in Luwana's caseload, was now reading to her baby as well as talking to him, and had become obsessed with his developmental progress. That day was her son's four-month evaluation, and Krystal watched solemnly as the nurse explained the neurological, auditory, and visual cues she was looking for, and jotted estimations in a notebook. After several minutes, the nurse sat up straight. "Mama!" she announced.

"Well, it's official. Any chance for candle-in-the-wind notoriety has pretty much passed us by."

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"He's on task!" Relief flooded Krystal's face.

By the time Luwana left the house, another impoverished baby had joined the citizenry of Louisiana: her niece's six-pound-ten-ounce son. Outside Terrebonne General Hospital, the new father was waiting to dramatize the day's high points: "Man, I be getting sick with they snipping her little bits to get the baby out. But guess what," he added mischievously, "he got a hairy back just like his mama." In the recovery room, Luwana hugged her niece and dropped a gift bag on the table: condoms and contraceptive foam. "This is wonderful," Luwana told the couple, shaking her head. "And it's going to be a long, long time before you do it again."

Luwana waited again on Alexis's porch. "I knew she would do me like this," she said, rising on tiptoe to check a bedroom window. By now, she was expert in the ruses of the poor: although they couldn't afford to stay away long, they were often quite good at hiding. After a few minutes, she gave up and got back into her car, at which time something down the road caught her attention. She swallowed hard and hit the gas, overtaking a strapping, sunburned man on a motorcycle.

"James!" she yelled, leaning out the window. Daigan's father turned around, surprised.

He climbed off the bike, removed his helmet, and stared past the nurse toward Alexis's little wooden house. "Well," he said, "she broke my heart. And you know all what I did for her—you saw."

Luwana got to the point: "Where's my baby?"

"The new guy got no job, on drugs, on parole, got warrants out for his arrest. And"—James's tone suggested this failing was the greatest—"ain't got no car."

"And . . . Daigan? You know that's my main concern."

"My first thought is that Alexis is bringing that boy around people he shouldn't be around, you know, but ain't nothing I can do about it 'til I got definite proof. But, uh . . ." He hesitated for a minute, then told the nurse that he had caught Alexis and the young man together.

"You *saw*?" Luwana asked, uneasy.

"My own eyes."

"James, did you react? Maintain . . . composure?"

"I retained my composure, Miss Luwana, I did. It was hard but I did."

"Just get up, get out?"

He nodded.

"Takes a big man, James," she said, exhaling. "Takes a big man."

Tears filled the man's eyes. "I don't know what happened," he said. "I'm moving out today. Dude probably up in there so I got to go."

"But you have to work out some arrangements, James. Because whatever happens, Daigan still needs you to be the dad."

"I know, I will," he said, in a tone that said he wouldn't, and as he rode off Luwana shuddered. She tended to think of a given child's circumstances as the product of many generations; sometimes, though, the speed of change stunned her. In the time it took to smoke a cigarette, children could be stripped of their fathers. "And in the middle of this is the poor . . . Daigan," she said as she pulled back onto the roadway, "and I can't talk to Alexis, can't see where her head is at, I just . . ." She took a wrong turn, braked at a dead end, and rested her forehead on the steering wheel. "I don't know what I am doing."

Then she sat up straight, shifted into reverse, and repeated the word she'd just said to Daigan's father: "Composure. Composure."

Over the winter, Maggie had stopped taking her hepatitis medicine, as it made her too tired to work. José may have contracted the disease as well, but had decided that ignorance was preferable to treatment. Luwana had ruled out ignorance in the case of their daughter, however, and arrived at the house one stormy afternoon to hear the results of the toddler's test.

"It's all messed up," Maggie informed her. "We have to do the test over, but I don't know why—maybe they don't tell me stuff because they think I'm a kid."

"You *are* a kid," José snapped at Maggie. He was staring at her from the far end of the room, a black look in his eyes. When their one-year-old daughter ambled toward him, he scooped her up and began to sing a Metallica song into her ear:

> I have lost the will to live
> Simply nothing more to give
> There is nothing more for me
> Need the end to set me free.

"Look," Luwana said, temporarily ignoring the domestic drama. "You guys have got to step up, make the doctors explain. Never leave that office until you understand what's going on, even if you have to say, 'Let me see the records'—they're your records, because Maia is your baby. If she's sick, you're going to have to fight for her, and you're going to have to have the information down." Luwana wrote for a minute in her notebook, then looked up. "O.K., I'm all ears: What is up with you two? And Maggie, what's the deal with the hair?"

The deal with the hair was that Maggie had dyed it black with two platinum skunk-streaks, because skunky was how she was feeling. "It's over—we're not getting married," she told Luwana. "I just blew up my life, right there." José nodded, leaving Maggie to explain: how she and José had fought, and how she'd had sex with one of his friends; how the next day, José's high-school classmate tipped him off, and the guilty friend had proffered the details. José had promptly abandoned his cleaning-crew job, stopped his financial contributions to the household, and was moving out. Maggie's mother sat behind the couple, listening with her head in her hands. She'd been working sixteen-hour shifts to compensate for the lost income; still, her bank account was overdrawn.

"The pressures," Maggie said miserably. "The men come at you, and when they get what they want they don't like you for it. I mean, I know that's how it works. And I know that José is the person I want to marry—I wanted the three of us to grow up together."

"Well, I don't do forgiveness," José said. "And I don't do nice, either. Maybe logical, maybe even humane. But nice doesn't help for nothing in this world."

Luwana immediately set out to discourage José from doing what Daigan's father had done: abandon the baby along with the mother. "You can't take this anger out on Maia," she told him with some heat. "This girl has bonded hard with you—you see it, you hear her call you Daddy. And if she has hepatitis

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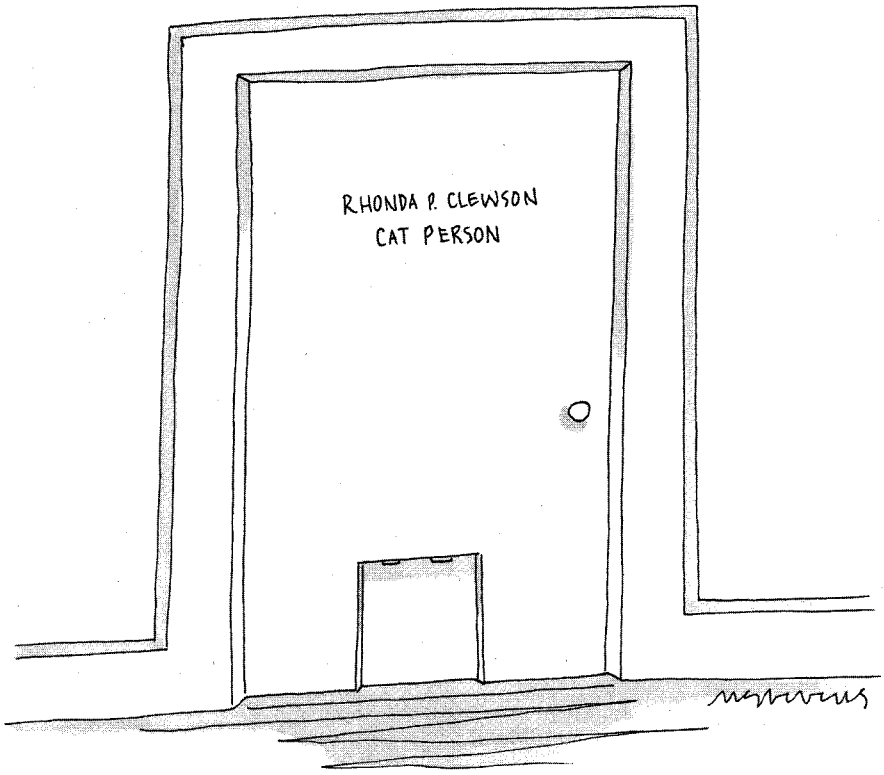

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it's only that much more important that you keep the bond strong. She is going to need both of you for a long, long time."

"She's a smart girl," José said, rubbing his forearms and looking at his daughter, who now stood in an open cupboard blowing kisses around the room like a film star. "We're trying to keep it from her but I think she already knows. I mean, I'm not thinking straight, all I can think about Maggie is bad names. But if I let myself get angry . . ." He paused, then concluded, "Well, that would be it."

"When we have a child, sometimes we feel like being a parent, and sometimes we don't," Luwana said. "And when we don't feel it we act our way through it, because Maia is no sweater you bought at Wal-Mart and change your mind about." There was a silence then, and Maggie looked away. Atop the cupboard was an old photo of Maggie in eyeglasses donated by the Lions Club—"back when I was ten and nerdful and smart." If she had it to do over, she wouldn't have brought Maia into the world and tried to make a family with José. But this belated realization made her feel more ashamed than she already felt.

"So fake it," Luwana said, "starting now." She hugged them both, then ushered them out into the storm. "No point in postponing Maia's test," she said by way of goodbye. "Sooner we know if she's sick, the better we plan."

Maggie drove to the hospital, tense and wincing. Rain pummelled the wild irises that had come into bloom on the roadsides, traffic was slow, and other drivers were being hard on their horns. "You were the coolest," José hissed into her ear, mindful of what their daughter was overhearing. "You liked my sports, my music, my video games, and then you went and acted like any other stupid girl . . ." By the time they arrived, they were sick of the argument and each other, and they refocussed their attention on Maia. As the baby had her blood drawn, they hovered over her, declared her brave, exclaimed over a Sesame Street Band-Aid. Then they went their separate ways: José with Maia to hang out at his parents' house, and Maggie to a week of double shifts at work.

In the month that followed, the girl's janitorial specialties, "garbage and floors," brought her almost unsettling comfort; it was only when she'd put up the mops that Metallica's "lost the will to live" song began to run at high speed through her mind. There was a chance that Luwana could help her get her head straight about sex and win José back. But there was little chance that their daughter was going to have a normal life. The test results had confirmed it: Maia's liver was already damaged by hepatitis, and the odds were one in four that she would develop potentially fatal complications.

When Maggie was seven months pregnant, Luwana had asked her to write down the qualities she hoped to pass on to her daughter. "How to be a lady," Maggie wrote first, and then "What love is." She wasn't thinking then about the worst parts of herself, and how those, too, could be transmitted.

In the summer of 2005, the Census Bureau reported that poverty had increased in the United States for the fourth straight year; and the Nurse-Family Partnership produced an empirical snapshot of the one thousand mothers and children in Louisiana who had finished the nurse-visiting program. By some measures, the nurses' efforts seemed to have been trumped by local custom: only a third of the mothers had forsaken formula to attempt breast-feeding, for instance. Other findings were more encouraging, though. By the time their children turned two, almost sixty per cent of mothers over twenty were working, and forty-one per cent of those who had started the program without a high-school diploma or equivalency degree had one in hand. And though it was too soon to determine whether their children's intellectual capacities had been strengthened, one of the study's findings was suggestive. Thirty per cent of toddlers had scored in the top quartile of a national test of language development. But Luwana couldn't help thinking of the mothers and babies who hadn't flourished, and the battle of wills she was now losing with Alexis.

Luwana had pushed Alexis to support herself instead of counting on men, and in July this wish was realized. The teen-ager took a full-time job as a short-order cook, earning six dollars an hour. And while her latest lover didn't have a job, he didn't have a criminal record, either, and sometimes babysat while she worked. But then there was Daigan: a jolly ten-month-old with eyes that missed nothing and a body so large that he was unable to crawl.

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As Luwana held him, her trusty mind-trick—would this scene have been worse without me in it—didn't provide the comfort it sometimes did. "I think she'll keep making small changes in the months ahead, but now I don't expect a transformation," Luwana said of Alexis. "She doesn't want for herself what I want for her, and that's something I have to make myself accept."

Alexis concurred with the nurse's forecast, and decided to quit the program. One evening in August, she sat on the couch and looked at Daigan, who was on the floor in a "Motor Speedway Heavy Duty" T-shirt, staring back. "Luwana really cares about me," she said. "And she's helped me a lot—I learned stuff, like how old they gonna get and what they gonna go through and how they gonna grow. But what Luwana says to do—well, basically, I just do it my way." She had recently miscarried her new boyfriend's baby, she said as Daigan emitted a single high shriek. As she reflected on the miscarriage, sadness softened her face, until another thought hit her, and she broke into a beautiful smile. Her boyfriend was eager to try again, she said. "And next I want a little girl."

A few days later, Luwana arrived at Maggie's house to find that a tropical storm had blown off part of the roof. She scarcely noticed, as she had come to celebrate a battle that she'd won. The day before, Maggie had returned to high school. The girl spiritedly shared some newfound knowledge: "In Rome, the invaders came and tried to wipe out all the intelligent people—all the teachers and libraries—because they didn't want the competition, but then everyone ended up kind of stupid." José, who was with her, then took her hand. Together, they informed Luwana that decisions bigger than high school had also been made. José was joining the Marines, and he and Maggie had decided to marry. In the telling, their mouths were straight lines. Love and patriotism were not much on their minds.

"I'm less nervous about Iraq than I am about marrying Maggie," José told the nurse as he and Maggie took turns pushing the talkative eighteen-month-old Maia around in an empty diaper box. Since they lived in a community with a particularly high death rate in the war, Maggie saw the Marine Corps and marriage as equally distressing propositions. But the couple had made a hard calculation, and there were two things they wanted for their daughter that they didn't know another way to get: good, possibly life-extending medical care and a habitable dwelling in which she might grow up.

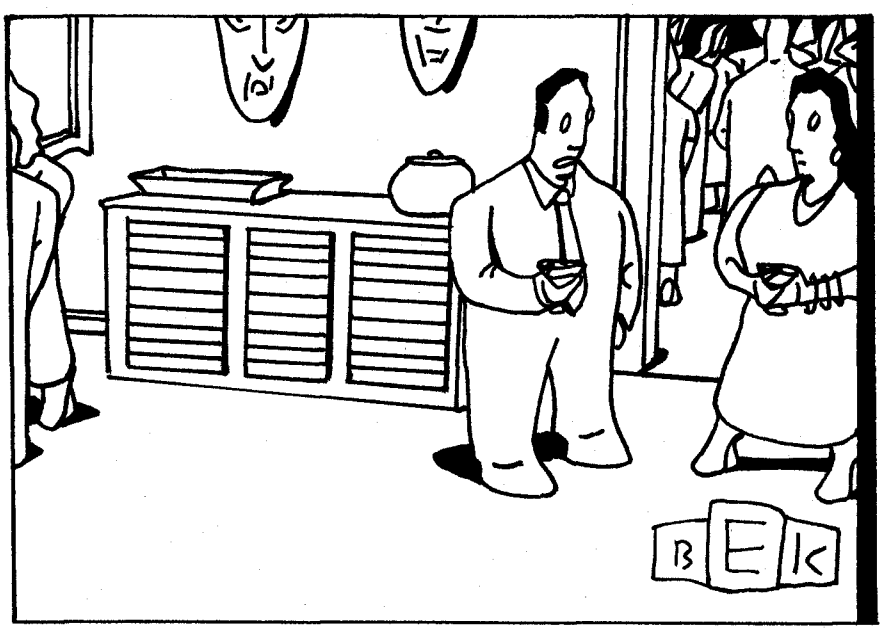
A few days later, Katrina came through the swamps, damaging homes but sparing lives. As Luwana cared for injured New Orleaneans in a triage unit, Maggie, José, and their families undertook a familiar ritual in this hurricane alley: taping together broken windows, eating from cans, and waiting for the electricity to return. One day, Maggie, whose skin was mottled with poison ivy after bundling up fallen branches, realized that there were just enough food stamps left to buy a wedding cake at Wal-Mart.

The ceremony would take place on a building site that Maggie's father mowed for pocket money. There was a gazebo on the field and, one rainy evening shortly before José left for boot camp, a silver cloud of mosquitoes as well. The wedding guests assembled, the shrimpers among them watching the sky as they slapped and scratched. Heat lightning flashed; somewhere, new storms were gathering, and the Gulf waters felt to them weirdly warm. They sensed another hurricane, Rita, which would arrive the following week and obliterate thousands of fragile dwellings in Luwana's territory. Among the homeless would be Maggie and Maia.

But now the bride, waiting for her mother to find the tape with the wedding music on it, leaned into a mirror to see if her tube of lipstick had met its target despite her shakes. She'd seen enough movies to know that such trembling was normal, and that these moments before the vows were for dreaming. "Three bedrooms someday," she said as Luwana came to escort her across the field. "And two baths."

Afterward, Luwana tried to feel optimistic—to see, in the tough choices of two teen-agers, real hope for an impoverished American child. And if the sacrifice and exertion required to secure that tenuous possibility struck her as outsized, well, she was a practical woman, and she had a fresh obligation in a hamlet named Cut Off—a newborn whose parents had met in court-ordered drug rehab and then broke up.

"So beautiful, Miss Alaysia, even when you cry," Luwana sang off-key to Cut Off's newest resident, a dark-haired girl in a soiled white dress. "Real tears already? Baby, you're quick! Now Mama, are you reading to her yet?" ♦



"I'm a vegetarian who eats meat."

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FORGIVENESS

Joseph Ratzinger after the war.

BY TIMOTHY W. RYBACK

In the spring of 2004, Joseph Ratzinger went to France as the personal representative of Pope John Paul II, who had asked him to deliver papal blessings at the commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Allied landings in Normandy. Ratzinger, who was then seventy-seven and a cardinal, was to participate in several services, including an ecumenical ceremony in English with Cardinal Francis George, of Chicago, at Omaha Beach on Saturday, June 5th. The next day, Ratzinger joined more than a dozen government leaders on the beach at Arromanches. The dignitaries included the French President, Jacques Chirac; the German Chancellor, Gerhard Schröder; the Russian President, Vladimir Putin; Queen Elizabeth II; and George W. Bush.

After the Saturday-morning ceremony at the American cemetery at Omaha Beach, attended by thousands of United States veterans and covered by the major American television networks, Ratzinger had lunch with Pierre Pican, the Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux, and then drove twenty minutes along the two-lane N 13 to the isolated cemetery of La Cambe in order to pay his respects to the twenty-one thousand German war dead buried there. There was little publicity for the event, and few reporters were present.

Ratzinger's discretion was understandable. Among those buried at La Cambe were members of the Waffen S.S. panzer division Das Reich, an élite military arm of the Nazis. The dead included Michael Wittmann, a legendary tank commander, and Adolf Diekmann, a major—*Sturmbannführer*—who oversaw the massacre of villagers in nearby Oradour-sur-Glane. Of the six hundred and forty-two victims, two hundred and thirty-one were children; only six villagers survived.

In the weeks leading up to the commemoration, conservative opposition leaders in Germany noted that Schröder had excluded La Cambe from his Normandy itinerary, and the cemetery became the focus of an acrimonious public debate. "Herr Schröder is constantly preaching patriotism," Peter Ramsauer, a conservative member of the Bundestag, said. "But if he passes a cemetery for German soldiers and does not lay a wreath, to my mind he is an anti-patriot." The centrist Free Democrat Günther Nolting also urged Schröder to reconsider. From the fringe right came charges of *Vaterlandverrat*—betrayal of the fatherland.

For Schröder, Helmut Kohl's efforts to honor the German war dead, two decades earlier, still resonated. As part of Ronald Reagan's 1985 visit to West Germany, Kohl arranged a wreath-laying ceremony at a German military cemetery near the American base in Bitburg. When American journalists reported that the cemetery contained the graves of S.S. soldiers, protesters demanded that the ceremony be cancelled. Two weeks before Reagan's trip to Germany, Elie Wiesel, while accepting the Congressional Medal of Honor, spoke out against the proposed visit. "That place, Mr. President, is not your place," he said. "Your place is with the victims of the S.S." For Kohl, the situation was politically impossible. If he relented, he would be accused of bowing to foreign pressure. If he went ahead, he risked international outrage. Horst Teltschik, Kohl's foreign-policy adviser, told me that when Kohl called Reagan to discuss the scheduled visit Reagan said, "Helmut, we are going to do it." Lou Cannon, a Reagan biographer, suggests that Reagan would have welcomed an excuse to cancel the visit, which took place as planned despite continued criticism. Schröder, as the first German Chancellor to attend a Normandy commemoration, was determined to avoid a repeat of the Bitburg debacle. At Bitburg, there were dozens of S.S. graves. At La Cambe, there were hundreds.

Unlike the American cemetery at Omaha Beach, with its 9,387 pristine white marble headstones, La Cambe is a sombre and distinctly Teutonic enclosure. Clusters of waist-high markers, rough-hewn from granite in the shape of Iron Crosses, stand amid the individual tombstones. Many graves bear the anonymous inscription "*Ein deutscher Soldat*" ("A German soldier"). A central tumulus contains the remains of an additional two hundred and ninety-six unidentified soldiers, and is dominated by a large stone marker, also in the shape of an Iron Cross. Relatively few people visit La Cambe; most are returning German war veterans, or German families mourning their fallen kin. On the afternoon of Ratzinger's visit, the cemetery was virtually empty. A film crew wandered the grounds in search of people to interview, as did a correspondent for the *Berliner Zeitung* and a reporter for the local newspaper *Paris-Normandie.*

Shortly after two o'clock, Ratzinger entered the cemetery, accompanied by Pican and Fortunato Baldelli, the papal nuncio to France, as well as a few other Church officials. The procession moved solemnly along the central axis of the cemetery, and assembled at the base of the tumulus.

"In this hour, we bow in respect to the dead of the Second World War," Ratzinger said. "We remember the many young people from our homeland whose futures and hopes were destroyed in the bloody slaughter of the war. As Germans, we cannot help but be painfully moved to realize that their idealism and their obedience to the state were misused by an unjust government." Ratzinger regretted that *Pflicht*—the blind and unquestioning

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Opposite: Ratzinger in uniform. His pronouncements on collective German responsibility have raised questions of theology.

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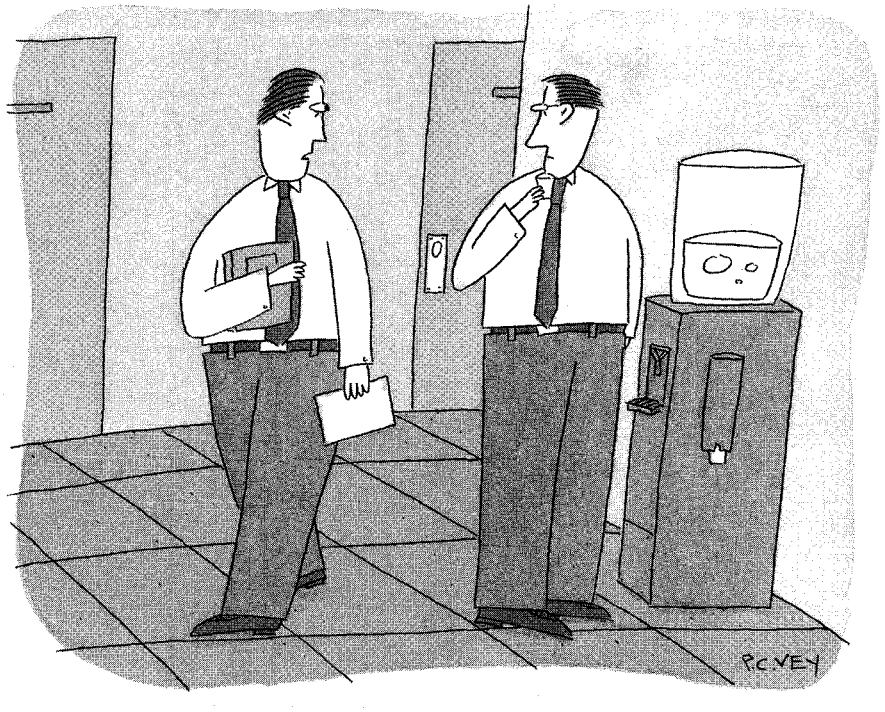
obedience to duty, a distinctly Germanic quality—had been exploited for evil purposes, but he insisted that this had in no way dishonored the service and sacrifice rendered to the fatherland. "They simply tried to do their duty—even if beset by terrible inner conflicts, doubts, and questions," Ratzinger said. He made no mention of the Waffen S.S., but said that it was not within his spiritual commission to judge the fallen of La Cambe, "into whose conscience only God can see."

Ratzinger speaks fluent French—"softly and elegantly," as one priest told me—and the following day he conducted a Mass in French at Bayeux Cathedral. But at La Cambe he spoke in German to forty or so French men and women and several Germans who happened to be present. In recounting the origins of the Second World War, he blamed the Allies, particularly the French, for driving the Germans into the twelve-year nightmare of Nazi rule. "Animosity and bitterness remained between the combatant nations after the First World War, especially between the Germans and the French, resulting in a poisoning of the nations' souls," Ratzinger said. "The Treaty of Versailles was deliberately intended to humiliate Germany and to burden the country with so much debt that it radicalized the people, thereby opening the door to dictatorship, and to belief in its deceptive promises of the return of freedom, honor, and might to Germany." The German people, he said, had been doubly victimized: humiliated by their French neighbors; seduced and deceived by Nazi leaders. National pride had been wounded; collective humiliation had been exploited. War and destruction were the outcome. "'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'—that does not lead to peace," he said. "We have seen the results." It seemed, in Ratzinger's view, that the Allies had learned a lesson. "Thank God the same thing was not repeated after the Second World War," he said. "The Americans generously helped us Germans with their Marshall Plan, helped us rebuild our country, and made prosperity and freedom possible." He praised postwar reconciliation efforts, and credited Europe's Christian traditions with the ensuing healing process.

Ratzinger's visit to La Cambe attracted little attention. Bishop Pican described the ceremony in an open letter on his Web site as "*un grand moment d'une emotion inoubliable*." Radio Watykańskie, the Polish broadcast from Rome, briefly mentioned that Ratzinger had given a Mass at the "*cmentarzu niemieckim w La Cambe.*" In Germany, the Catholic newspaper *Die Tagespost* reprinted the text of his speech. The *Berliner Zeitung* made only passing reference to Ratzinger's La Cambe appearance. One newspaper that has paid careful attention to his remarks in Normandy is the *National Zeitung*, a radical right-wing weekly sold at kiosks and railroad stations across Germany. In a recent review of a collection of Ratzinger's speeches, the paper criticized him for describing the Second World War as a *bellum justum* (a "just war") during the main Normandy celebrations, but applauded the fact that, as at La Cambe, "whenever he speaks about the National Socialist regime he directs his comments toward the leadership at the time, never toward the 'German people.'"



"When you're through with that, there's a water cooler on seven that needs emptying."

Last April, when Joseph Ratzinger became Pope Benedict XVI, the media made much of the fact that he had been a member of the Hitler Youth, from age fourteen to sixteen, and that he had subsequently served in the German Wehrmacht, first with an anti-aircraft unit near Munich and eventually as part of a team sent to build tank traps along the Austro-Hungarian border. In London, the *Sun* ran a full-page color photograph of the new Pope in Vatican garb, with the headline "FROM HITLER YOUTH TO ... PAPA RATZI." A black-and-white photograph of Ratzinger at the age of sixteen, in his Wehrmacht uniform with the swastika-bearing eagle, appeared almost everywhere.

Not nearly so much attention was paid to Ratzinger's public life after the war, particularly to his apparent reluctance to engage in the sort of public soul-searching that the world has come to expect from Germans in the postwar era. While Ratzinger has spoken repeatedly and at times adamantly against the Nazis' transgressions, as he did last summer at the Roon Street Synagogue, in Cologne, and again last December at St. Peter's in Rome, he is more circumspect when it comes to collective German responsibility for the Holocaust. Instead, Ratzinger has cautioned his countrymen against too much *Selbstanklage* ("self-reprimand"), and chastised them for their silence on the suffering of the German people. This defensive posture can be traced to Ratzinger's years as an archbishop in Munich, when he inherited two sets of obligations: the pastoral duty, dating from the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, of

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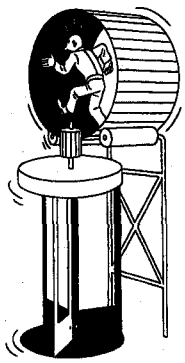
condemning that which is to be condemned and praising that which is to be praised; and a responsibility to the state which was established, in 1933, by the Reichskonkordat between Hitler and the Vatican, which required Germany's Roman Catholic archbishops to take an oath of loyalty to the state. That oath is still binding. Two days before Ratzinger became the archbishop of Munich and Freising, in 1977, he raised his hand before the Minister-President of Bavaria and said, "Before God and on the Holy Gospel, I swear and promise, as is fitting for a bishop, allegiance to Germany and Bavaria." (This political engagement was echoed last week in the first encyclical letter of Ratzinger's papacy, in which he wrote about the duty—*munus*, the Latin equivalent of *Pflicht*—of the Church to help "form consciences in political life.") In addition to balancing his spiritual covenant with the sworn duty to defend his country, Ratzinger sought to embrace that most fundamental of Christian virtues—a willingness to see in any transgression, no matter how grievous, the potential for human salvation. For a good Catholic trying to be a good German, it presented a vexingly complex set of moral and social obligations, none of which Joseph Ratzinger was sure that he even wanted.

"I had little pastoral experience," he recalled to a German journalist, Peter Seewald, in explaining his initial hesitation to accept the mantle of archbishop. "Basically, I had always felt that my calling was teaching, and I believed that at exactly this point in time—I was fifty years old—I had found what I might call my own theological vision and now could begin creating an œuvre." At the time, Ratzinger was teaching at the University of Regensburg, in northern Bavaria, where he had settled into semi-rural tranquillity after an exhilarating but traumatic theological career. During Vatican II, he had worked with the reformist archbishop from Cologne, Cardinal Josef Frings, and had held a series of teaching posts at Bonn, Münster, and, eventually, Tübingen. In 1966, when Ratzinger arrived in Tübingen, the university was a center of theological dispute. Students disrupted lectures with cries of "*Verflucht sei Jesus!*" ("To hell with Jesus!"). Protestant faculty members endorsed flyers denouncing the Crucifix as "an expression of sadomasochistic glorification of suffering." Most unsettling for Ratzinger was the conduct of Hans Küng, a fellow Catholic theologian and Vatican II veteran, who advocated birth control and challenged the concept of papal infallibility. John Allen, the Vatican correspondent for the *National Catholic Reporter*, describes 1968, in his biography of Ratzinger, as Ratzinger's *annus mirabilis*. The following year, Ratzinger traded the prestige and tumult of Tübingen for Regensburg, taking with him almost all of his doctoral students.



When Ratzinger was selected to succeed the late Julius Döpfner as archbishop, he consulted a friend and mentor, Johann Auer, and ultimately accepted. The *Litterae Apostolicae*, dated March 24, 1977, described Ratzinger as a "master of theology" and charged him with the Augustine mandate: "Go forth and work in God's fields." Within the fields of the archbishopric of Munich and Freising lay a six-acre plot of land fourteen miles north of Munich which accommodated a memorial site to the Dachau concentration camp, a sprawling expanse ringed by concrete walls, barbed wire, and watchtowers, with a visitors' parking lot at one end and a Carmelite convent and now defunct gas chamber at the other. The iron-gated entrance still bears the inscription "*Arbeit Macht Frei*" ("Work will make you free").

When the Konzentrationslager Dachau opened, in March, 1933, it presented the Archbishop of Munich and Freising, Michael von Faulhaber, with a singular pastoral challenge. Faulhaber swore the oath of loyalty to the state, willingly raised his arm in the Nazi salute, and sent fawning letters to Hilmar Wäckerle, the first commandant of Dachau. "I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart, honorable commandant, for cordially supporting the announcement of these first Masses and permitting the Catholics to attend," Faulhaber wrote to Wäckerle a few weeks after Dachau opened. "And I would equally hope that your most esteemed person will kindly continue to allow the celebration of Masses, and the ministration of individual pastoral duties such as confession, either at a prearranged time or by appointment."

As Nazi brutalities escalated, however, there were mounting tensions between church and state. In December, 1933, in a series of Advent sermons, Faulhaber publicly criticized Nazi policies. During a three-hour meeting with Hitler in November, 1936, Faulhaber said that he recognized the Nazi government's political authority but not its anti-Christian values. "I believe that respect for authority is emphasized more strongly in the Catholic Church than in any other religious community," he told Hitler. "However, when your officials or laws violate Church dogma or social morals, and thus violate our conscience, we must, as the responsible spokesmen of moral law, be able to say this." According to Faulhaber, Hitler responded "with a raised voice." He denounced the "Church's war" on the Nazi racial laws, and declared, "*Ich erblicke darin den Willen Gottes*" ("I see in them the will of God"). Increasing numbers of priests were arrested by the Gestapo, first in Germany and then across Europe, and sent to Dachau. Eventually, Faulhaber found himself overseeing 2,579 incarcerated Catholic priests and seminarians from thirty-eight nations and a hundred and thirty-four dioceses, encompassing twenty-nine religious orders and congregations—the single largest spiritual community in the world. Faulhaber protested the Nazis' brutalization of their clerical inmates. Hundreds were assigned to "punishment details," subjected to medical experiments, and tortured by the S.S. guards. One priest was crowned with a barbed-wire wreath; another was hanged from a cross. In 1942, more than three hundred priests, largely from Poland, were dispatched to the Hartheim euthanasia facility, in Austria. By April, 1945, when Dachau was liberated, nearly half of the more than twenty-five hundred priests were dead.

On May 17, 1945, less than three weeks after the camp's liberation, Faulhaber informed Pope Pius XII of the plans for Dachau. "The camp building will be burned for hygienic reasons," he wrote. "We will construct a chapel for contrition and a convent." That summer, Faulhaber announced his hope that Dachau would become a place of pilgrim-

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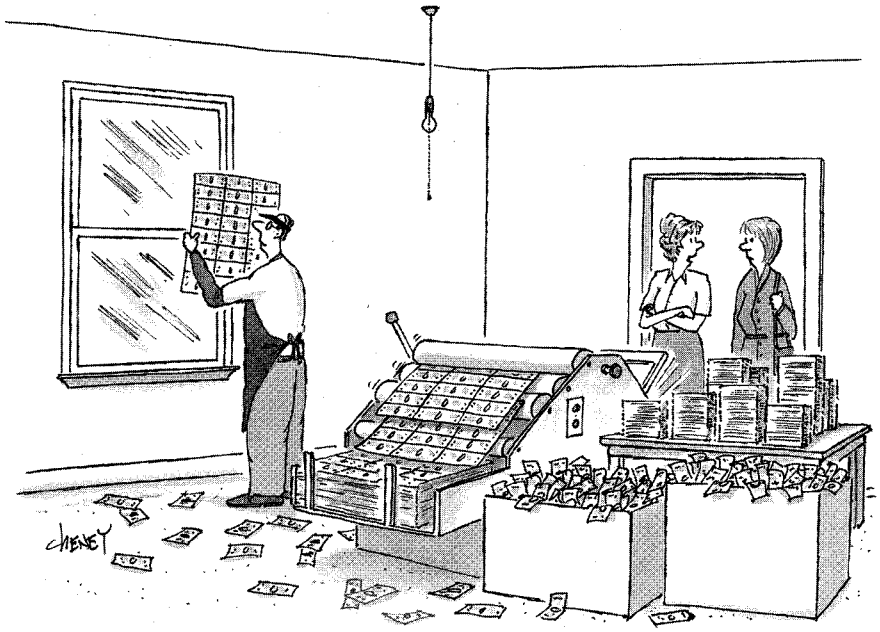

"I can't complain—at least he has a hobby that pays for itself."

• •

age. Since then, successive archbishops have extended and deepened this spiritual stewardship. Joseph Wendel, the archbishop from 1952 to 1960, oversaw the construction of a chapel within the camp's perimeter, the Christ's Mortal Agony Chapel. Under the auspices of Julius Döpfner, who served as the archbishop between 1961 and 1976, the Carmelite convent was built along the camp's northern wall. Completed in 1964, the Carmel of the Holy Blood has twenty-one "cells," with peaked ceilings that mimic the roofs of the original camp barracks. An abandoned watchtower was breached in order to provide direct access to the camp's interior. In 1965, in a homily marking the twentieth anniversary of the camp's liberation, Döpfner delivered a speech at the Christ's Mortal Agony Chapel in which he tallied the sins of the German people: "All of us failed in one way or another at that time and we must all speak with the prophet, 'O, Lord! We have sinned and committed iniquity.'"

Last spring, Friedrich Wetter, who succeeded Ratzinger as archbishop, in 1982, used the sixtieth anniversary of the end of the war and the camp's liberation to remind the German people that "too many" of them had succumbed to National Socialism. "How was it possible that a majority of our people allowed themselves to be seduced to hatred and violence?" he asked. Noting that resistance was futile against a regime that was supported by so many, he added, "Too many let themselves be blinded."

Wetter repeated this conviction to me when I visited him at the Erzbischöfliches Palais, in downtown Munich, a few weeks after his anniversary address. "We as Germans do not carry the responsibility for that which happened then, but we do carry the responsibility that such a thing can never happen again," he said. "And I believe that, as cardinal and as bishop and as a German, I have the responsibility to help make sure that something like this will never happen again." As Archbishop of Munich and Freising, Wetter insists that he has a unique moral obligation to the six-acre memorial site. "Dachau is a concept in all of Germany, but because this camp is located in the archdiocese of Munich and Freising, and right outside the gates of Munich, there is, of course, a special relationship to this camp," he said. To make his point, he reprised the site's postwar stewardship—from Faulhaber to Döpfner. When I asked him about Pope Benedict XVI, he could not cite a specific contribution, but he assured me that Ratzinger had maintained a similar commitment during his four and a half years as archbishop.

It was a reasonable assumption. Few Roman Catholics of Ratzinger's generation could be said to have had the same level of exposure to Dachau. In the autumn of 1943, the sixteen-year-old recruit was assigned to an anti-aircraft unit whose job was to protect a BMW airplane-engine plant in the Munich suburb of Ludwigsfeld. Ratzinger and the other *Flakhelfer* were quartered in a subsidiary camp of Dachau that housed slave laborers. "Camp inmates were assigned to the factory," Ratzinger told an interviewer in September, 1977. "They were brought to work by heavily armed S.S. men, through large ditches with high walls. They may have been treated better here than their poor comrades in the actual concentration camps, but nevertheless the abysmal nature of 'Hitlerism' could not be overlooked." Max Mannheimer, who was a slave laborer at Ludwigsfeld, remembers the young, uniformed *Flakhelfer* walking to their posts. Mannheimer is now the head of the Dachau survivors' association, as well as the author of a memoir, "Delayed Diary." He agrees with Ratzinger that the conditions may have been "better" for people working indoors on the production line, but not for inmates like him, who were assigned to construction details outside. "It was, in any event, an improvement over Auschwitz, where I was previously," Mannheimer told me.

Given the singularity of Dachau as a site of human suffering, particularly for Catholic clergy, not to mention Ratzinger's own vivid memories—recounted just four months after he became archbishop—one might have anticipated an especially sympathetic response to the Dachau memorial site, a mere twelve miles from the Archbishop's residence in downtown Munich. And yet there is no record of Ratzinger's having made a public statement about Dachau during his tenure as Archbishop of Munich and Freising. Barbara Distel, who oversees the memorial site, could not recall a visit by Ratzinger; nor could the sisters of the Holy Blood convent. When I asked Winfried Röhmel, the head of the diocese press office, for any public statements that Ratzinger may have made about Dachau, he could find none. The daily log of pontifical activities records four visits to Dachau, none of which included an official stop at the memorial site.

In March of 1980, Ratzinger confirmed

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a hundred and twenty-four Roman Catholic youths at the Holy Cross Church in Dachau, a quarter mile from the former camp. In August of 1980, he returned to Dachau for the profession of two Carmelite sisters; he came within a few yards of the memorial site, passing along the camp wall, where rusted strands of barbed wire dangle from porcelain spools, to enter the convent courtyard. Sister Elija, who attended the ceremony and later had a meal with Ratzinger in the convent's dining room, has verified that he did not visit the memorial site; so has Sister Irmengard, the convent's prioress. The convent guest books, which date to the nineteen-sixties, contain the signatures of hundreds of visitors, among them Cardinal Döpfner and Archbishop Wetter, as well as dozens of visiting clergy from Poland, including Karol Wojtyla, the future Pope John Paul II, who visited the convent and toured the memorial site in 1974. There is also an album with photographs of Cardinal Wetter laying a wreath before Barrack 26, the *Priesterbaracke*, and bowing his head before the crematory ovens with a group of Polish priests. The caption reads, "Station XII: Jesus Christ dies on the cross."

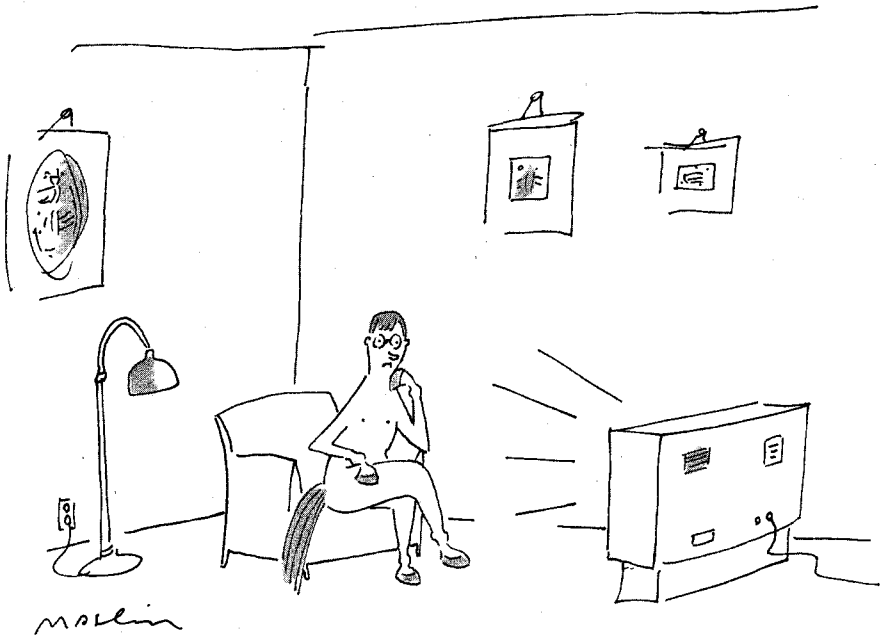
Nevertheless, Sister Irmengard reminded me that Ratzinger had visited Auschwitz with John Paul II, that he had made explicit statements about the Holocaust, and that he had helped pioneer reconciliation between Catholics and Jews. She also reminded me that Ratzinger had been the archbishop of Munich for less than five years, and cautioned me against reading too much into his apparent avoidance of the former camp. Walter Brugger, a prelate in Freising, said the same thing. "In his years as archbishop of Munich and Freising, his main concern was to grow into his pastoral duties, his bishopric, his parishioners, the clergy, his fellow-brothers," Brugger told me. Brugger, who has known Ratzinger for nearly five decades, first as a seminarian and then as a bishop, observed that, up to that point, Ratzinger had spent his career as an academic. "In the beginning, he used to hold lectures at his meetings with the clergy," Brugger said. "He would take out a manuscript and read it for forty-five minutes, and then make a commentary on it. For me, it was not until his last year that he became a real bishop, and then he was a very good bishop." Winfried Röhmel suggested another reason for Ratzinger's absence: "In Cardinal Ratzinger's four-year tenure as archbishop, there was no event that would have occasioned his presence at the concentration camp, as was the case with his predecessors."

Even on occasions when Ratzinger's office required him to condemn that which was to be condemned, however, he was notably silent about German culpability. On November 9, 1978, Germany marked the fortieth anniversary of Kristallnacht, when the Nazis burned synagogues and plundered shops in a coördinated outbreak of violence against the country's Jewish population. Previous Kristallnacht anniversaries had been subdued, but on this occasion Germans engaged in one of their first extended displays of public remorse. "We still hear the crashing and splintering of the inventory of Jewish stores," the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* observed. Germany's Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, spoke of "bitterness and shame."

In the first paragraph of a one-page statement released in October, 1978, Ratzinger acknowledged the suffering of "our Jewish fellow-citizens," and then reminded the public that the Jews were not the only people to have suffered. "It also cannot be forgotten that, in these same days, the same Nazi leaders publicly declared war on the Catholic Church—'the dark collaborator of world Jewry'—two days after November 9th, as could be read on posters in Munich on the morning of November 11th, 1938," Ratzinger wrote. He recalled that a "screaming mass" marched to Cardinal Faulhaber's residence in central Munich with cries of "Send him to Dachau!" and "Arrest the traitor!" Ratzinger observed, "Just as at the Jewish shops, the windows were broken and smashed." More recently, he has described the Holocaust as a "preliminary step"—*Vorstufe*—to the eradication of Christianity. It was much the same the following spring, during a special Pentecost Sunday Mass for the Sudeten Germans.

In the late nineteen-thirties, the Sudeten clamor for a "return to the Reich" provided Hitler with justification for the prewar dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, and the subsequent suppression and brutalization of the Czech people. In 1942, after partisans assassinated the Gestapo deputy Reinhard Heydrich, who had been dispatched to Bohemia, the Czech village of Lidice was levelled and nearly its entire population, like Oradour-sur-Glane's, was exterminated. After the war, the Czechs, in retaliation for Nazi excesses, expelled the Sudeten Germans en masse. Most of the three million expellees settled in Bavaria, where many remain a bastion of unrepentant German nationalism.

During the Pentecost Mass sermon, Ratzinger commiserated with the *Sude-*



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tendeutschen over their "lost homeland" and the "horrific conditions" and "injustice" suffered during the expulsions. He chastised the German people for not recognizing the Sudeten Germans' plight. "The public does not like to hear about this, for many reasons," Ratzinger said. "It does not fit into their understanding of history. They try to force a veil of silence around this injustice, and even well-intentioned individuals feel that it should no longer be discussed for the sake of reconciliation." Ratzinger warned, as he did a quarter century later at La Cambe, that "suppressed truths" would ultimately lead to a "poisoning of the spirit."

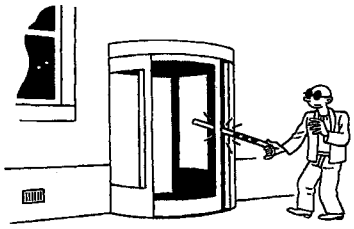
The world has become accustomed, in the past sixty years, to the *apologia germanica*, the transgenerational lament of German political leaders for Nazi-era atrocities. It has been rarer to see Germans mourning Germans, as Helmut Kohl did at Bitburg, and rarer still to hear a prominent and respected public figure blaming other Europeans, particularly the French, for Germany's headlong plunge into National Socialism.

Instead, German leaders have made penance a public duty. In 1970, Chancellor Willy Brandt fell to his knees before the monument to the ghetto uprising in Warsaw. Fifteen years later, the President of the Federal Republic, Richard von Weizsäcker, in a speech marking the fortieth anniversary of the war's end, reflected on the suffering of the European people, the millions of dead in Poland and the Soviet Union, and, in particular, the genocide of six million Jews. He also took a moment to reflect on German grief. "As Germans, we mourn our own compatriots who perished as soldiers, during air raids at home, in captivity, or during expulsion," von Weizsäcker said. Those Germans who suffered at the war's end, he said, needed to recognize that the beginning of their misery lay not in May, 1945, when the Third Reich collapsed, but in January, 1933, when it began. "There is truly no reason for us today to participate in victory celebrations," von Weizsäcker said. "But there is every reason for us to perceive May 8, 1945, as the end of an aberration in German history—one that, in the end, bears seeds of hope for a better future."

Helmut Kohl attempted to shift this public paradigm of remorse when, during his 1984 visit to Israel, he absolved himself of personal responsibility by invoking *der Gnade der späten Geburt* ("the grace of late birth"). Unlike von Weizsäcker, who participated in the invasion of Poland and the Soviet Union, and helped defend his father, a Nazi diplomat, during the Nuremberg trials, Kohl was an underage participant in the catastrophe of the Third Reich. Like Joseph Ratzinger, he was automatically enrolled in the Hitler Youth at the age of fourteen and then drafted into military service during the final months of the war.

Blessed by a "late birth," Kohl promoted German nationalist interests assertively and unapologetically. After the fall of the Berlin Wall, he staged a reunification ceremony before the Reichstag and led a half-million assembled Germans—in whose midst I stood—in the singing of the national anthem. Most Germans around me hummed, presumably because they did not know the words. Kohl's public gestures were part of a conscious effort to restore German pride—to fashion a postwar, post-Holocaust German identity that did not require continued political self-flagellation. Taking a more belligerent stance, the writer Martin Walser, another member of the *Flakhelfer* generation, has complained of the "moral cudgel"—*Moralkeule*—of Auschwitz, which has been used to bludgeon postwar Germans into shame and silence. When Kohl took a glancing blow from the *Moralkeule* at Bitburg, he discovered the limits of "grace," something that Schröder intuited in Normandy when he left La Cambe off his itinerary, and that Ratzinger tacitly acknowledged with his low-profile visit. Even sixty years after the war, the world does not care to listen to Germans mourning Germans, especially in front of graves that contain the remains of Waffen S.S. soldiers.

In a series of interviews with the German journalist Peter Seewald, which were published in Germany in 1996 and 2000 as the books "Salt of the Earth" and "God and the World," Ratzinger spoke of conscience, obedience, and forgiveness. When Seewald asked Ratzinger whether he thought there were "human beings without conscience," Ratzinger cited Hermann Göring, who once said, "I have no conscience. My conscience is Adolf Hitler." Ratzinger told Seewald, "There is, so to speak, an innate sense, there is in each person a fundamental feeling for what is good and evil. And even if S.S. men were indoctrinated to believe that killing for the sake of the Germanic race was something good, and when Göring said that our conscience was called Adolf Hitler and that he was the only measure, these people nevertheless knew that this was not good." (Ratzinger frequently cites the work of John Henry Newman, the nineteenth-century philosopher-cardinal, who wrote of the "Divine Law" embedded "in man's heart.")



When Seewald asked Ratzinger whether a single word sufficed to cleanse the soul of sin—Seewald cited a line from the Catholic liturgy, "Say but the word and my soul shall be healed"—and whether God alone can dispense this grace, Ratzinger said, "Ultimately, yes, only He can. He has placed healing powers all around us with which to heal souls. It is here, once again, that our relationship to God develops through other people. God wanted it to be that He came to us through men—and through them He also can speak the word of salvation in the sacrament of penance that, in principle, only He can give. In the end, only God can say, 'This sin is forgiven,' because all sin is, after all, against Him."

Martin Marty, a Lutheran pastor who taught modern church history at the University of Chicago for more than thirty-five years, considers it a pretext to honor German soldiers, especially members of the Waffen S.S., by saying that they were "simply following orders," and leaving it to God to do the rest. "In the eyes of a Catholic, the whole spectrum of Catholicism, he is on that day an agent, the agent of God," Marty told me when I called him, not long ago. "He is not just Joe Ratzinger, citizen of Munich, who is sitting there. He is someone who is going with the authority of someone who is a bishop of the Church, a cardinal of the Church, today would be a Pope of the Church. He cannot just say, 'We leave it

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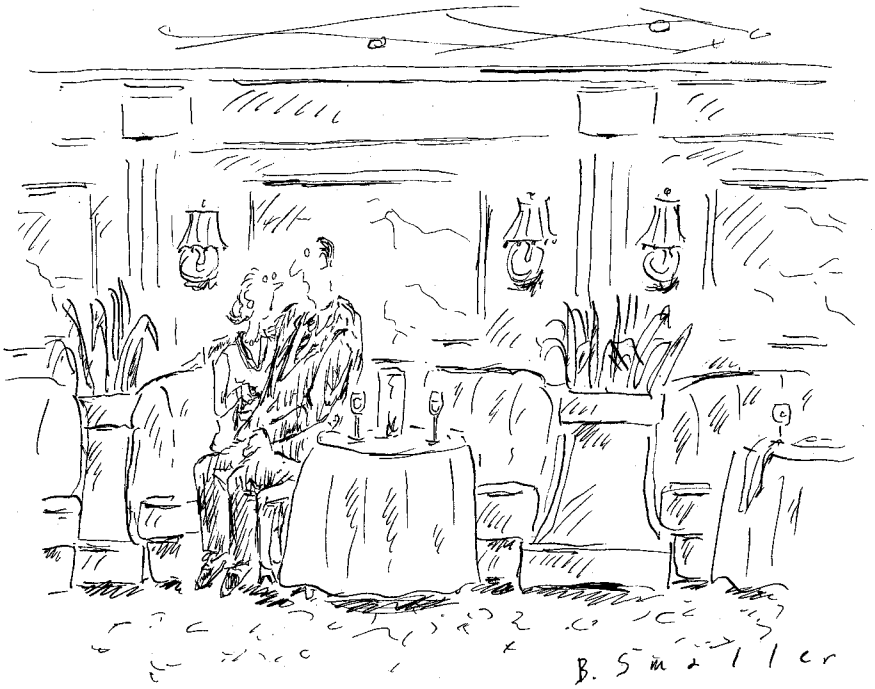
all to God.' " Marty readily accepts the notion of German women, German children, and even the average German draftee as "victims," including the sixteen-year-old *Flakhelfer* Joseph Ratzinger, but not men who voluntarily, even "gleefully," participated in the crimes of the Nazis. "God is the God who makes creation, calls it good, and when it isn't right puts us into the world to set it right," Marty said. "The Jews have a word, *Tikkun*—'to restore the world.' You don't 'restore the world' if you have people who cause the death of twenty to forty million people, and six million in particular, and say we are honoring them because they were in love with their fatherland. That really is hard to take."

When I spoke with Cardinal Avery Dulles, a Jesuit professor of religion and society at Fordham University, he said that it was not unusual for a cardinal to express nationalist sentiments, as Ratzinger did at La Cambe. Dulles spoke of an "instinct of piety" toward one's country, and cited his own patriotism as an American, and as the son of a former Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. "Even if they did what they knew was wrong, you could still visit the cemetery and pray for them, especially if they are in a mixed cemetery that is not reserved for S.S. soldiers," Dulles said. "So I think even if they did something manifestly wrong that was against their conscience, you can still pray that they might have repented and received some measure of mercy from God. The Gospel says you love everybody and hate nobody. You pray for your enemies and those who persecute you. Jesus said that if your enemy sins against you seven times seven and asks for pardon, you give him pardon."

John Pawlikowski, a professor of social ethics and the director of the Catholic-Jewish studies program at the Catholic Theological Union, in Chicago, took a somewhat different view. "I think there is a strong tendency, not only in the bone marrow of the average Christian but in the DNA of Christian ethicists and theologians, to emphasize forgiveness and reconciliation," he told me. He has worked with Holocaust survivors and has spent years on the Holocaust Memorial Council, and these activities have tempered this instinct for forgiveness. Pawlikowski said that Ratzinger was right in leaving the fate of La Cambe's war dead "in the hands of God," but he faulted him for not condemning that which should have been condemned: Catholic, if not German, culpability. "Many of the S.S. men were certainly raised as Catholics," Pawlikowski said. "They were part of this Church that we remain part of as well. They were catechized by that Church and may also have had the anti-Jewish attitudes that were so prevalent in the Church. We need to acknowledge that we catechized them in the wrong direction, and commit ourselves today to not repeating that sort of catechesis."



"I have a problem with boundaries."

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A former student of Ratzinger's, Siegfried Wiedenhofer, who is now a professor of systematic theology at the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University, in Frankfurt, concedes that Ratzinger's remarks at La Cambe left something to be desired, but he cautioned against misrepresenting Ratzinger's intentions. "He wouldn't deny that the German people have had a particular responsibility for what Hitler did, and that all Germans have a particular responsibility to learn from their history," Wiedenhofer said. At La Cambe, he added, Ratzinger was simply attempting to "show understanding to those simple soldiers," not necessarily to absolve S.S. men of their sins.

I asked Wiedenhofer how Ratzinger would respond to a fundamental question raised by his La Cambe visit: Can an S.S. man be forgiven? "I think he would say, 'You cannot exclude salvation. You cannot exclude it, because you are not in the position of God. In the Catholic Church, all you can say, regarding their salvation or their damnation, is that you cannot do that which belongs only to the authority of God himself.' " Wiedenhofer went on to explain the distinction that Catholic dogma makes between the sin and the sinner. "The sin, that which has been done, has to be damned in every way. There is no apology. There is no excuse," he said. "But the person who did it, and the conscience of this person, is not in your hands. This is perhaps the distinction that lies behind what Cardinal Ratzinger said. There cannot be any apology for what the person has done. But there is also the level that you cannot touch—the level of the conscience—and only God can see there." Yet Wiedenhofer agreed that something was missing in Ratzinger's La Cambe remarks: "One could imagine that he could or should also have said that there are different levels of responsibility among the soldiers for the cruel things that happened, for the evil they committed. I wish he had said something to avoid misunderstanding." ♦

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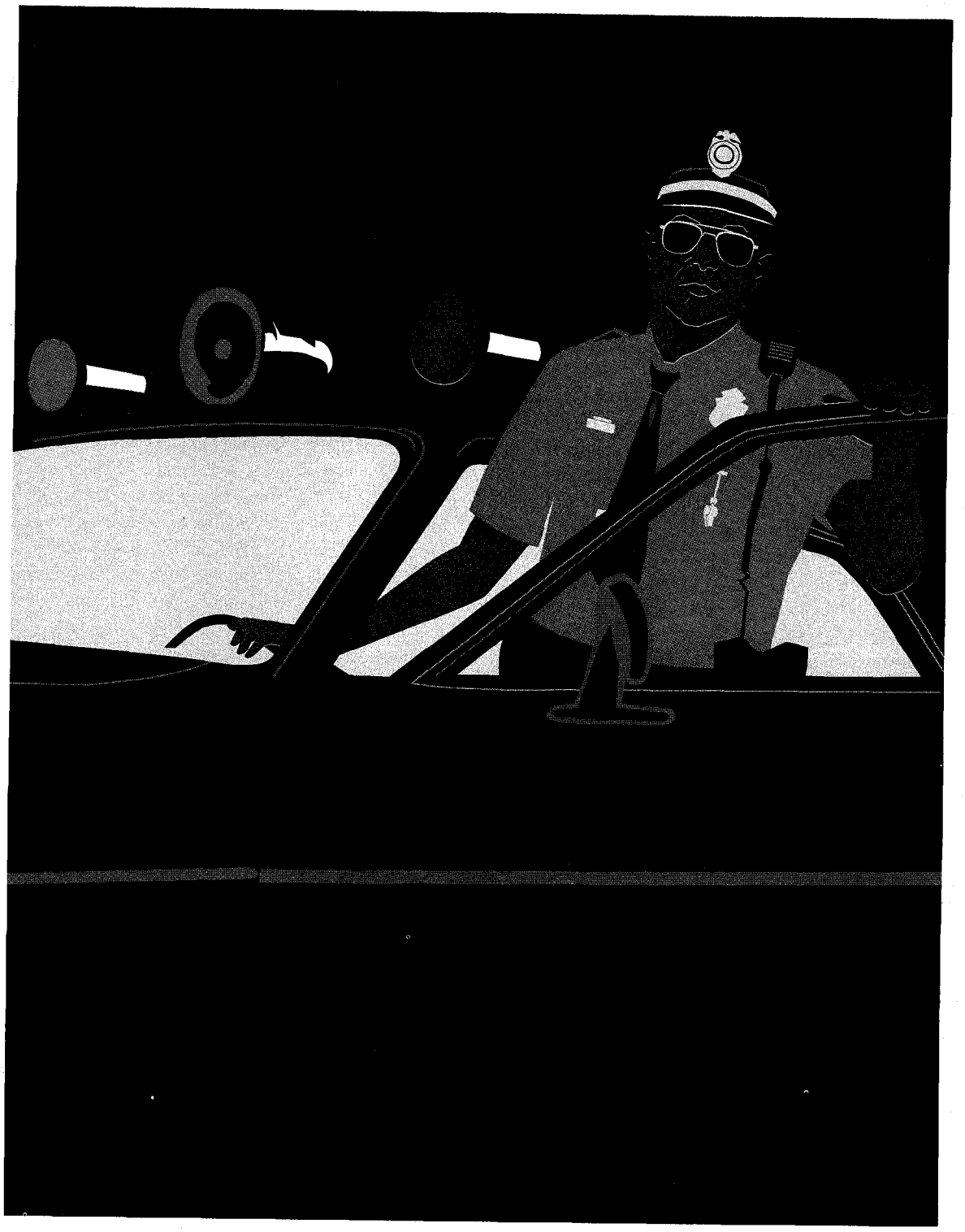
FICTION

THE DEPOSITION

BY TOBIAS WOLFF



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The witness was playing hard to get. Statements he had made earlier to his girlfriend, another nurse, statements crucial to Burke's case, the witness now declined to repeat under oath. He claimed not to remember just what he had said, or even to recall clearly the episode in question: an instance of surgical haste and sloppiness amounting to malpractice. As the result of a routine procedure—removal of a ganglion cyst—outrageously, indefensibly botched, Burke's client had lost the fine motor functions of her left hand. She'd worked the reservations desk at a car-rental office; what was to become of a fifty-eight-year-old booking agent who could no longer use a keyboard?

Burke decided to ask for a breather. He had flown out from San Francisco just the day before to take this important deposition in person. He was still ragged from the long, unpleasant journey: delayed departure from SFO, a run through Dulles to make his puddle jumper to Albany, then the poky drive upriver to New Delft. Long trip, sleepless night. He'd shown some temper at the witness's forgetfulness, and the witness had in turn become sullen and grudging, the last thing Burke wanted. He hoped that a little time off would cool things down and allow the man's conscience to help out his memory, if he was still open to such influences. Burke suspected that he was.

Witness's counsel agreed to the break: forty-five minutes. Burke turned down the offer of coffee and cookies in favor of a brisk walk. He left the building, a Federal mansion converted to law offices, and started down the hill toward the river. It was a fine October afternoon, warm and golden, trees ablaze, air dense with the must of fallen leaves. That smell, the honeyed light . . . Burke faltered in his march, subdued by the memory of days like this in his childhood home in Ohio. There was that one Indian summer, his junior year in high school, when day after day, flooded with desire, shaking with it, he'd hurried to an older girl's house to glory in her boldness for a mad hour before her mother got home from work. Julie Ann Rose. The hourglass birthmark on her throat . . . he could still see it, and the filmy curtains fluttering at her bedroom window, the brilliance of the leaves stirring in the warm breeze.

But what crap!—wallowing in nostalgia for a place he'd come to despise, and dreamed of escaping.

The distance down to the river was greater than Burke had thought. He was a big bull-shouldered man who struggled to trim his bulk with exercise and diets, but he'd been putting in long hours lately, eating on the fly and missing his workouts; even this easy jaunt was making him sweat. He loosened his tie. When he reached the bottom of the hill, he took off his suit jacket and flung it over his shoulder.

Burke had hoped to find a path beside the river, but the way was barred by a pair of factory buildings that loomed along the bank behind a padlocked chain-link fence. The factories were derelict, bricks falling from the walls, all but the highest windows broken; these glittered gaily in the late sunshine. Splintered pallets lay here and there across the weed-cracked asphalt of the factory yards. This scene told a story already familiar to Burke. He regarded it sourly, then turned away.

He followed the fence a few blocks before circling back uphill on what appeared to be a commercial street. A cloying, briny smell poured from the open door of a Chinese takeout. Burke saw a half-eaten plate of noodles surrounded by soy-sauce packets on the single table inside. The bespectacled woman at the counter glanced up from her newspaper to meet his gaze. He looked away and walked on, past an old movie theatre with empty poster casings and a blank marquee; past a dog-grooming salon, its windows filled with faded snapshots of a man with orange hair grinning over various pooches made ridiculous by his labors; past a five-and-dime converted to a Goodwill, and a tailor shop with a "Closed" sign in the window. On the corner stood an abandoned Mobil station, windows boarded over, the pumps gone.

Burke stopped and looked up at the winged red horse still rearing over the lot. Then he took in the block he had just travelled. A stooped woman in an overcoat was making her way down the opposite sidewalk—the only person in sight. It might have been a street in his home town, with its own bankrupt industries and air of stagnation. Burke's widowed mother still lived in the old house. He visited dutifully with his wife, who claimed to find the town charming and soothingly tranquil, but Burke couldn't imagine living there, and wasn't sure how anyone else did. To be on such comfortable terms with exhaustion and decline . . .

It seemed to him that for all the talk of family and faith and neighborliness—the heartland virtues held up in rebuke of competitive, materialistic Gomorrahs like San Francisco—there was something not quite wholesome in this placidity, something lazy and sensual. Burke felt it when he wandered the streets of his home town, and he felt it now.

He crossed against the light, quickening his pace; he would have to move smartly to make it back in time. All signs of commerce ended at the gas station. He passed several blocks of small houses squeezed together on puny lots—no doubt the homes of those who'd spent their lives in the factories. Most of the houses were in bad repair: roofs sagging, screens rusting out. No disposable income here.

Burke knew the story—he'd bet the farm on it. Unions broken, or bought off. Salaries and benefits steadily cut under threat of layoffs that happened anyway as the work went to foreign wage slaves, the owners meanwhile conjuring up jolly visions of the corporate "family" and better days to come, before selling out just in time to duck the fines for a century of fouling the river; then the new owners, vultures with M.B.A.s, gliding in to sack the pension fund before declaring bankruptcy. Burke knew the whole story and it disgusted him, especially the workers who'd let the owners screw them like this while patting them on the head, congratulating them for being the backbone of the country, salt of the earth, the true Americans. Jesus! And still they ate it up, and voted like robbers instead of the robbed. Served them right.

Burke's pounding heart sent a rush of heat to his face and left him strangely light-headed, as if he were floating above the sidewalk. He stretched out,

STEVE POWERS

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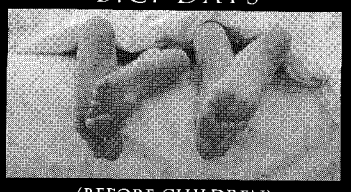

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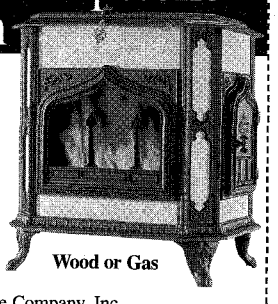

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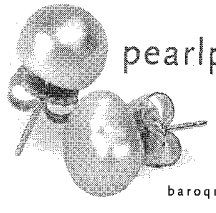

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taking the hill in long pushing strides. A boy with blond dreadlocks was raking leaves into a garbage bag. As Burke passed, the boy leaned on the rake and gaped at him, a jarring, surf like percussion leaking from his earphones.

The whole country was being hollowed out like this, devoured from the inside, and nobody was fighting back. It was embarrassing, vaguely shameful, to watch people get pushed around without a fight. That's why he'd taken on his little pop-eyed pug of a client with her fucked-up hand—she was a battler. Stonewalled every step of the way, bombarded with demands for documents, secretly videotaped, insulted with dinky settlement offers, even threatened with a countersuit, she just lowered her head and kept coming. She'd spent all her savings going after the surgeon who'd messed her up, to the point where she'd had to move to San Francisco to live with her son, a paralegal in Burke's firm. Her lawyer back here in New Delft had suffered a stroke and bowed out. The case was a long shot but Burke had taken it on contingency, because he saw that she wouldn't back off, she'd keep pushing to the end.

And now it seemed that she might have a chance after all. They'd got a break the past month, hearing about the complaints this nurse had made to his now embittered ex-girlfriend. The account Burke had of these conversations was hearsay, not enough in itself to take to court or even to compel a fair settlement, but it told him that the witness harbored feelings of guilt and anger—that he had pride, and resented being made party to a maiming. He was no doubt under great pressure to stand by the surgeon, but he had not actually denied seeing what he'd seen or saying what he'd said. He simply claimed not to recall any of it clearly.

What a man forgets he can remember. It was a question of will. And even in the witness's evasions Burke could detect his reluctance to lie, and, beyond that, his desire, not yet decisive but persistent and troubling, to tell the truth.

Burke believed that he had a gift for sensing not only a person's truthfulness in response to a given question but, more important, his natural inclination toward the truth. It was like a homing instinct in those who had it. No matter what the risk, no matter how carefully they might have defended themselves with equivocation and convenient lapses of memory, it was still there, fidgeting to be recognized. Over the years, Burke had brought considerable skill to the work of helping people overcome their earlier shufflings and suppressions, even their self-interest, to say what they really wanted to say. The nurse needed to tell his story; Burke was sure of it, and sure of his own ability to coax the story forth. He would master this coy witness.

And as Burke thought how he would do this he felt himself moving with ease for the first time that day. He had his rhythm and his wind, a pleasant sense of strength; but for his flimsy, very expensive Italian loafers, he might have broken into a run.

The houses grew larger as he climbed, the lawns deeper and darker. Great maples arched high above the street. Burke slowed to watch a sudden fall of leaves, how they rocked and dipped and stalled in their descent, eddying in gusts so light and warm he barely felt them on the back of his neck, like teasing breaths. Then a bus roared past and pulled to the curb just ahead, and the doors hissed open, and the girl stepped out.

Burke held back—though barely aware of holding back, or of the catch in his throat. She was tall, magnificently tall to his eyes. He caught just a glance of lips painted black before her long dark hair swung forward and veiled her face as she looked down to find her footing on the curb. She stopped on the sidewalk and watched the bus pull away in a belch of black smoke. Then she slipped her bag off her shoulder and stretched luxuriously, going up on her toes, hands raised high above her head. Still on tiptoe, she joined her fingers and pushed her hips from side to side. She was no more than twenty feet away, but it was clear to Burke that she hadn't noticed him, that she thought she was alone out here. He felt himself smile. He waited. She dropped her arms, did a few neck rolls, then hiked her bag back onto her shoulder and started up the street. He

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WISDOM TINGED WITH JOY

Out of the mouths of city dogs
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Barks and whines—noise to some—
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A dog, to share his basic instinct,
will warn, say, of the landlord
at the door to spoil your day.
"Don't open," he barks. In vain.

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mattresses, and microwave,
a wise dog rides in stoic silence
to the new (smaller) apartment

where joyously he soon resumes
his job of watching over rooms.

—*Dorothea Tanning*

followed, matching his pace to hers.

She walked slowly, with the deliberate, almost flat-footed tread of a dancer, toes turned slightly out. She was humming a song. Her knee-length plaid skirt swayed a little as she walked, but she held her back straight and still. The white blouse she wore had two sweat spots below her shoulder blades; Burke could picture her leaning back against the plastic seat on the bus, drowsing in the swampy air as men stole looks at her over their folded papers.

The tone of her humming changed; grew more rhythmic, less tuneful. Her hips rolled under the skirt, her shoulders shifting in subtle counterpoint. Her legs were very white and on the back of her right calf there was a dark spot the size of a penny—maybe a mole, or a daub of mud.

She fell silent and reached into her bag. It was a large canvas bag, full to bulging, but she found what she was after without looking down and brought it out and slipped it over her wrist, a furry red band. She reached both hands behind her neck and gathered her hair and lifted it and gave her head a shake and let her hair fall back. She was moving even more slowly now, languorously, dreamily. Again she reached back and lifted her hair and began twisting it into a single strand. In one motion, she gave a last twist and slid the red band off her wrist and up the thick dark rope of hair, pulled it forward over her shoulder, and commenced picking at the ends.

Burke stared at the curve of her neck, so white, so bare. It looked damp and tender. She went on in her slow glide and he followed. He had been walking in time with her, but such was his absorption that he lost the beat, and at the sound of his footsteps she wheeled about and looked into his face. Burke was right behind her—he had somehow closed the distance without realizing it. Her eyes went wide. He was held by them, fixed. They were a deep bruised blue, almost violet, and darkly rimmed with liner. He heard her suck in a long ragged breath.

Burke tried to speak, to reassure her, but his throat was tight and dry; not a sound came. He swallowed. He couldn't think what to say.

He stood looking into her face. Blotchy white skin, the pathetic hipness of the black lips. But those eyes, the high lovely brow. Beautiful; more beautiful even than he had imagined. The girl took a step back, her eyes still holding his, then turned and began angling across a lawn toward a large

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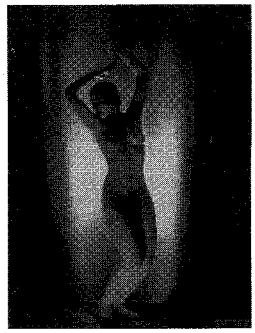

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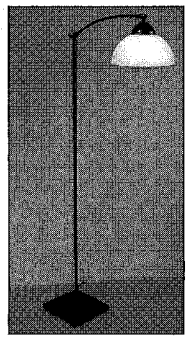

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white house. Halfway there, she broke into a run.

This somehow released Burke. He continued on his way, deliberately keeping himself to a dignified pace, even stopping for a moment to put on his suit jacket—shoot the cuffs, shrug into the shoulders, give a tug at the lapels. He did not allow himself to look back. As the tightness in his throat eased, he found himself hungry for air, almost panting, and realized that he had hardly taken a breath while walking behind the girl. How frightened she had been! What was *that* all about, anyway? He put this question to himself with a bravado that he did not feel. He knew; he knew what had been in his face. He let it go.

Burke walked on. He had just reached the top of the hill, some nine or ten long blocks from where he'd left the girl, and was about to turn right, toward the law office, already in view at the end of the cross street, when he heard a siren yelp behind him. Only the one sharp imperative cry, nothing more—but he recognized the sound, and stopped and closed his eyes for a moment before turning to watch the cruiser nosing toward the curb.

He waited. A gray-haired woman glared at him from the near back window. The girl was beside her, leaning forward to look at him, nodding to the cop in front. The cop opened a notebook on the steering wheel, wrote something, then laid the notebook on the seat beside him, set his patrolman's cap on his bald white head, gave it a final adjustment, and got out of the cruiser. He walked around to the back door and held it open as the woman and the girl slid out. Each of these actions was executed with plodding deliberation, *performed*, Burke understood, as an unnerving show of method and assurance.

He nodded as the cop came toward him. "Officer, what can I do for you?"

"Identification, please."

Burke could have objected to this, but instead he shrugged, fetched his wallet from his jacket pocket, and handed over his driver's license.

The cop examined it, looked up at Burke, lowered his eyes to the license again. Burke saw that he was young, his face as bland as a baby's, his baldness self-inflicted. "You're not from here," the cop said finally.

Burke had a business card ready. He held it out, and after eying it warily the cop took it. "I'm a lawyer," Burke said. "Here to take a deposition, in, let's see . . ." He held up his watch. "Three minutes ago. Four-thirty. Right down there on Clinton Street." He gestured vaguely. "So what's the problem?"

The gray-haired woman had come up close to Burke and was staring fiercely into his face. The girl lingered by the

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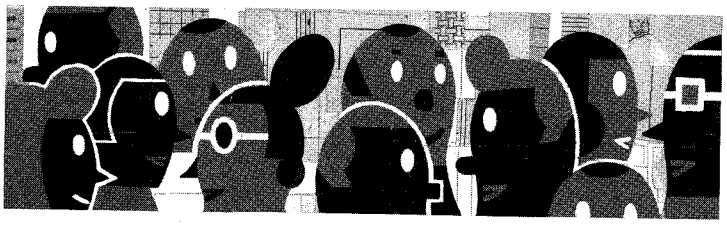
THE CRITICS



MUSICAL EVENTS

GREAT FUGUE

Secrets of a Beethoven manuscript.

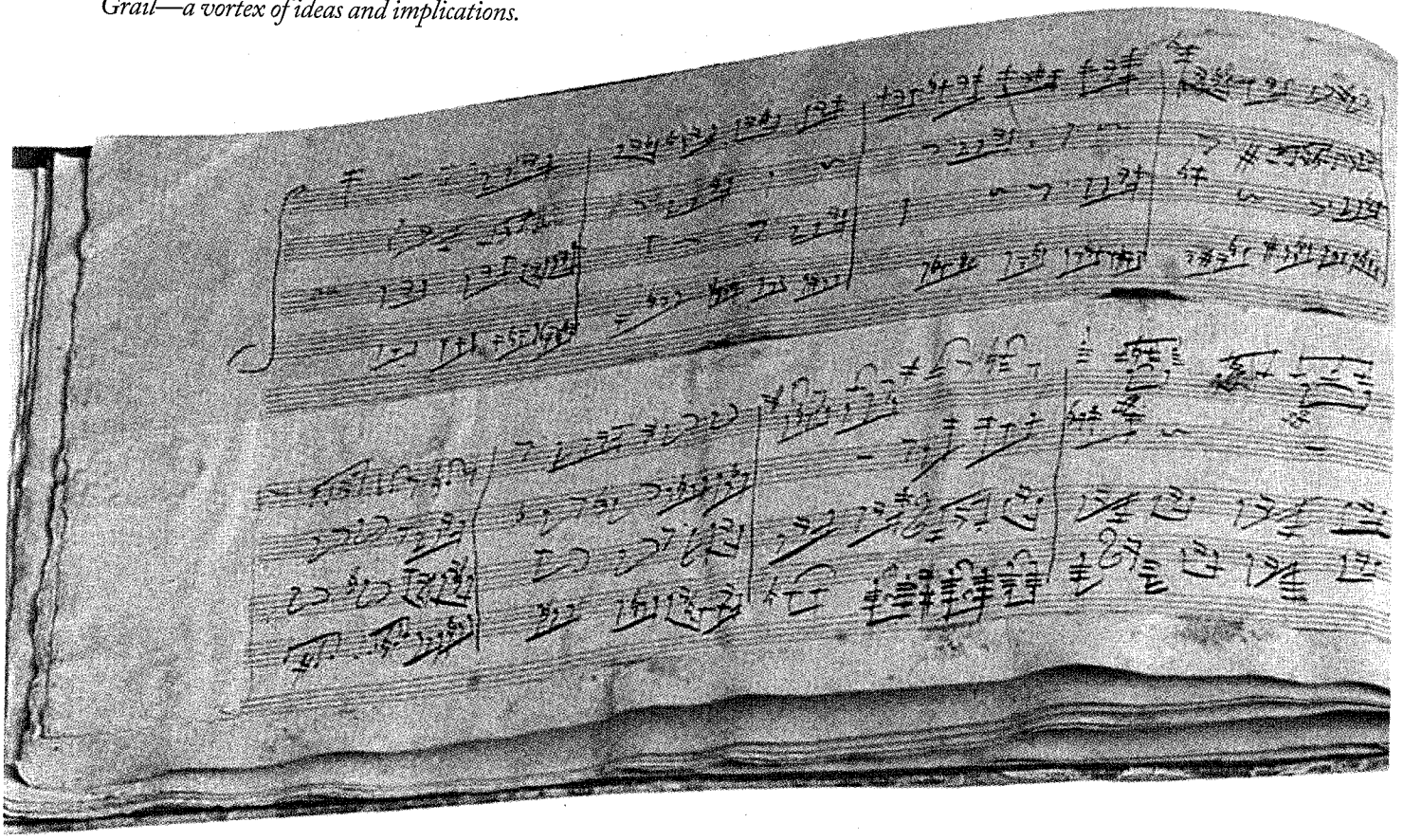
BY ALEX ROSS

Last summer, a librarian at the Palmer Theological Seminary, outside Philadelphia, reached onto the bottom shelf of a basement cabinet and pulled out a lost manuscript by Beethoven. It was a draft of an arrangement for piano, four hands, of the composer's "Grosse Fuge," or "Great Fugue" (or, as the cover inexplicably said, "Grande Tugue"). Once the property of a nineteenth-century industrialist-composer, it had disappeared, "Citizen Kane"-style, into the clutter of his belongings, some of which the seminary inherited. The manuscript was handed over to Sotheby's, which sold it in December to an unnamed buyer for $1.95 million. Shortly before the sale, the manuscript was put on display. With some misgivings, I went to Sotheby's to have a look.

I had reservations because there is something ghoulish about the cult of classical artifacts. Not even the most ambitious new work—Pascal Dusapin's new Faust opera, for example, which opened last week in Berlin—inspires anything like the flurry of media interest that ensues whenever a scrap of Beethoven's or Bach's handwriting turns up in some Pennsylvania basement or Swabian attic. Even creepier is the attention devoted to organic relics of the Masters; someone recently wrote an entire book about Beethoven's hair, and, a few weeks ago, Austrian television breathlessly reported on a DNA analysis of an alleged piece of Mozart's skull. Like radical opera stagings, ventures in period performance practice, and gala birthday celebrations, manuscript finds are all too easily exploited as part of classical music's wax-museum strategy, serving to reanimate the past, to give it the veneer of the new.

Yet the pull of the past can be hard to resist. There I was, staring transfixed

The Fugue, composed in 1825, is a musicological Holy Grail—a vortex of ideas and implications.



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cruiser, pallid, hands dangling awkwardly at her sides.

"We have a complaint," the officer said. "Stalking," he added uncertainly.

"*Stalking*? Stalking *who*?"

"You know who," the woman said in a gravelly voice, never taking her eyes off him. She was handsome in a square-jawed way and deeply tanned. Ropy brown arms sticking out of her polo shirt, grass stains on the knees of her khakis. Burke could see her on the deck of a boat, coolly reefing sails in a blow.

"The young lady there?" Burke asked.

"Don't play cute with me," the woman said. "I've never seen anyone so terrified. The poor thing could hardly speak when she came to my door."

"Something sure scared her," the cop said.

"And what was my part in this?" Burke asked. He looked directly at the girl. She was hugging herself, sucking on her lower lip. She was younger than he'd thought; she was just a kid. He said, gently, "Did I do something to you?"

She glanced at him, then averted her face.

In the same voice, he said, "Did I say anything to you?"

She stared at the ground by her feet.

"Well?" the cop said, sharply. "What'd he do?"

The girl didn't answer.

"Aren't you the smooth one," the woman said.

"I do remember passing her a while back," Burke said, addressing himself to the cop. "Maybe I surprised her—I guess I did. I was in kind of a hurry." Then, speaking with absolute calm, Burke explained his business in New Delft, and the forty-five-minute break, and the route he had taken and the necessity of moving right along to get back on time, even if that meant overtaking other people on the sidewalk. All this could be confirmed at the law office—where they'd certainly be waiting for him. Burke invited the cop to come along and settle the matter forthwith. "I'm sorry if I surprised you," he said in the girl's direction. "I certainly didn't mean to."

The cop looked at him, then at the girl. "Well?" he repeated.

She turned her back to them, rested her elbows on the roof of the cruiser, and buried her face in her hands.

The cop watched her for a moment. "Ah, geez," he said. He gave the driver's license another good look, handed it back with the card, and walked over to the girl. He murmured something, then took her by the elbow and began to help her into the back seat.

The woman didn't move. Burke felt her eyes on him as he replaced the license and the card in his wallet. Finally, he looked up and met her stare, so green and cold. He held it and did not blink. Then came a flash of bursting pain and his head snapped sideways so hard he felt a crack at the base of his neck. The shock scorched his eyes with hot tears, blinding him. His face burned. His tongue felt jammed back in his throat.

"Liar," she said.

Until Burke heard her voice he didn't understand that she'd struck him—he was that stunned. It gave him a kind of relief, as if without knowing it he'd been gripped by the fear of something worse.

He heard the doors of the cruiser slam shut, one-two! He bent down with his hands on his knees, steadying himself, then straightened up and rubbed at his eyes. The cruiser was gone. The left side of his face still burned, hot even to the touch. A bearded man in a black suit walked past him down the hill, shooting Burke a glance and then locking his gaze straight ahead. Burke checked his watch. He was seven minutes late.

He took a step, and another, and went on, amazed at how surely he walked, and how lightly. Down the street a squirrel jabbered right into his ear, or so it seemed, but when he glanced up he found it chattering on a limb high above him. Still, its voice was startling—raw, close. The light in the crowns of the trees had the quality of mist.

Burke stopped outside the law office and gave his shoes a quick buff on the back of his pant legs. He mounted the steps and paused at the door. The blow was still warm on his cheek. Did it show? Would they ask about it? No matter—he would think of something. But he couldn't help touching it again, tenderly, as if to cherish it, as he went inside to nail this witness down. ♦

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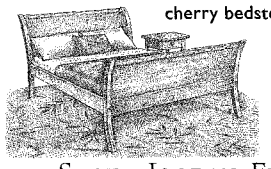
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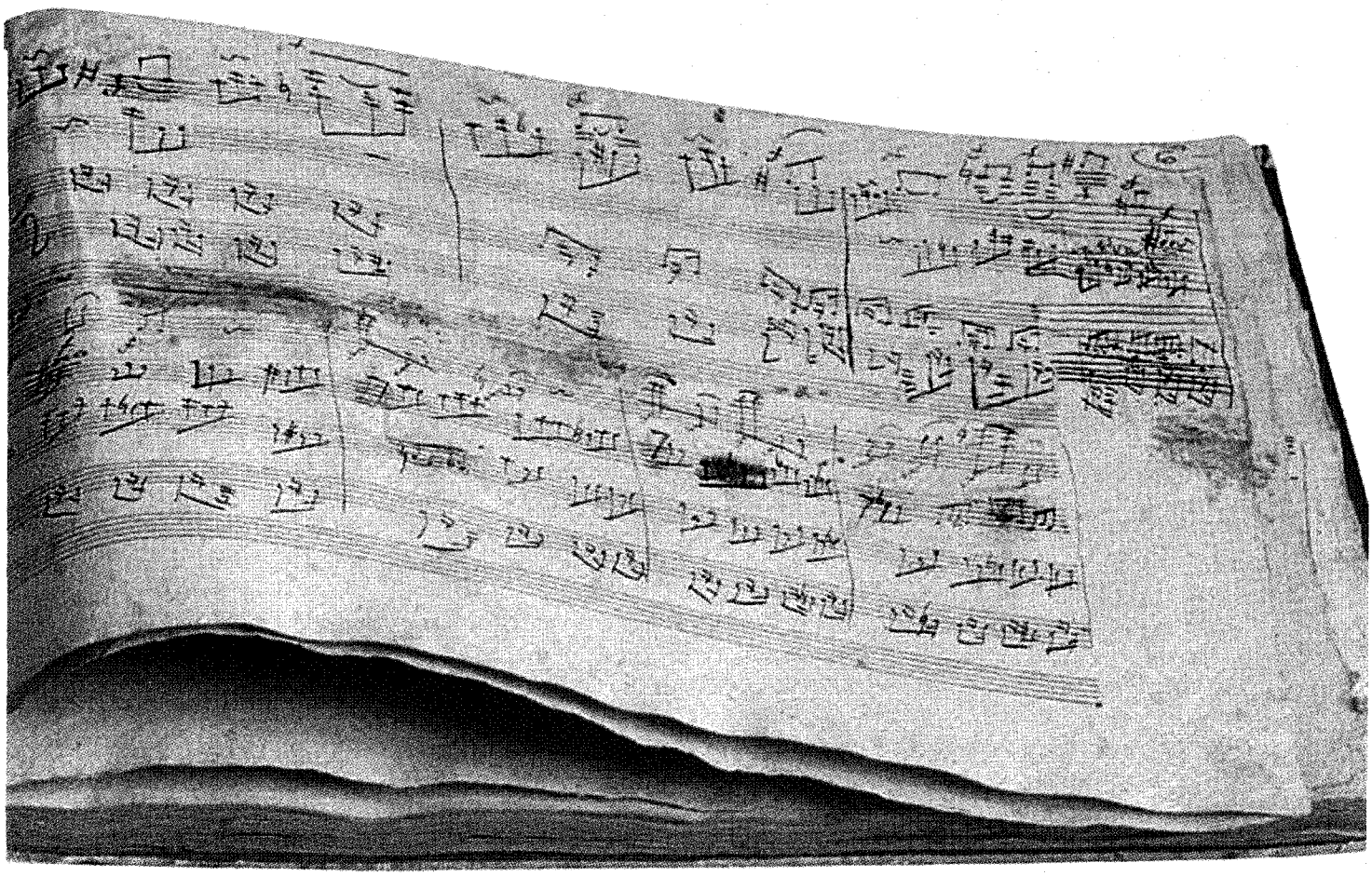
at the pages on which Beethoven's hand had copied out the wildest, grandest fugue ever composed. One reason that many distinguished people went gaga over this discovery—Lewis Lockwood, the leading American Beethoven authority, said to the *Times*, "Wow, oh my God!"—is that the Great Fugue is more than a piece; it's a musicological Holy Grail, a vortex of ideas and implications. It is the most radical work by the most formidable composer in history, and, for composers who had to follow in Beethoven's wake, it became a kind of political object. Arnold Schoenberg heard it as a premonition of atonality, a call for freedom from convention. ("Your cradle was Beethoven's Grosse Fuge," Oskar Kokoschka once said to Schoenberg.) Benjamin Britten, who took pride in tailoring his music to the needs of particular performers and places, was heard to complain that Beethoven's late works were at times willfully bizarre, prophetic of avant-garde, obscurantist tendencies.

In fact, Beethoven was always negotiating between the demands of his muse and the desires of the world, as the history of the Great Fugue shows. It was written in 1825, as the final movement of the String Quartet in B-flat Major, Opus 130. Even before the first performance, it caused puzzlement, according to Beethoven's conversation books, which allowed others to talk to him after he became deaf. "Why do you have two eighth notes [tied together] rather than a quarter note?" the violinist Karl Holz asked him. Evidently, Holz didn't get a straight answer, for he posed the same question several months later. (The conversation books are Sphinx-like: many questions, few answers.) At the quartet's première, in March, 1826, a debate immediately flared up; some listeners were fascinated by the Fugue, while others expressed the hope that Beethoven would replace it with a more friendly finale, which, surprisingly, he did. A colleague created a four-hand piano arrangement of the Fugue, so that people could come to terms with this strange creation. (Back then, arrangements served the function that recordings do now, spreading music to a wide public.) Beethoven found this version unsatisfactory, however, and redid the arrangement himself, making sure that the publisher paid him twelve ducats for his trouble.

What does the long-lost manuscript tell us about Beethoven's thinking? I had only half an hour to look at it, with the indulgence of the Sotheby's staff, and there is no guarantee that I would have been granted any great insights if I had stayed longer. But one thing that struck me was that Beethoven had tampered in an interesting way with the first bars of the Fugue's introductory section. The quartet version begins with loud unison G's, spread over three octaves and one and a half bars. In his initial draft of the piano arrangement, Beethoven replicated the original. Then, apparently, he decided that the G's needed more strength and weight. The manuscript shows that he squeezed in two extra tremolando bars, expanding the moment in time. He also added octaves above and below, expanding it in space. The dynamics increased from forte to fortissimo. For the most part, the differences between the



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quartet and piano versions don't seem profound, but this insistence on the G's stands out.

Musicologists have long seen significance in the fact that Beethoven stresses G at the outset of the Fugue. When the piece is restored to its former position, as the finale of the Quartet Opus 130, a correspondence emerges: the first-violin part in the preceding movement, the Cavatina, comes to rest on the same note. In opera, a cavatina is generally an aria of a short and simple type; this one is as slow, gentle, and lyrical as the Fugue is headlong, ferocious, and cerebral. First, it sings, and then it sobs and shivers; one section is marked "*beklemmt*"—stifled, anguished. This is apocalyptic lyricism, which knows that it cannot last. That the Fugue so vehemently takes up the note on which the Cavatina ends seems almost like a destructive act. Looking at the manuscript, I thought, Beethoven's fury is even stronger now. He is shaking his fist at the world.

Perhaps, though, Beethoven's emotions were not so dire. Perhaps he simply wished to add some pizzazz, some drama, to his opening. The introduction is marked "Overtura," which is an odd word to find in a fugue. In his later instrumental music, Beethoven sometimes played with vocal stylings, with arialike solos and recitativelike interludes. In the eighteen-twenties, the operas of Rossini were the rage, and Beethoven was both irritated and fascinated by the phenomenon. With the pseudo-operatic gestures of his late works, he seems to be paying half-ironic, half-sincere tribute to the popular music of his day. Beethoven and Rossini met in 1822, and, if Rossini's report is to be believed, the old man expressed his delight with "The Barber of Seville," while also making condescending remarks about Italians.

The Fugue is the consummation of Beethoven's strict contrapuntal writing, which he succeeded in integrating into Classical forms. What if it were also some kind of crazed opera buffa, full of arguments, misunderstandings, confessions, and reconciliations? It has several passages of hushed expectation, corresponding to the favorite Rossinian device of the "frozen moment," in which all the characters onstage pronounce themselves dumbfounded by some uncanny apparition or revelation. Also, its placement next to the Cavatina creates a familiar dramatic situation. Rossini wrote cavatinas of various kinds, but his preferred use of the form was as part of a larger scenic sequence in which a heroine meditates upon some great mishap in her life. First, seemingly overwhelmed by circumstances, she sings a slow, sad cavatina. There follows a fast, florid episode, which later came to be known as the cabaletta, in which the diva picks herself up, gets mad, and tests the extremes of her vocal range and agility. I'm ordinarily a docile girl, says Rosina in "Barber of Seville," but if you cross me I turn into a viper. Perhaps the Great Fugue is Beethoven's cabaletta—the masculine, Germanic equivalent of a diva on a tear.

My admittedly speculative theory about the Fugue was influenced by a particular performance that was ringing in my earphones as I went to and from Sotheby's—the Takács Quartet's recording, which appears on a recent three-CD set of Beethoven's late quartets, on the Decca label. Over the past several years, the Takács players have been recording the complete Beethoven quartets, and their survey, now complete, stands as the most richly expressive modern account of this titanic cycle. Their way with the Fugue may disappoint those who want to hear a narrative of unrelenting struggle and agony; the players lavish all their inborn eloquence, warmth, and tonal security upon the music, taking it out of the mystic realm and making it more human. The performance makes the point that the tensions of the Fugue gradually subside after the initial firestorm, in which a hundred and twenty-eight consecutive bars are marked "forte" or above. The final section has a zesty, almost goofy tone. It sounds much like the short, happy finale that Beethoven later substituted for the Fugue.

The Takács players present the Quartet Opus 130 according to Beethoven's original grand design. They are hardly the first ensemble to do so, but they make the strongest possible case. This astounding work runs the gamut of musical knowledge, from sonata-form cogitation to bel-canto aria, from peasant dance to counterpoint. In writing the Fugue, Beethoven wasn't turning from a more popular to a more inward mode of composition, as Schoenberg thought; instead, he was showing, as Joseph Kerman argues in his classic book on the Beethoven quartets, that in any given genre or emotional world he would go to the extreme. In his last years, he went from the "Ode to Joy" to existential despair, and then back to childlike innocence. In Opus 130, he does it all in under an hour. This explains why, a hundred and eighty years after the fact, someone would pay nearly two million dollars for evidence of a menial arranging task that Beethoven considered a waste of his time.

If any living composer can challenge Beethoven on his transcendent turf, it is the eighty-two-year-old Transylvanian master György Ligeti, whom the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center recently celebrated in a three-concert festival. Reinbert de Leeuw, the conductor, dissolved the difficulties of the Chamber Concerto and the Hamburg Concerto; the soprano Barbara Hannigan ran brilliantly amok in a scene from the opera "Le Grand Macabre"; Pierre-Laurent Aimard made the piano Études glitter and roar. With Beethoven on the brain, I listened most closely to the Horn Trio, which Aimard, Mark Steinberg, and Marie Luise Neunecker played with precision and heart. Ligeti wrote it in 1982, just as he entered his own late period. It begins with a salute to Beethoven—a distorted variation of the "farewell" motif from the Sonata Opus 81a. It ends with a Lamento, a ravaged landscape full of dying cries, in which the composer seems to gaze back on a century that killed off most of his family and much of his faith in humanity. But the harmony never turns as dark as it should. Faint triads, stretched over many octaves, provide a glimmer of hope. At the end, three tones glow in the night: a G, low on the horn; a C, high on the violin; and an A, sounding weakly in the middle range of the piano. Here, too, is a slight echo. The notes appear in reverse order at the start of the last movement of Beethoven's final string quartet, in F major; below them are written the words "It must be." ♦

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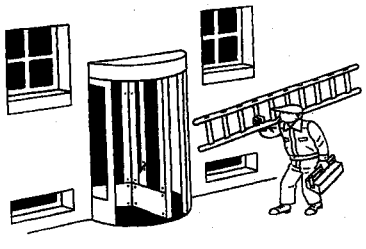
BRIEFLY NOTED

The Inheritance of Loss, *by Kiran Desai (Atlantic Monthly Press; $24).* Desai's second novel is set in the nineteen-eighties in the northeast corner of India, where the borders of several Himalayan states—Bhutan and Sikkim, Nepal and Tibet—meet. At the head of the novel's teeming cast is Jemubhai Patel, a Cambridge-educated judge who has retired from serving a country he finds "too messy for justice." He lives in an isolated house with his cook, his orphaned seventeen-year-old granddaughter, and a red setter, whose company Jemubhai prefers to that of human beings. The tranquillity of his existence is contrasted with the life of the cook's son, working in grimy Manhattan restaurants, and with his granddaughter's affair with a Nepali tutor involved in an insurgency that irrevocably alters Jemubhai's life. Briskly paced and sumptuously written, the novel ponders questions of nationhood, modernity, and class, in ways both moving and revelatory.

The Thin Place, *by Kathryn Davis (Little, Brown; $23.95).* In the opening pages of this brilliant, peculiar book, three small-town girls discover a man's corpse at the edge of a lake, and one of them, Mees Kipp, mysteriously brings him back to life. Davis writes hallucinatory, literate prose, and adopts a cosmic perspective: she is concerned with nothing less than describing the town's every waking moment. The experiences of Mees's dog, trotting through a clearing that smells of porcupine, stand alongside those of a minister's wife reading her morning paper and "confronting whatever form the devil had chosen to assume overnight." In any other book, a magical resurrection would be a central event; for Davis, it's just another moment in a particular place.



The Worst Hard Time, *by Timothy Egan (Houghton Mifflin; $28).* On April 14, 1935, the biggest dust storm on record descended over five states, from the Dakotas to Amarillo, Texas. People standing a few feet apart could not see each other; if they touched, they risked being knocked over by the static electricity that the dust created in the air. The Dust Bowl was the product of reckless, market-driven farming that had so abused the land that, when dry weather came, the wind lifted up millions of acres of topsoil and whipped it around in "black blizzards," which blew as far east as New York. This ecological disaster rapidly disfigured whole communities. Egan's portraits of the families who stayed behind are sobering and far less familiar than those of the "exodusters" who staggered out of the High Plains. He tells of towns depopulated to this day, a mother who watched her baby die of "dust pneumonia," and farmers who gathered tumbleweed as food for their cattle and, eventually, for their children.

American Vertigo, *by Bernard-Henri Lévy (Random House; $24.95).* When Tocqueville wrote "Democracy in America," in the eighteen-thirties, it seemed as if only a foreigner could identify the essence of American culture. Now Lévy, a new kind of French aristocrat, has retraced his steps, travelling through our malls and megachurches and prisons. Lévy's writing has always been an arms race between shrewd observation and rapt self-absorption, but that's not the only problem here. The outsider's advantage is to see things fresh; his disadvantage is that he doesn't know when his observations are anything but fresh. In recent decades, our national self-scrutiny has spawned a library of its own—Joan Didion, Christopher Lasch, Mike Davis, Richard Sennett, Thomas Frank—and the time is long past when extracting profundities from the Mall of America seemed daring, rather than trite. Lévy's hortatory prose seethes with provocation and paradox; the trouble is that so many of his observations are so stale and predictable.

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BOOKS

CODE-BREAKER

The life and death of Alan Turing.

BY JIM HOLT

On June 8, 1954, Alan Turing, a forty-one-year-old research scientist at Manchester University, was found dead by his housekeeper. Before getting into bed the night before, he had taken a few bites out of an apple that was, apparently, laced with cyanide. At an inquest, a few days later, his death was ruled a suicide. Turing was, by necessity rather than by inclination, a man of secrets. One of his secrets had been exposed two years before his death, when he was convicted of "gross indecency" for having a homosexual affair. Another, however, had not yet come to light. It was Turing who was chiefly responsible for breaking the German Enigma code during the Second World War, an achievement that helped save Britain from defeat in the dark days of 1941. Had this been publicly known, he would have been acclaimed a national hero. But the existence of the British code-breaking effort remained closely guarded even after the end of the war; the relevant documents weren't declassified until the nineteen-seventies. And it wasn't until the eighties that Turing got the credit he deserved for a second, and equally formidable, achievement: creating the blueprint for the modern computer.

It is natural to view Turing as a gay martyr, hounded to death for his sexuality despite his great service to humanity. But it is also tempting to speculate about whether he really was a suicide. The flight to Moscow, in 1951, of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, British diplomats and rumored lovers who had been covertly working for the Soviets, prompted one London newspaper to editorialize that Britain should adopt the American policy of "weeding out both sexual and political perverts." Turing's role in wartime code-breaking had left him with an intimate knowledge of British intelligence. After his conviction for homosexuality, he may have seemed out of control. He began travelling abroad in search of sex, visiting countries bordering on the Eastern bloc. The coroner at his inquest knew none of this. No one tested the apple found by his bedside for cyanide.

The possibility of clandestine assassination is hinted by the title of David Leavitt's short biography, "The Man Who Knew Too Much: Alan Turing and the Invention of the Computer" (Norton/Atlas; $22.95), borrowed from the Hitchcock thriller. Leavitt, the author of several novels and short-story collections with gay protagonists, rings the gay-martyr theme in the book's opening pages by invoking another film classic, "The Man in the White Suit." In that 1951 comedy, which Leavitt reads as a gay allegory, a scientist is chased by a mob that feels threatened by a miraculous invention of his. Then a third film is mentioned, one that evidently made an impression on Turing: the 1937 Disney animation "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Those who knew him said that he was particularly fond of chanting the witch's couplet, "Dip the apple in the brew, / Let the sleeping death seep through." So we're prepared for a life story that, though steeped in logic and mathematics, is part mystery, part parable of sexual politics, part fairy tale.

Alan Mathison Turing was conceived in India, where his father worked in the Indian civil service, and born in 1912 during a visit by his parents to London. Instead of taking their child back to the East, they sent him to live with a retired Army couple in a seaside English town. Alan was a good-looking boy, dreamy, rather clumsy, hopelessly untidy, and not very popular with his classmates. The loneliness of his childhood was finally dispelled when, in his early teens, he met another boy who shared his passion for science. They became inseparable friends, exploring esoterica like Einstein's relativity theory together. When, a year later, the boy died of tuberculosis, Turing seems to have been left with an ideal of romantic love that he spent the rest of his life trying to duplicate.

In 1931, Turing entered Cambridge. His college, King's, "had a very 'gay' reputation," Leavitt notes, and was known for its links to the Bloomsbury group. Turing's unworldliness kept him apart from the aesthetic set; he preferred the more Spartan pleasures of rowing and long-distance running. But Cambridge also had a rich scientific culture, and Turing's talents flourished in it. With the backing of John Maynard Keynes, he was elected a Fellow of King's College in 1935, at the age of twenty-two. When the news reached his old school, the boys celebrated with a clerihew: "Turing / Must have been alluring / To get made a don / So early on." With a stipend, no duties, and High Table dining privileges, he was free to follow his intellectual fancy. That spring, attending lectures in the foundations of mathematics, he was introduced to a deep and unresolved matter known as the "decision problem." A few months later, during one of his habitual runs, he lay down in a meadow and conceived a sort of abstract machine that settled it in an unexpected way.

The decision problem asks, in essence, whether reasoning can be reduced to computation. That was the dream of the seventeenth-century philosopher Gottfried von Leibniz, who imagined a calculus of reason that would permit disagreements to be resolved by taking pen in hand and saying, *Calculemus*—"Let us calculate." Suppose, that is, you have a set of premises and a putative conclusion. Is there some automatic procedure for deciding whether the former entails the latter? Can you determine, in principle, whether a conjecture can be proved true or false? The decision problem calls for a mechanical set of rules for deciding whether such an inference is valid, one that is guaranteed to yield a yes-or-no answer in a finite amount of time. Such a method would be particularly useful to mathematicians, since it would allow them to resolve many of the conundrums in their field—like Fermat's last theorem, or Goldbach's conjecture—by brute force. That is why David Hilbert, who in 1928 challenged the mathematical community to solve the decision problem, called it "the principal problem of mathematical logic."

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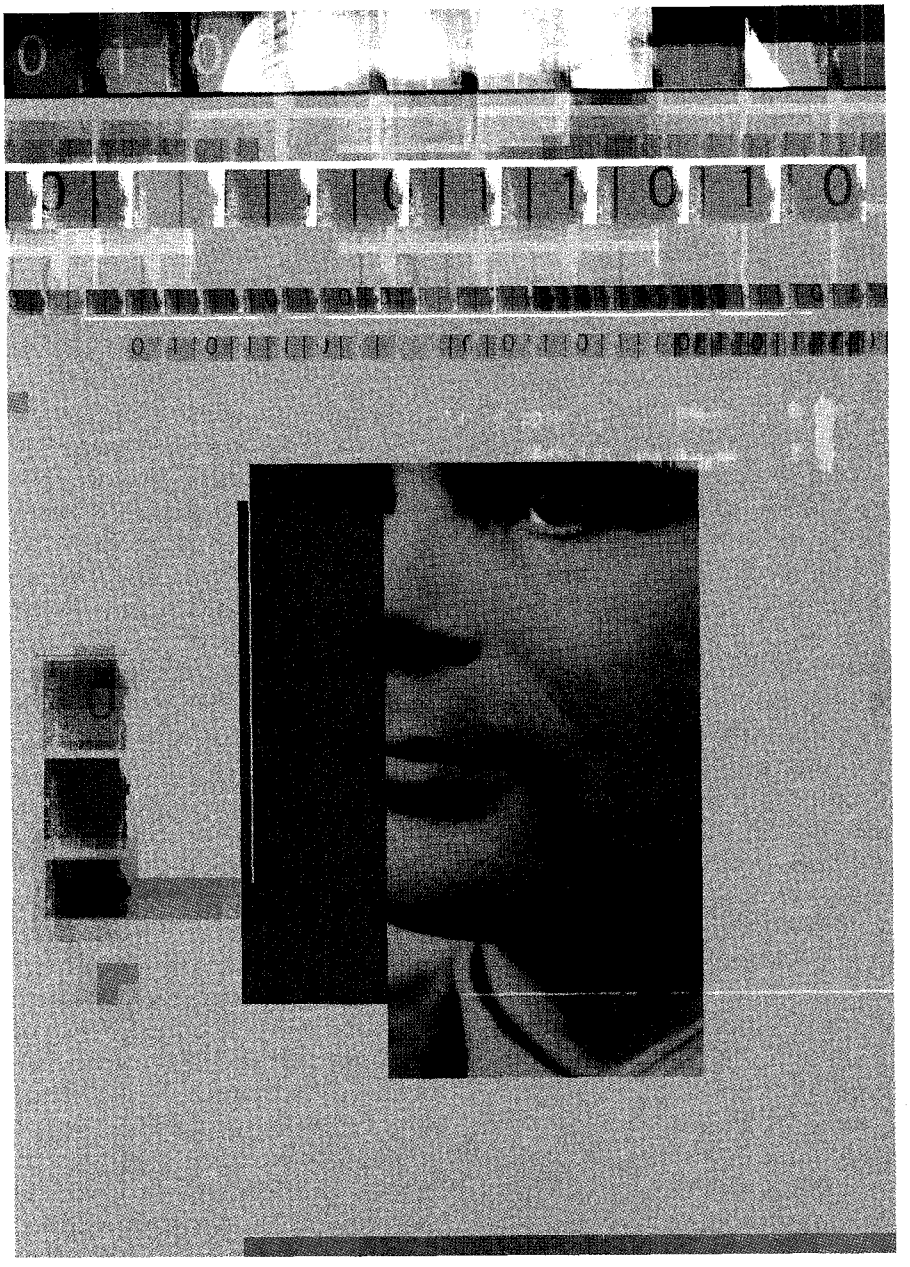

His wartime cryptography helped save England, but by its laws he was a sex offender.

JOHN RITTER

Turing began by thinking about what happens when a human carries out a computation by means of a pencil, a scratch pad, and a set of mindless instructions. By ruthlessly paring away inessential details, he arrived at an idealized machine that, he was convinced, captured the essence of the process. The machine was somewhat homely in conception: it consists of an unending tape divided into squares (rather like an infinite strip of toilet paper). Over this tape a little scanner travels back and forth, one square at a time, writing and erasing 0's and 1's. The scanner's action at any moment depends on the symbol in the square it is over and the state it is in—its "state of mind," so to speak. There are only a finite number of states, and the way they link up what the scanner sees to what it does constitutes the machine's program. (A typical line in a program would be something like "When the machine is in state A scanning 0, it will replace 0 by 1, move one square to the left, and then go into state B.")

Turing was able to do some amazing things with his abstract devices, which soon became known as "Turing machines." Despite their simple design, he showed, they could be made to perform all sorts of complicated mathematics. Each machine's functioning, moreover, could be encapsulated in a single number (typically, a very long one), so that one machine could be made to operate on another by putting the number of the second machine on the tape of the first. If a machine were fed its own number, then it could operate on itself. Turing was thereby able to exploit something akin to the paradoxes of self-reference ("I am lying") and show that certain sorts of Turing machines could not exist. For instance, there could be no Turing machine that, when fed with the program number of another machine, would decide whether that machine would eventually come to a halt in its computation or would grind on forever. (If there were such a machine, it could be tweaked into a Hamlet-like variant that would decide, in effect, "I will come to a halt if and only if I never come to a halt.") But the halting problem, it turned out, was merely the decision problem in disguise. Turing was able to prove that no computing machine of the kind he envisaged could solve the decision problem. Reasoning could not be reduced to computation after all.

But the death of Leibniz's dream turned out to be the birth of the computer age. The boldest idea to emerge from Turing's analysis was that of a *universal* Turing machine: one that, when furnished with the number describing the mechanism of any particular Turing machine, would perfectly mimic its behavior. In effect, the "hardware" of a special-purpose computer could be translated into "software" and then entered like data into the universal machine, where it would be run as a program—the way, for example, the operating system on your laptop treats a word-processing program as data. What Turing had invented, as a by-product of his advance in logic, was the stored-program computer.

Turing was twenty-three when he dispatched the decision problem. Just as he was finishing his work, discouraging news reached Cambridge from across the Atlantic: a Princeton logician named Alonzo Church had beaten him to the punch. Unlike Turing, however, Church did not arrive at the idea of a universal computing machine; instead, he used a far more arcane construction known as the "lambda calculus." Still, Turing decided that he might profit from studying with the more established logician. So he made his way to America, crossing the Atlantic in steerage and arriving in New York, where, he wrote to his mother, "I

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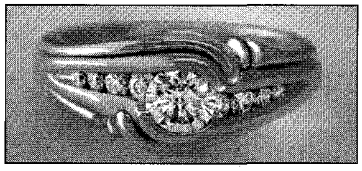

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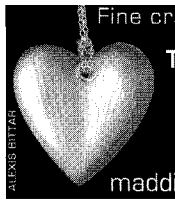

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had to go through the ceremony of initiation to the U.S.A., consisting of being swindled by a taxi-driver."

At Princeton, Turing took the first steps toward building a working model of his imaginary computer, pondering how to realize its logical design in a network of relay-operated switches; he even managed to get into a machine shop in the physics department and construct some of the relays himself. In addition to his studies with Church, he also had dealings with the formidable John von Neumann, who would later be credited with innovations in computer architecture that Turing himself had pioneered. On the social side, he found the straightforward manners of Americans congenial, with certain exceptions: "Whenever you thank them for anything, they say 'You're welcome.' I rather liked it at first, thinking I was welcome, but now I find it comes back like a ball thrown against a wall, and become positively apprehensive. Another habit they have is to make the sound described by authors as 'Aha.' They use it when they have no suitable reply to a remark."

In 1938, Turing was awarded a Ph.D. in mathematics by Princeton, and, despite the urgings of his father, who worried about imminent war with Germany, decided to return to Britain. Back at Cambridge, he became a regular at Ludwig Wittgenstein's seminar on the foundations of mathematics. Turing and Wittgenstein were remarkably alike: solitary, ascetic, homosexual, drawn to fundamental questions. But they disagreed sharply on philosophical matters, like the relationship between logic and ordinary life. "No one has ever yet got into trouble from a contradiction in logic," Wittgenstein insisted. To which Turing's response was "The real harm will not come in unless there is an application, in which case a bridge may fall down." Before long, Turing would himself demonstrate that contradictions could indeed have life-or-death consequences.

On September 1, 1939, Nazi troops invaded Poland. Three days later, Turing reported to Bletchley Park, a Victorian Tudor-Gothic estate northwest of London where the British cipher service had secretly relocated. He and the other code-breakers arrived at Bletchley under the guise of "Captain Ridley's Shooting Party" (which had some locals grumbling about able-bodied men not doing their bit in the war). The task they faced was daunting. Since the use of radio communications in the First World War, effective cryptography—insuring that private messages could be sent via a public medium—had been critical to the military. The Nazis were convinced that their encryption system—based on a machine that looked like a souped-up typewriter, called the Enigma—would play a vital role in their expected victory.

The Enigma, invented for commercial use in 1918 and soon adopted by the German military, had an alphabetic keyboard and, next to that, a set of twenty-six little lamps, one for each letter. When a letter on the keyboard was pressed, a different letter on the lampboard would light up. If you typed the letters "d-o-g," the letters "r-l-u" might light up on the lampboard. When "rlu" was sent out in Morse code by a radio operator, a recipient would pick it up, type it on the keyboard of his Enigma machine, and the letters "d-o-g" would light up on the lampboard—so long as the settings of the two machines were the same. And that is where things get interesting. Inside the Enigma were a number of rotating wheels that determined the match between entered and coded letters; each time a letter was typed, one of the wheels would turn, altering the wiring. (Thus, if you typed "g-g-g," the coded version might be "q-d-a.") The military version of the Enigma also had something called a "plugboard," by which the connections between letters could be further scrambled. The settings of the wheels and the plugboard were changed each day at midnight. And further layers of complexity were added, increasing the number of possible keys to something like a hundred and fifty quintillion.

The most impenetrable communications were those of the German Navy, which used the Enigma machine with special cunning and discipline. By early 1941, Germany's growing U-boat fleet was devastating British shipping, sinking around sixty ships a month. Unlike Germany, Britain was almost completely reliant on the sea-lanes for sustenance. Unless some counter-strategy could be found, the British Isles faced being starved into submission. When Turing arrived at Bletchley Park, no work was being done on the naval Enigma, which

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many considered to be unbreakable. Indeed, it has been said, there were only two people who thought the Enigma could be broken: Frank Birch, the head of Bletchley's naval-intelligence division, because it *had* to be broken; and Alan Turing, because it was an interesting problem.

Taking on the naval Enigma, Turing soon detected a weakness. A coded naval message would frequently contain formulaic bits, like WETTER FUER DIE NACHT ("weather for the night"), that might be guessed at. Such a "crib," he realized, could be exploited to yield logical chains, each of which corresponded to billions of possible Enigma settings. When one of these chains led to a contradiction, the billions of settings to which it corresponded could be ruled out. Now the problem was reduced to checking millions of logical chains—daunting, to be sure, but not impossible. Turing set about devising a machine that would automate the search for logical consistency, eliminating contradictory chains rapidly enough for the code-breakers to deduce that day's Enigma settings before the intelligence became stale. The result was the size of several refrigerators, with dozens of rotating drums (which mimicked the Enigma wheels) and massive coils of colored wire suggesting a Fair Isle sweater. In operation, it sounded like thousands of knitting needles clattering away, as its relay switches checked one logical chain after another. In a nod to an earlier, Polish code-breaking machine, which made an ominous ticking sound, the people at Bletchley called the thing a Bombe.

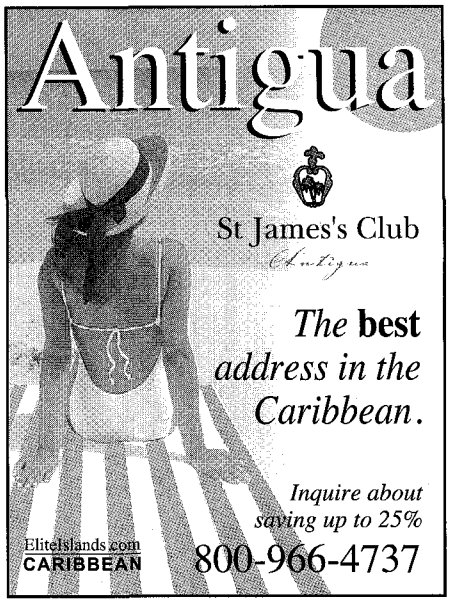
On a good day, a Bombe could yield that day's Enigma key in as little as an hour, and, by 1941, eighteen Bombes were up and running. With the Nazi naval communications rendered transparent, the British could pinpoint the position of the U-boats, steering convoys safely around them and, taking the offensive, sending destroyers to sink them. Even as the Battle of the Atlantic began to shift, the German High Command refused to believe that the Enigma could have been broken, suspecting instead espionage and treachery.

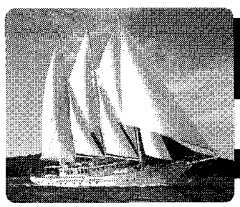
As the Enigma evolved, Turing continued to devise new strategies to defeat it. Known at Bletchley as the Prof, Turing was famed for his harmless eccentricities, like keeping his tea mug chained to the radiator and wearing a gas mask as he rode his bicycle to work (it helped to alleviate his hay fever). He impressed his colleagues as a friendly, approachable genius, always willing to explain his ideas, and he became especially close to a woman he worked with, playing what he called "sleepy chess" with her after their night-shift code-breaking. Having convinced himself that he was in love with her, he proposed marriage, and was eagerly accepted, even after he divulged his "homosexual tendencies" to her. But he later decided it wouldn't work and broke off the engagement. It seems to have been the only time in his life that he contemplated a heterosexual relationship.

By 1942, Turing had mastered most of the theoretical problems posed by the Enigma. Now that the United States was ready to throw its vast resources into the code-breaking effort, he was dispatched as a liaison to Washington, where he helped the Americans get their own Bombe-making and Enigma-monitoring under way. Then he headed to New York, where he was to work on another top-secret project, involving the encryption of speech, at Bell Laboratories, which were then situated near the piers in Greenwich Village. While at Bell Labs, he became engrossed with a question that came to occupy his postwar work: was it possible to build an artificial brain? On one occasion, Turing stunned the entire executive mess at Bell Labs into silence by announcing, in a typically clarion tone, "I'm not interested in developing a *powerful* brain. All I'm after is just a *mediocre* brain, something like the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company."

Turing's early work had raised a fascinating possibility: perhaps the human brain is something like a universal Turing machine. Of course, the brain looks more like cold porridge than like a machine. But Turing suspected that what made the brain capable of thought was its logical structure, not its physical embodiment. Building a universal Turing machine might thus be the way to erase the line between the mechanical and the intelligent.

In 1945, Turing wrote up a plan for building a computer which contained everything from the abstract structure down to the circuit diagrams and a cost esti-

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"Well—yeah, maybe I could use a sidekick."

• •

mate of eleven thousand two hundred pounds. At Britain's National Physical Laboratory, where he worked after the war, he had nothing like the resources of the Americans, and yet he rose to the challenge posed by his straitened circumstances. When it came to the computer's memory, for example, the most obvious storage device was one in which the data took the form of vibrations in liquid mercury. But Turing reckoned that gin would be just as effective, and far cheaper. On one occasion, he noticed a drainpipe lying in a field and had a colleague help him drag it back to the laboratory for use in his computer hardware. Frustrated with the inept administration at the N.P.L., he finally accepted an offer to direct the development of a computer prototype at Manchester University. Arriving in that grim Northern industrial city at the age of thirty-six, he found it "mucky" and noted that the Mancunian male wasn't much to look at.

Despite his immersion in engineering details, Turing's fascination with computing was essentially philosophical. "I am more interested in the possibility of producing models of the action of the brain than in the practical applications of computing," he wrote to a friend. Turing conjectured that, initially, at least, computers might be suited to purely symbolic tasks, those presupposing no "contact with the outside world," like mathematics, cryptanalysis, and chess-playing (for which he himself worked out the first programs on paper). But he imagined a day when a machine could simulate human mental abilities so well as to raise the question of whether it was actually capable of thought. In a paper published in the philosophy journal *Mind*, he proposed the now classic "Turing test": a computer could be said to be intelligent if it could fool an interrogator—perhaps in the course of a dialogue conducted via teletype—into thinking it was a human being. Turing argued that the only way to know that other people are conscious is by comparing their behavior to one's own, and that there is no reason to treat machines any differently.

To Leavitt, the idea of a computer mimicking a human inevitably suggests that of a gay man "passing" as straight. Here and elsewhere, he shows a rather overdeveloped ability to detect psychosexual significance. (When, in the *Mind* paper, Turing writes of certain human abilities that it is hard to imagine a machine developing, like the ability to "enjoy strawberries and cream," Leavitt sees a "code word for tastes that Turing prefers not to name.") But the book does succeed, on the whole, in giving a poignant depiction of Turing the man. And the bar was set pretty high. Two decades ago, a mathematician named Andrew Hodges published "Alan Turing: The Enigma," which is one of the finest scientific biographies ever written, and has remained an essential resource for all subsequent accounts of Turing's life. In 1987, Hugh Whitemore's superb play about Turing, "Breaking the Code," opened on Broadway, with Derek Jacobi in the starring role. Both of these works not only captured the pathos of Turing's life; they also gave a lucid account of his technical achievement. (Whitemore's play miraculously compressed the decision problem and the Enigma decoding into a couple of brief speeches without any real distortion.)

It is on the technical side that Leavitt falls short. His exposition, full of the sort of excess detail that mathematicians call "hair," is marred by confusions and errors. In trying to describe how Turing resolved the decision problem, Leavitt gets wrong the central idea of a "computable number." Discussing the earlier logical work of Kurt Gödel, Leavitt says that it established that the axiomatic system of Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead's "Principia Mathematica" was "inconsistent," when Gödel proved no such thing, and a definition of something called Skewes number is precisely backward. Although Leavitt seems to have made a valiant attempt to master this material in preparation for writing the book, his explanatory efforts will leave initiates irritable and beginners perplexed.

Turing lived for the remainder of his life in Manchester. He bought a small house in a suburb and bicycled the ten miles to the university each day, donning a slightly ludicrous yellow oilskin and hat when it rained. Although nominally the deputy director of the computing laboratory (which developed the world's first commercially available electronic computer), he also took on a fundamental mystery in biology: how is it that living things, which start out as a cluster of identical cells, eventually grow into the variety of different forms found in nature? Working out systems of equations to model this process of morphogenesis, he used the prototype computer to find solutions; seated at the console, using the machine's manual controls, Turing looked, in the words of one colleague, as if he were "playing the organ."

Shortly before Christmas, 1951, Turing was walking along Oxford Street in Manchester when his eye was caught by a nineteen-year-old working-class youth named Arnold Murray. The encounter turned into an affair of sorts, with Murray coming to Turing's house on several occasions, having dinner with him, and then spending the night. A month later, Turing was invited by the BBC to take part in a radio debate on the question "Can Automatic Calculating Machines Be Said to Think?" (He had already received some rather breathless publicity on his ideas about artificial intelligence from the British papers.) On one of the days that the program aired, Turing came home to find that his house had been burglarized. The burglar, as he suspected, was an associate of Murray's who was confident that a homosexual would never go to the police. But Turing did go to the police. After some initial dissem-

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bling about how he came by his information about the culprit's identity, Turing volunteered the details of his affair to the startled detectives. Turing was charged, under the same 1885 act that led to the prosecution of Oscar Wilde, with "gross indecency." This crime was punishable by up to two years' imprisonment, but the judge, taking into account Turing's intellectual distinction (though knowing nothing of his activities during the war), sentenced him to probation, on the condition that he "submit for treatment by a duly qualified medical practitioner."

The treatment of choice was hormonal. Earlier, American researchers had tried to convert gay men to heterosexuality by injecting them with male hormones, on the theory that they suffered from a masculinity deficit; surprisingly, this only seemed to intensify their homosexual drive. So the opposite approach was tried. By giving homosexuals large doses of female hormones, it was found, their libido could be destroyed in as little as a month. This chemical castration had the side effect of causing temporary breast enlargement, as Turing found to his humiliation, and his lean runner's body took on fat.

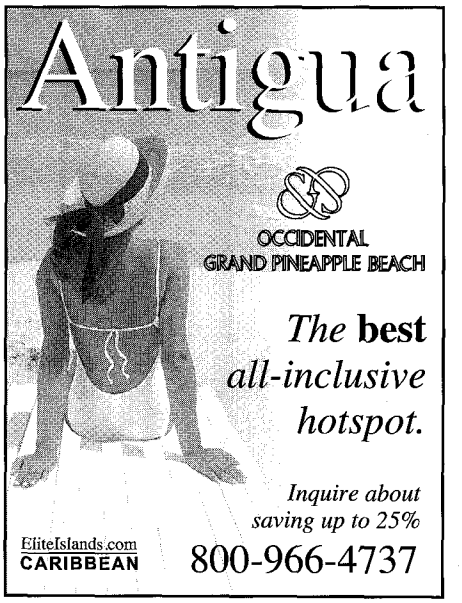
The news of Turing's conviction received no national attention. The reaction of his mother, to whom he had grown close over the years, was one of affectionate exasperation. His lab colleagues dismissed it all as "typical Turing." With his criminal record of "moral turpitude," he was barred from the United States. But, once his probation ended, in April of 1953, and the effects of the hormone regimen wore off, he travelled to Europe for romantic liaisons. His position at Manchester was secure: the university created a special Readership in the Theory of Computing for him, which came with a pay raise. He was free to continue with his work on mathematical biology and artificial intelligence, and he enjoyed the growing talk among logicians of "Turing machines."

Why, then, more than two years after the trial, and more than a year after the hormone treatment ended, would he have committed suicide? Leavitt describes Turing's life after his arrest as "a slow, sad descent into grief and madness." That's overly dramatic. Turing did start seeing a Jungian analyst and developed a taste for Tolstoy, but neither is an infallible sign of madness. He also, a few months before his death, sent a friend a series of postcards containing eight "messages from the unseen world." Some were terse aphorisms: "Science is a differential Equation. Religion is a Boundary Condition." Others had a Blakean cast: "Hyperboloids of wondrous Light / Rolling for aye through Space and Time / Harbour those Waves which somehow might / Play out God's wondrous pantomime." Well, it does rhyme.

Turing's death, as Leavitt also notes, occurred in a period of acute anxiety about spies and homosexuals and Soviet entrapment. That week, newspapers announced that the former head of Los Alamos, Robert Oppenheimer, had been judged a security risk. And, as Andrew Hodges wrote, "Had the headline been 'ATOMIC SCIENTIST FOUND DEAD,' the questions would have been immediate and public."

Still, Leavitt concedes that there is no evidence that the death of the Man Who Knew Too Much was anything other than a suicide. Indeed, the only person who seems to have had doubts was Turing's mother, who insisted that her son must have accidentally ingested something from one of the chemical experiments he conducted at home. Turing was rather sloppy, and he was known to eat an apple every night before going to bed. On the other hand, he once wrote a letter to a friend mentioning a method of suicide that "involved an apple and electric wiring."

Was Turing's death a kind of martyrdom? Was it the perfect suicide—one that deceived the person whose feelings he cared most about, his mother—or, more improbably, the perfect murder? Leavitt is the latest to broach these questions without resolving them. Perhaps, he imagines at the end of his book, the message Turing wanted to convey is one that has so far been overlooked: "In the fairy tale the apple into which Snow White bites doesn't kill her; it puts her to sleep until the Prince wakes her up with a kiss." This note of macabre camp doesn't suit a man who eschewed all forms of egoistic fuss as he solved the most important logic problem of his time, saved countless lives by defeating a Nazi code, conceived the computer, and rethought how mind arises from matter. ♦



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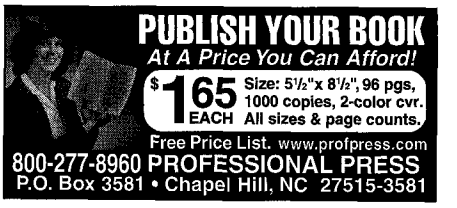

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BOOKS

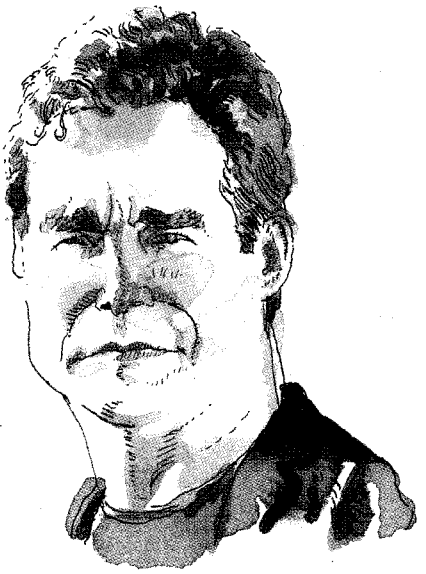
THE EARTHQUAKE

A Manhattan affair.

BY LOUIS MENAND

Corrine, the heroine of Jay McInerney's new novel, "The Good Life" (Knopf; $25), is an attractive, fortyish woman who lives with her husband, Russell, a book editor, and their young twins in a loft in Tribeca. They spend the summers in Sagaponack and they entertain in style, but they rent the loft, they don't own it, and they worry about money. Corrine quit her job as a lawyer to raise the kids, and she's trying to get back to earning again by working on a screenplay based on Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter." She is vaguely dissatisfied with her marriage. Luke is a handsome, fortyish man who lives in an expensive co-op on East Seventy-seventh Street with his wife, Sasha, a society beauty, and their unhappy teen-age daughter, Ashley. Luke has made millions on Wall Street, and is now "retired" and writing a book about samurai movies, of which he is a fan. He, too, is vaguely dissatisfied with his marriage. No points will be awarded for guessing what happens.

McInerney is sometimes thought of as a satirist, because he writes about a social scene that is a frequent subject of satire, the Manhattan Wasp haute bourgeoisie. But he is not a true satirist. He is not even a sentimental one. True satirists, though they have a lingering respect for wicked people, basically hate everybody. Sentimental satirists—Tom Wolfe, for example—just hate the kind of people it is normal to hate: hypocrites, phonies, bullies, and narcissists. They have a soft spot for the innocent and well-meaning, society's victims—the sort of character that a true satirist, like Thackeray, gleefully destroys. McInerney doesn't hate anyone. He loves his characters. He loves, in this new book, not only Corrine and Luke; he loves the hapless Russell (essentially a good guy whose ambitions are always running a little ahead of his talents) and the vain Sasha (essentially a sensible woman whose appetites run ahead of her needs). He loves Washington, a cool black colleague of Russell's who's a recovering alcoholic, and he loves Guillermo, a charming Wall Street pal of Luke's who's a clandestine cruiser of gay bars. He even loves the wretched



Jay McInerney

Ashley, getting her out of rehab and onto a nice horse farm in Tennessee, where she promptly renounces private-school depravity and devotes herself to good works and healthy living. We should all be McInerney characters! His people aren't bad; they're foolish, and folly can be redeemed. To make the plot churn and to provide a little moral contrast, there are a couple of vile unredeemables in "The Good Life"—a "Lolita"-derived piece of Eurotrash, named Anton Hohenlohe, and a "Fatal Attraction"-derived succubus, called Trisha. Thackeray or Wolfe would have had extended sport with these two. McInerney can't wait to get them off the page.

It is a feature of the characters in McInerney's novel that they see themselves as characters in a McInerney novel. This makes them depressed. Corrine knows that being a downtown mom trying to resuscitate her career by writing, or pretending to write, a screenplay is a cliché. Luke knows that all ex-investment bankers are supposed to be idly pursuing some sophomoric project in the name of "personal growth." At a slightly dimmer register of self-awareness, Russell knows that getting seriously into cuisine (as he does) is just the sort of thing forty-something book editors do, and Sasha knows that drinking too much champagne and flirting with paunchy tycoons at East Side benefit dinners (as she does) is what aging fashion plates do. They're all in a bubble, and they feel it, but they can't get out. It is this noble but futile resistance to the types in which they have been cast that earns them their creator's affection.

"The Good Life" works hard to evoke the upper-middle-class Manhattan bubble, though maybe not hard enough. A lot of familiar names are familiarly dropped—Nobu, Babbo, Lupa, the Hamptons jitney, 740 Park, Abel Ferrara, Paul Auster, Nan and Gay, Salman—but, despite the glitter of currency, the cultural ozone is a little thin. This may have something to do with the fact that McInerney has spent a lot of authorial time with these people already. Corrine and Russell and most of their friends are resurrected from his 1992 novel "Brightness Falls" (no wonder they're starting to feel like characters in a book), and so are a few of the people in Luke's world. Allusions to people and events from "Brightness Falls" will be more meaningful to readers who remember that book. A few of the scenes in "The Good Life" are, thematically, dead ends. And the prose, like the plot, occasionally sinks into conventionality, and we get patches of literary cornstarch like this (about New York City):

> When had the dewy sheen of youthful exuberance hardened into the glossy shellac of sophistication? He knew it was partly his fault, being seven years older, with ambitions of his own. The same thing happened, he supposed, to all of the eager boys and

BARRY BLITT

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girls drawn to the brilliant glow of the city from Charlotte, Charlottesville, Pittsburgh, Pittsfield, and Des Plaines; from Buxton, Kingston, Birmingham, and Bellingham. They gained their citizenship at the expense of their amazement. In the long run, the spectacle and chaotic grandeur of the city, like the sun, were too overwhelming to view with the naked eyes of wonder.

And this (about something else):

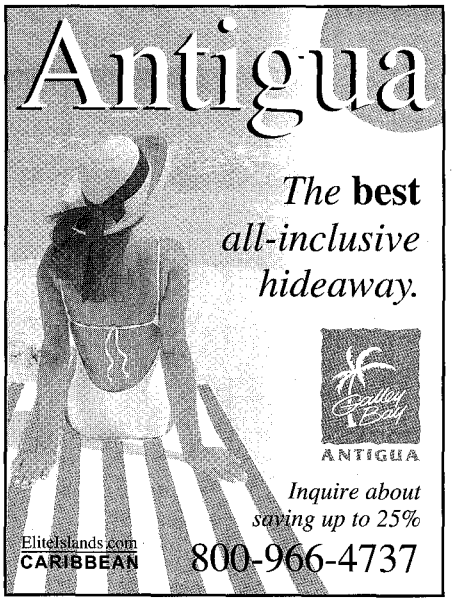
> Strange pleas, cries like those of a wounded creature, sounded within her and possibly escaped her lips. She pushed herself toward him, again and again, and felt herself approaching that familiar yet elusive destination more rapidly than she ever remembered, racing toward that moment when she would finally break through and absorb his body fully into her own.

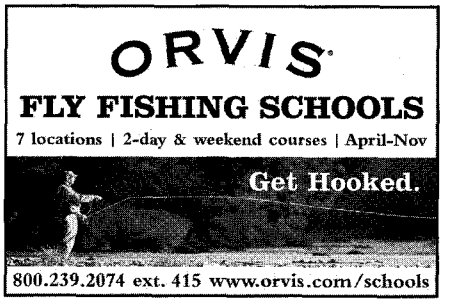
I'll have what she's having. Seven glorious lines later, she gets there. Afterward, he (it is our hero, Luke) chivalrously apologizes for being too quick.

Still, "The Good Life" is an intelligent venture in a tricky genre: the 9/11 novel. It's the attack on the World Trade Center that brings Luke and Corrine together—he's visiting his accountant in the World Financial Center that morning, and she lives just up the street. They meet, and soon afterward become volunteers in a soup kitchen for rescue workers at Ground Zero, which is where, in the absence of nosy spouses, their intimacy develops. The historical situation may be part of the reason for the mutedness of the book, but mutedness, in this context, is preferable to showiness, and McInerney gets a lot of credit for tact. He does not, for instance, attempt to describe what happened on September 11th itself. The story begins on the evening of September 10th, and it resumes on the morning of the twelfth, when Luke, after a night on the pile searching for survivors, staggers out of the dust and smoke and runs into Corrine. It is also sensible that Luke and Corrine's relationship is not, in the end, so terribly star-crossed. The distance from Hudson Street to the Upper East Side seems vast only to the people who live on Hudson Street and the Upper East Side. The rest of humanity would have a hard time telling those worlds apart. But this makes the connection simpler and more plausible. We are not asked to accept the spectacle of Luke moving to Staten Island, or Corrine running off with a fireman.

The chief reason September 11th is a challenge to novelists is that although every New Yorker feels that the attacks made a difference in the way life is lived, it is not clear that the difference is the stuff of novels. McInerney's premise is that after September 11th anything seemed possible to the survivors. They had walked away from the train wreck, been pulled from the riptide, granted a reprieve, and, for a moment, the world was new again. They could start over, and have the life that they had always felt too scared or dependent or guilt-ridden to have. It's true that New York briefly—well, it wasn't so brief, that was the amazing thing about it—turned into a small town after September 11th. The enormous asymmetries that ordinarily organize metropolitan life disappeared. People made eye contact. But the mood was not the spirit of adventure, or escape from the past. It was the opposite. New Yorkers wanted, quietly and desperately, to hang on to the past, and to cherish whatever in the way of normalcy they had had on September 10th. They didn't fight off their old lives; they made peace with them. September 11th was more likely to end an extramarital affair than to enable one. But: "All happy families are the same." Novels, notoriously, are not about making peace or cultivating domesticity. Novels are about the demons that wreck happiness inside the bubble by whispering that there is something better for us outside it. In New York on September 12th, those demons were silent.

But, whatever got turned upside down in the fall of 2001, the strangeness was temporary. In Heinrich von Kleist's famous story "The Earthquake in Chile," the unmarried lovers whom the Church has condemned are freed by a terrible earthquake that destroys Santiago, and they enjoy a miraculous idyll outside the walls of the ruined city, where their love is acknowledged and their sin is forgiven by other survivors in an outburst of grief and acceptance. Then they all go back. The lovers enter the church, and are beaten to death by a mob. The clearings that history occasionally creates do not last. "The Good Life" gets this part right, too. ♦





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THE THEATRE

THE MIRROR CRACKED

Looking on the bright and dark sides with Elaine Stritch and David Mamet.

BY HILTON ALS

The brilliant Elaine Stritch—actress, singer, raconteur—has a face that was made for cinema. Not for the hearts-and-flowers sentiment and blinding movie-star teeth that pass for cinema these days: Stritch's face, with its deadpan allure, the eyes that cut through any pretension—including her own—was made for cinéma vérité, for movies that attempt to speak the truth. As it stands, Stritch's down-and-dirty, elegant, and imperious manner—she's a high-class broad in a low-down business—has been captured in two documentaries of note: D. A. Pennebaker's 1970 "Original Cast Album: 'Company' " and Michael Houldey's 1985 " 'Follies' in Concert." In each film, Stritch not only steals the Stephen Sondheim show under examination; she gives the documentarians something to run with: the drama of being . . . Elaine Stritch. In the first film, Stritch has difficulty nailing one of her signature numbers, "The Ladies Who Lunch." As she struggles with the song, she conveys something of the price the performer must pay for the elusive notion of perfection. In the second documentary, Stritch is enlisted to perform another signature tune, "Broadway Baby," in a concert version of "Follies." But the entire production must be up and running in three days. Are the producers nuts? Is she?

Of course, it was the inimitable Stritchy, as her mentor Noël Coward called her, who was the subject of "Elaine Stritch: At Liberty," the star's 2002 Tony Award–winning show, which she co-wrote with *The New Yorker's* John Lahr. In it, Stritch detailed, with dry humor and not a little rue, her evolution from timid Catholic schoolgirl growing up in postwar Detroit to young actress known to hoist a few with the likes of Marlon Brando and Judy Garland. "So what has this all been about then, this existential problem in tights?" Stritch asked near the end of "At Liberty." Our guess was as good as hers. But the difference between us and Stritch was all the difference in the world: she was in charge of her own biography, with its tights and spangles, its Martinis and stage fright and all the other aspects of what Elizabeth Hardwick once called "the expensive martyrdom of the 'entertainer.' "

Stritch takes charge of her own biography at the Carlyle.

ROBERT RISKO

Part of what made "At Liberty" such a success was the fact that the star of the show was, like us, a fan. Stritch, it seemed, would always be that little girl from Detroit, sneaking off to see the great black performers in dive bars, dreaming of being something she was not; she could never entirely own her own star power. Even as Stritch wowed audiences in shows ranging from "Pal Joey" to Edward Albee's "A Delicate Balance," and in such movies as "A Farewell to Arms" and Woody Allen's "September," it was her pathos—the drinking, the failed love affairs, her inability to live up to herself—that made her the cracked mirror we were drawn to again and again.

Smaller in scale than "At Liberty," "Elaine Stritch: At Home at the Carlyle" (now at the Café Carlyle) is a jewel-box revue, as intimate as a Joseph Cornell construction and similarly sprinkled with Gotham fairy dust. On a stage at the front of the dining room, Stritch's musical director, Rob Bowman, is flanked by a six-piece band in black tuxedos. As Bowman introduces Stritch, the eighty-year-old diva makes her way through the audience, shouting, "Wo! Wo! Wo!"—an exclamation meant not only to announce her arrival but to raise the energy level in the room. In her white blouse, black vest, and black skirt, Stritch pauses onstage to study the audience. One is suddenly aware of her long legs, and reminded of the hauteur she projected from behind false eyelashes in Alain Resnais's 1977 film "Providence." To get started, Stritch tells us a little bit about herself. "I was born in Michigan." *Beat.* "I got out." Later, she confides, "I can say 'fucking.' But not when it comes to fucking." Stritch is unashamed of the shadows in her life—"I don't like secrets," she informs us early on—because they're also a part of her art. Her autobiographical banter acts as a bridge be-

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tween ten songs, each of which she delivers in her own way. (If you have any preconceived notions about how Cole Porter's "I Get a Kick Out of You" or Noël Coward's "I Went to a Marvelous Party" should sound, forget them.) Like the best jazz singers, Stritch performs her repertoire with a certain majesty: she has a right to sing "I Wanna Get Married"—she has lived it over and over again. And, like the best actresses, she knows that her own story wouldn't work without a larger context. So she makes New York a character in the piece, too: everyone's a rush in this godforsaken, God-love-ya town, and when Elaine Stritch walks its streets her admirers and detractors throw compliments and criticisms like tomatoes.

The passing parade delights Stritch as much as our presence at the Carlyle, although the latter makes her tentative at first. Will we love her? Do we? Much has been made, in the past, of Stritch's famous baritone; some have found it off-putting. But here she exercises great subtlety and restraint; there's no second balcony to play to. At times, she even draws us in with a whisper. When she leaves the stage at the Carlyle, she trails memories behind her like perfume, leaving more life in her wake.

David Mamet wrote "Sexual Perversity in Chicago" in 1973, the year he turned twenty-six. Now in revival at the A.C.T., in San Francisco, under the excellent direction of Peter Riegert, the play feels less like a benchmark in Mamet's career than like the work of a young writer the audience should take a chance on. What Riegert (who starred in the original Off Broadway production) and his cast and crew have managed to do here is make us see Mamet's work as though we'd never seen it before. This production's freshness—its joie de vivre in the midst of Mamet's nasty war of the sexes—is due, in part, to Riegert's having set the play in the time it was written. He unravels the characters' polyester costumes as he unravels their polyester minds.

"Perversity" is composed of short scenes—some lasting only a few seconds—that are separated by blackouts, as in vaudeville. The blackouts are a visual corollary to the beats that follow nearly every bit of dialogue, almost every line of which is also short. As the play opens, two friends, Danny and Bernie (David Jenkins and Gareth Saxe), are watching girls go by. Bernie has a dark mustache that sits on his upper lip like a worm.

DANNY: So, how'd you do last night?
BERNIE: Are you kidding me?
DANNY: Yeah?
BERNIE: Are you fucking kidding me?
DANNY: Yeah?
BERNIE: Are you pulling my leg?
DANNY: So?
BERNIE: So tits out to here so.
DANNY: Yeah?
BERNIE: Twenty, a couple years old.
DANNY: You gotta be fooling.
BERNIE: Nope.
DANNY: You devil.
BERNIE: You think she hadn't been around?
DANNY: Yeah?
BERNIE: She hadn't gone the route?
DANNY: She knew the route, huh?
BERNIE: Are you fucking kidding me?
DANNY: Yeah?
BERNIE: She *wrote* the route.

Bernie's lack of development—he's a lascivious braggart throughout the play—stands in counterpoint to Danny's hope for change. For a while, Danny lives with Deborah (Marjan Neshat), whose roommate, Joan (the luscious Elizabeth Kapplow), actually apologizes to Bernie when she repels his brutal advances. But Danny's optimism is eventually crushed under the weight of Deborah's cynicism. She's as hardened as Bernie, though she hides it, at first, behind the accoutrements of femininity: a wry sense of humor and a desire to believe in her man. Not that Danny is much of a man; as Jenkins plays him, he's a bewildered boy, more in love with Bernie's machismo than with anything Deborah can offer. (The male-bonding scenes here are reminiscent of those in Neil LaBute's 1997 movie "In the Company of Men.")

While the characters in "Perversity" wear their self-delusion and self-pity like a carapace, Mamet infuses these narratives of deceit with compassion. In an essay titled "The Magic of Women," he wrote, "In America, we live in a world curiously prudish and puritan. Sexuality may be decried as license or permitted as pornography. But it cannot simply be acknowledged." In Mamet, America has found its chief chronicler of the ways in which what lies between the thighs does and doesn't relate to what lies in the heart. ♦

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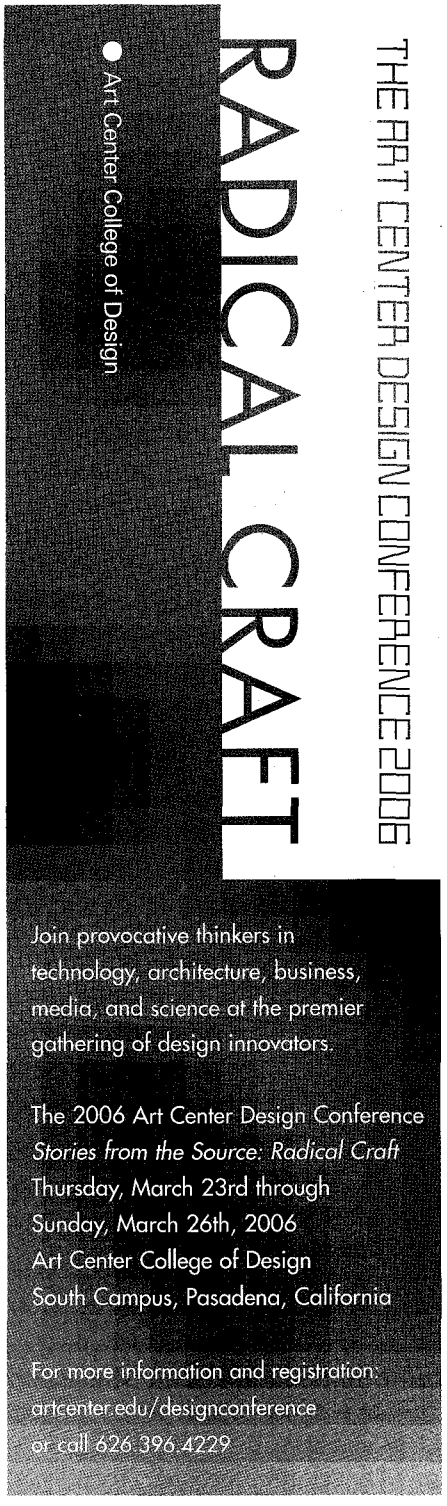

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

JOB DISCRIMINATION

"The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada" and "Manderlay."

BY ANTHONY LANE

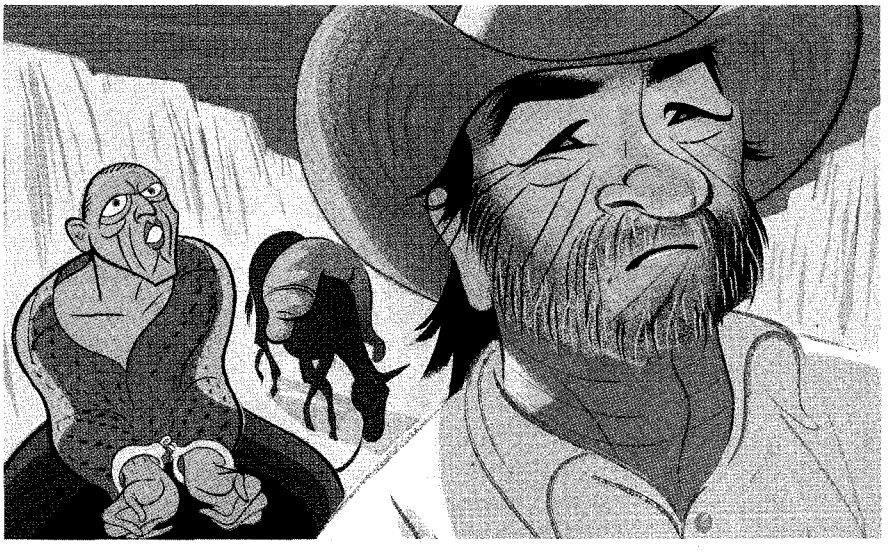
What happened to Tommy Lee Jones? I don't mean that he has vanished from our sight, although some of his recent performances have felt pale and perfunctory. ("Man of the House": that's one to wipe from the C.V. with a high-pressure hose.) I merely wish to know what it was in Jones's nature, or in his private history, that engraved the landscape of his face with such a calm despair—those rifts of resignation in his cheeks, the eyes that fear nothing yet seem within a blink of inexplicable tears. He spoke at the crowning of Al Gore, his former roommate at Harvard, as the Democratic Presidential nominee in 2000, but surely the disappointment of what followed has worn off by now.

Hints of tragedy are scattered everywhere, like spent cartridges, in "The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada," the first film that Jones has directed for the cinema. Like "Lonesome Dove," in which Jones co-starred, the story matches the man himself—essentially, a crag in cowboy boots—with the chewed and jagged land around him. He plays a ranch hand named Pete Perkins (too jaunty a name, when you look at him), who works along the Texan frontier with Mexico. The co-worker closest to him is Melquiades Estrada (Julio César Cedillo), although you can't picture the tight-hearted Pete letting anyone get too close. We see them herding and inspecting cattle together, and shooting the breeze on a still summer evening, but, as friendships go, this one feels more desultory than profound, and only viewers with advanced sexual radar, fresh out of "Brokeback Mountain," would pick up a blip of desire between Pete and his pal.

All the more peculiar, then, that, when Melquiades is shot and killed, Pete embarks on a zealous retribution. The death was an accident, but to Pete's fatalistic eye nothing happens by chance. You can see his point when you meet the gunman: a Border Patrol officer named Mike Norton (Barry Pepper), who, with his thin muzzle, razor cut, and torturer's lips, seems just the sort to commit murder by mistake. Piece by piece, we learn the truth. Norton—loafing on a hillside with a copy of *Hustler*—heard the crack of a rifle, pulled up his pants, and returned fire, only to realize that poor Melquiades had done nothing worse than aim at a coyote on the prowl. This confusion of casual violence, dirt-black comedy, and bitter misapprehension is typical of Jones's movie, the effect—and, I suspect, the purpose—of which is to leave us both wistful and soured. If Jones is not a devotee of Sam Peckinpah, notably of his movies "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" and "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia," I'll eat his hat.

The script for this film is by Guillermo Arriaga, who also wrote "Amores Perros" and "21 Grams," and whose approach to narrative appears to be based on that of Mary Poppins toward her travelling bag. Why be content with a single plot when you can stuff in a fistful, and more? Thus it is that, alongside the trials of Pete, we get the recent—and already breaking—marriage between Norton and Lou Ann (January Jones), plus the slow-smiling Rachel (Melissa Leo), who takes time out from waiting tables to sleep with the local sheriff, then with Pete, and so, presumably, with anyone else on the menu. The air with which these indiscretions are conducted is discreetly sad; two pairs of lovers snatching a quick dance, in the late afternoon, in a parking lot dotted with industrial piping is about as much fun as life can serve up, and for some folk, like Lou Ann, it will never be enough.

For fear that we might sink into this mood, Arriaga and Jones perplex the patterns of time; we keep whipping back from Melquiades's demise to something that happened earlier, or ahead to its aftermath. As with all such leaps, one has to ask: what would be lost, or gained, were events to be laid out in sequence? In this case, some of the choppiness struck me as gratuitous, although other interjections deliver a plausible shock—Norton sitting in his car at the mall, say, watching his wife walk toward the stores, and suddenly, as a pickup truck passes between them, falling into a flashback of the dead Melquiades with blood all over his chest. That is precisely how our deepest shames hit home: not with a lightning bolt but out of a dull sky, during a day of chores. The first half of "Three Burials" is full of such pained and supple scenes, many of them seconds long, and Jones clearly knows every patch of the terrain. Like



Barry Pepper and Tommy Lee Jones in the first feature movie Jones has directed.

ERIC PALMA

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Jack Nicholson in "The Border" or, at the dropsical end of things, Orson Welles in "Touch of Evil," he has an instinctive grasp of the porousness, moral and emotional, that spreads along any stretch of frontier, where livelihoods—and lives—can be grabbed on the go or else snapped off like a stick. Hence the words of a couple of border patrolmen, ripe with condescension, as a handful of illegal immigrants elude them:

> "How many got away?"
> "Three."
> "Well, somebody's gotta pick strawberries."

In the second half, the movie changes pace. Pete kidnaps Norton and commands him to disinter Melquiades. A proper resting place is required, so the two of them make the long trek, on horseback, to the dead man's village in Mexico, with his corpse slung over a saddle. The story slows to a trot; the details slide toward the grotesque, as Pete inspects the purple-green face of his decaying friend, like Norman Bates making small talk with his mother; and the movie boils down to a harsh, half-ridiculous battle of wills between Norton and Pete—the Texan answer to "Hell in the Pacific." The film's plea for old-fashioned pride and racial tolerance is muffled by a plain, unanticipated fact: Pete Perkins is out of his mind. Lou Ann is more or less dropped from the action; the loveless Rachel is left alone with her cigarettes; and the whole, beautifully weathered study of a border community, both tough and frail, is reduced to the blast area around one crazy guy. By the end, "The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada" has acquired the prickly strangeness of a cult—a letdown, in some ways, yet still forlorn and adult enough to raise two urgent questions. First, when will the director get around to filming Cormac McCarthy's "Blood Meridian," for which he has written a script, and, on the strength of this picture, has the qualifications? And, second, what, exactly, is the devil in Mr. Jones?

The best thing about "Manderlay" is the end. The credits roll on Lars von Trier's movie, a sequel to his "Dogville," over a blizzard of photographic stills showing American leaders, black and white, and the American poor, mostly black. The impact is remorseless, all the more so for being scored to the crashing hymn of David Bowie's "Young Americans," as was a similar montage at the close of "Dogville." Of late, Bowie usage has become a minor cinematic art. First, there was the proud anachronism of "A Knight's Tale," in which a bunch of medieval nobles got on down to "Golden Years"; then the strangely comforting sound of Bowie being crooned in Portuguese, in "The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou"; and now this—a lusty, intemperate sing-along of wrath.

Like its predecessor, "Manderlay" is shot on a bare stage, with the walls of invisible houses marked by lines on the ground. As a character opens a door, say, we hear the accompanying creak, but there is no door. Into this merry setting comes Grace, who has escaped not just from the gunfire and conflagrations that engulfed the end of "Dogville" but, more frightening still, from being played by Nicole Kidman. This time, the role goes to Bryce Dallas Howard, who is a better fit. As she proved in "The Village," her blending of warmth and febrility, fronted by that disconcerting—almost alien—gaze, makes her no less unnerving than the tumult of events around her. Grace arrives on a slave plantation called Manderlay, in nineteen-thirties Alabama. Not a former slave plantation, note, but a thriving one; von Trier's supposition that slavery had yet to be abolished is his way of declaring that, for all practical purposes, it still flourishes today. The matriarch of Manderlay (Lauren Bacall, no less) expires early in the film, allowing Grace to step in and undo all the humiliations that have been practiced there. She frees the men and women—headed by the grave Wilhelm (Danny Glover)—and, on finding that they wish to stay in place, employs them on a decent wage. Needless to say, in assuming control of their life, she loses control of her own, and we watch numbly as good intentions start to rot and reek.

Anybody who gets riled by "Manderlay," with its septic vision of American race relations, is stepping right into von Trier's trap. If the film leaves liberal optimists every bit as foam-flecked as it does conservative patriots, that's all the bonus he needs. The question is: can we take the movie seriously without extending the same respect to its fantastical politics? I found myself sliding into the same unpleasant trance that enveloped me in "Dogville," and growing addicted to the wry, courteous drone of John Hurt's narrative voice-over. In truth, von Trier is not so much a filmmaker as a misanthropic mesmerist, who uses movies to bend the viewer to his humorless will. I am glad that he exists, to decry our sins, but, with another sequel to come ("Manderlay" is the centerpiece of a trilogy), I am even gladder that he is one of a kind. ♦

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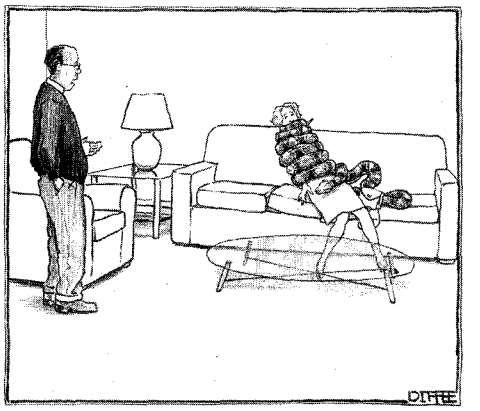
CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Gahan Wilson, must be received by Sunday, February 5th. Finalists in the January 16th contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the February 27th issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

THE WINNING CAPTION

"So, then, I guess the Johnsons are feeding our clothes."
Chip Bolcik, Thousand Oaks, Calif.



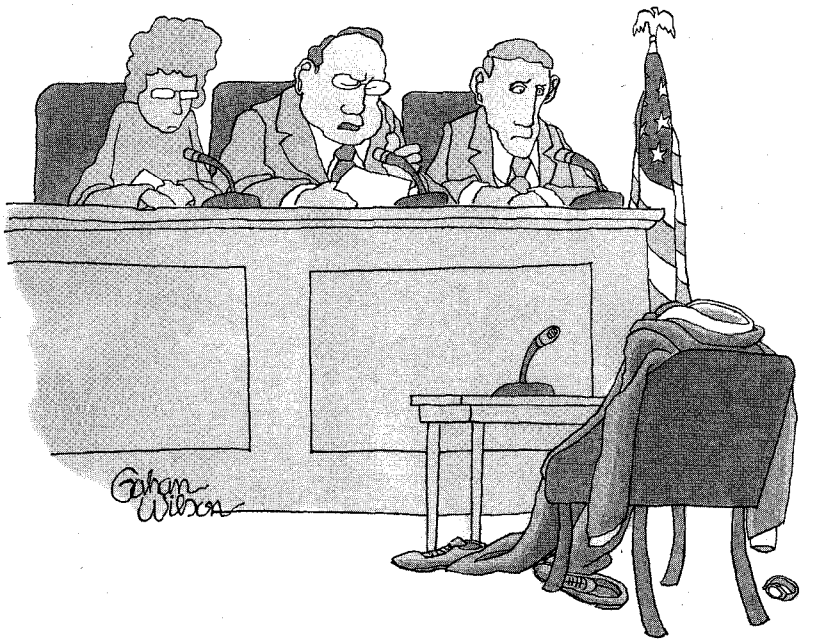
THE FINALISTS

"To be fair, Martha, you started it."
Brian Diamond, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Oh, he probably just smells your python."
John Mainieri, New York City

"You see what happens when you carry rats in your purse?"
Don Trotter, Newfield, N.Y.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



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